

THE NAPANEE

Vol. XLIII] No 33 -E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONT., CAN

RAIN CLOAKS,
\$2.00.

THE HARDY DRY GOODS COMPANY.
CHEAPSIDE, - NAPANEE.
Art Window Shades full size Complete 25c Each.

Men's Soft Bosom Shirts
Separate Cuffs.
50c.

White Lawn Waists Sale.

We have just cleared a manufacturer's lot of high class White Waists. We will start selling them Saturday. We have placed them in three lots :

Lot 1 at 75c

Contains Waists value from 90c to \$1.25.

Lot 2 at \$1

Contains Waists value from \$1.25 to \$1.75.

Lot 3 at \$1.50

Contains Waists value from \$2.00 to \$3.00 each.

TAPE GIRDLE CORSETS,
39c the Pair.

75c Gold Brand Belts 39c.
\$1.25 Gold Brand Belts 50c.
Crush Silk and Leather Belts
25c and up.

Wash Dress Goods Reduced.
15c Goods for 10c.
25c Wash Dress Goods for 15c.

Sailor Hats 25c

Special for Saturday and next week, Ladies Sailor hats 25c each.

New Flannel and Cashmere Waists.

For boating and seaside wear—\$2.25, 2.75, 2.90. Colors in Cream, Cardinal, Navy and Sky. These are new styles.

Hot Weather House Dresses \$1.25

Cool and comfortable, separate skirt and jacket for house wear, made of American Batiste print, \$1.25 the suit. All sizes in the lot.

Parasols and Sun Umbrellas.

Good ones \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50.
Good useful ones for all wear 50c, 75, 85 \$1.00.

New Rain Cloaks.

New Styles in Cravenette Rain Coats for Ladies.

\$5.00, 5.75, 6.50.

New Goods in Stock This Week.

New Silk Veilings.
New Black Underskirts.
New White Silk Waists.
New Wash Collars.

Ready-to-Wear Hats 57c

Values \$1.00 to 1.75 in ready-to-wear hats for 57c.
Ready trimmed hats half price.

Wash Silk Waistings

A new lot fancy stripe wash silk waistings placed in stock some white grounds with blue, pink, oxblood helio and oxidized stripes. Also plain cream or black. Price 35c the yard.

The Best Summer Shirts 50c to \$1.00

The best we ever had and we believe the best in the market to-day, all sizes 14 to 17. Soft fronts 50c, 75, \$1.00. Short bosom. Dresser front 75c, \$1.00. Shirts with collars attached for men or boys 50c. Boys soft bosom shirts no collars 50c.

New Belts This Week.

Elastic Long Waist Belts.
Crush Silk Belts with Guaranteed Buckles.
Crush Wash Belts.

Wash Goods for Shirtwaist Suits.

In Linen, Oxblood, Blues, Greens and Oxfords, fast colors.

15c. and 17c.

10 PER CENT DISCOUNT OFF

READY-TO-WEAR DRESS SKIRTS, WAISTS AND PARASOLS.

Many bargain lots are placed on our counters every week and sold that never get mention in this space.

READY-TO-WEAR DRESS SKIRTS, WAISTS AND PARASOLS.

Many bargain lots are placed on our counters every week and sold that never get mention in this space.

August Butterick Patterns, Delinater and Fashion Sheets now ready. Fashion Sheets sent to any address for a one cent postage stamp.

THE HARDY DRY GOODS CO.

BLOCKS, SLABS, AND CORDWOOD.

—FOR SALE—
CHAS. STEVENS,
West Side Market.

THE - DOMINION - BANK

CAPITAL, Paid up \$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND \$3,000,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$475,000
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
DEPOSITS OF \$1.00 AND UPWARDS RECEIVED.
INTEREST CREDITED THEREON HALF-YEARLY.
FARMERS' SALE NOTES COLLECTED AND ADVANCES MADE THEREON.
T. S. HILL, Manager.
Napanea Branch

HOUSE FOR SALE.

That desirable property situate on the corner of Donald and Water Streets, 2 lots, with young orchard, good well, good fences and first-class garden land. Good frame house with cellar.
Apply to
E. J. POLLARD,
At the Office of this Paper.

TENDERS WANTED!

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to July 25th, 1904, for the construction of about

1,100 Feet of Sewer

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Engineer's office.
Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. H. WILLIAMS,
Chairman Street Committee.
F. F. MILLER, Engineer.
Napanea, 23rd June, 1904. 30-b

CHANGE OF LOCATION.

Mr. H. B. McCabe has removed his **PAINT SHOP** from D. E. Frisken's old stand, to Webster & Boyes, on Dundas Street, opposite Williams' Livery Stable.
Owing to lack of room he was compelled to make this change, and in his new quarters he will be pleased to greet all his old customers, as well as any new ones who wish anything in his line. Now is the time to have your buggy or wagon nicely painted for the coming summer, and have it done right and as cheap as good workmanship will allow.

H. B. McCABE,
Carriage Painter.

READ THIS

If you want your horses properly shod bring them to my place of business.

D. HENWOOD'S Old Stand.

Having secured the business of the late D. Henwood, I would be pleased to greet all the old customers and new ones as well.
Being a practical workman I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at moderate prices.

GIVE ME A CALL.

Edward Graham

Fishing tackle. **MADOLE & WILSON.**

Famous Quick Meal Gasoline stoves and Oxford Jewell gas stoves.

MADOLE & WILSON.

Do You Need a Paper Hanger,

One who is sure to give the best of satisfaction.

Arthur Briggs

having had an extensive experience in paper hanging, both in the medium and better qualities of papers, guarantees the best of satisfaction. My place of business is on Dundas street, in the Wilson block, formerly occupied by Joseph Gates.
I am also a competent painter and fully qualified to execute all orders. Charges Moderate.

MID-SUMMER SALE OF

BOOTS and SHOES

We find at this season of the year we have several pairs of different makes left over, and to sell these off quickly in the next ten days we give you the following prices:

Men's Calf and Vici Kid Laced Boots, Goozyer Welt, regular \$2.75 and \$3.50, sale price	\$1.50
Ladies' Vici Kid Buttoned Boots, pointed toes, regular \$2.50 and \$3.50, sale price	\$1.25
Ladies' Vici Kid Oxfords, pointed toes, regular \$1.75 and \$2.00, sale price	\$1.00
Ladies' Strap Slippers, small sizes, regular \$1.25 and \$1.50, sale price	75c
Misses' Don Oxfords, pointed toes, regular \$1.00, sale price	75c

WILSON & BRO.,

The Reliable Shoe Dealers.

Albert College, Belleville, ONT.

370 students enrolled last year—165 young ladies and 155 young men.

Two matriculation scholarships of \$150 and \$100 won in 1901 by Albert College students.

New commercial rooms unsurpassed, courses in Book-Keeping, Shorthand, Telegraph, Full conservatory courses in Piano, Pipe Organ, Vocal, Violin Harmony and Theory of Music. Local conservatory examinations. Special attention given to Elocution and Physical Culture. Matriculation and teachers' courses. New Gallery recently added. Large Athletic grounds, splendid gymnasium. Buildings heated with steam and lighted by electricity. Will re-open Tuesday, September 6th, 1904.

For illustrated circulars, Address
PRINCIPAL DYER, D. D.,
Belleville, Ont.

VOTERS' LIST, 1904.

Municipality of the Village of Bath, County of Lennox and Addington.

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Sections 5 and 6 of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered if the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last Assessment Roll of the said Municipality, at the Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office at Bath, on July 11th, 1904 and remains there for inspection.

Electorates are called upon to examine said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

MAX ROBINSON.

Clerk of Municipality of Bath.

Dated this 20th day of July 1904.

Nothing but Redpath's sugars kept in stock at **GREY LION GROCERY.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Oshawa," will be received at this office until Saturday, August 6, 1904, inclusive, for the construction of a Public Building at Oshawa, Ont.

Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and on application to the Postmaster at Oshawa.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED GELINAS,

Secretary and acting Deputy Minister.
Department of Public Works.

Ottawa, July 16, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

Bug death insures the vines against blight and greatly increases the yield of potatoes. Sold by

MADOLE & WILSON.

J. J. Haines has moved back to the old store where we open up with a stock of shoes purchased from the McRossa Shoe Co. at 50c on the \$.

The last moonlight excursion of the series will be held on Thursday, August 11th.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE EXPRESS.

\$1 per Year in advance: \$1.50 if not so paid.

NADA—FRIDAY, JULY 29th, 1904

WAR NEWS.

WEDNESDAY'S SUMMARY.

Ominous of a catastrophe to come were the bulletins sent out by Kurapatkin on Monday. Newchang evacuated, Tatchekiao evacuated, a retreat by moonlight to Haicheng, the movement of over 30,000 Japanese north of Liaoyang with the evident purpose of cutting the railroad. After that, silence, save for an unconfirmed despatch in The Matin of Paris to the effect that the railroad had been cut and Kurapatkin isolated.

The Russians must fight their way through the fogs, who now practically surround them, or surrender. Kurapatkin is a brave and a tried leader. With his back to the wall he will fight stubbornly. What are his chances? There are lacking material facts without which an opinion as to the probability of the Russians extricating themselves becomes mere guess work. Even correspondents on the ground admit that they have no accurate knowledge as to the strength of the opposing armies. The most recent estimate of The Times' critic placed Kuroki's army at 80,000, Nodzu's Taku-shan army at 65,000, and Oku's Liaotung army at 60,000 men. The Russian commander-in-chief believes that more than seven divisions—a Japanese division at war strength being 16,000 men—were included in the army that drove him out of Tatchekiao. The best information to which the writer has access leads to the belief that there are between 225,000 and 230,000 Japanese engaged in the movement against Kurapatkin, who has not more than 160,000 men between Haicheng and Mukden; Can an attacking force successfully encircle a defending force two-thirds as strong and compel it to surrender? Under ordinary conditions it would be a hazardous task, especially where the circle of defence, as in this case, is almost forty miles in diameter. The Japanese seem, however, to have no doubt as to the ultimate success of their campaign. They have better artillery than the Russians. They have the advantage of a vastly better intelligence service. They come to their task with the prestige of unbroken success. The Russians they are now pressing were beaten at the Yalu, at Telissu, at Kaichow, at Newchwang, and again at Tatchekiao. There must be among the rank and file of Kurapatkin's army a lack of confidence in the leaders who have so often sent them into action under conditions that could only result in disaster. Taking all the factors into consideration, it would appear that Japan's great strategical movement is destined to succeed, and that the Czsr's forces in Manchuria will either be crushed in battle or force to surrender.

The report that Japanese warships have arrived in the Red Sea to prevent the seizure of merchantmen by Russia is probably untrue. The temper of the British marine interests is rapidly rising, and the Government is blamed for not peremptorily ordering Russia to call home her volunteer cruisers.

MATRIMONY.

VANEVERY—TEMPLETON.

The marriage of Miss Winnifred Beatrice Templeton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Templeton, to Mr. John Fair VanEvery, B.A., Owen Sound, was celebrated in the Presbyterian church, Napanee on Wednesday evening, July 27th, at nine o'clock. The church was very elaborately decorated with palms, ferns and flowers, the bridal party standing under a floral arch from which was suspended a bell made of white flowers. At the hour appointed the bridal party appeared, the ushers, W. A. Tooke, Montreal, Mr. W. W. VanEvery, Peterboro', Mr. J. A. L. Robinson, and Mr. C. P. Templeton, coming first, two by two, and separating at the front to allow the bridesmaids and bride to pass through. The bridesmaids were effectively gowned in rainbow tints, Miss Constance Harshaw, Los Angeles, in dove grey, Miss Winnifred Robb, Montreal in pink, Miss Edith Cull, Mitchell, in maize and the maid of honor, Miss Margaret Templeton, sister of the bride, in pale blue. All wore coronets of pink roses and carried large bouquets of pink and white carnations tied with white tulle. They walked one by one, followed by the bride on her father's arm, gowned in white silk crepe de chene, the skirt with panel and insertions of wide silk cluny lace, the waist with a yoke and half sleeves of lace and trimmings of lace and chiffon, the customary long veil of white tulle, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The groom awaited the bride and followed by the maid of honor and groomsmen, Mr. A. W. Wood, B.A., Toronto, ascended the platform and stood under the arch. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. Peck M.A., and the organ was played softly throughout by Miss Janet Templeton, sister of the bride. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal procession slowly left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march.

A reception was then held at the house which the large number of guests attended Mr. and Mrs. William Templeton, the later in black silk voile with trimming of handsome lace, white taffeta hat and chiffon stole, accompanied by Miss VanEvery, sister of the groom, Peterboro', in white silk voile, chiffon trimmings and white hat, received at the entrance to the drawing room. Mr. and Mrs. VanEvery stood with the bridesmaids, in the bay window, which was beautifully decorated with green vines, draperies of white flowers and a large white horseshoe. The sitting room was decorated and filled with the very numerous and handsome presents which were a fitting testimony to the high esteem in which the bride and groom are held. Supper was served in a marquee on the lawn. The groom's present to the bridesmaids were pearl brooches and to the groomsmen, gold cuff links. The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue taffeta shirt-waist suit. Mr. and Mrs. VanEvery left on the two o'clock train for the west, amid showers of rice, old shoes and good wishes of their many friends.

Pure Extract

—OF—

DROWNED NEAR BATH.

About a mile above Bath on Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, Mr. R. H. Gifford a druggist, of Watertown, N.Y., aged 33 years, met death by drowning. He was a member of the Crescent Yacht Club of Watertown, N.Y., which was on a week's cruise of the Bay of Quinte, and was then heading for Picton where a grand reception was to have been tendered them by the Picton Yacht Club and citizens in general.

HAVE YOU TRIED J. F. SMITH'S 40 CENT COFFEE.

FRESH MAPLE SYRUP,
\$1.00 Per Gallon.

Carnations 30 Cents per Dozen.

AT—

J. F. SMITH'S.

DRY MILLWOOD FOR SALE

Also Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Salt and Portland Cement.

COAL FOR Stoves, Furnaces and Grates, Steam Purposes and Blacksmiths' use.

The Rathbun Co.

R. B. SHIPMAN, Agent.

PERSONALS

Miss Helena Sharp, Odessa, is visiting friends in Ottawa.

James Yeung was taken to the Kingston Hospital, Friday, suffering from typhoid fever.

Miss Blanche Madole is visiting in Picton. Mrs. L. M. Collier is visiting friends in Prince Edward county.

A very good picture of Robert Boyce appeared in the Kingston Whig of Tuesday in connection with the Old Boys' Reunion. He was born in Kingston, August 16th, 1823, but is now a resident of Napanee.

Mrs. L. Cole, Adolphustown, and Miss F. Hines, Conway, were in Picton, visiting last week.

Miss Effie Brown, visited Mrs. (Capt.) Collier, at Napanee, and Miss Hazel Parks of South Fredericksburgh, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Allen and son Roland of Montreal, and Mrs. Annie E. Smith, and son Ervin, of Rochester, N. Y. are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. David Dafeo, Sharpes' corners.

Miss Agnes Kimmerly and Miss Lottie Martin, of Emory Hill, spent Wednesday among the 1000 Islands and Thursday in Napanee.

Mr. Samuel Howard was taken to the Kingston Hospital on Friday last, and on Saturday underwent an operation for appendicitis. The latest reports are that he is improved slightly, but as his was a very bad case it will be some little time before he has passed the danger line. His friends are all hoping for his ultimate recovery.

Mr. Frank O'Brien, Toronto, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. O'Brien.

VANILLA

(guaranteed made from Vanilla Bean.)

Miss Mabel Lloyd, Toronto, was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Lloyd

Mrs. W. A. Embury is spending a few weeks in Muskoka, the guest of Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Joy and daughter, Hamilton, were guests of Mr. Jas. Walters and Mr. Wilder Joy a few days this week.

Mrs. B. B. Pleasants and two grandchildren, New York, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sproule, Odessa.

Miss Florence Caton, Troy, N. Y., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Caton.

Mrs. J. Rowe, of Peterboro, is visiting in town the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Allen.

Mrs. W. R. Cole, Greenbush, Ont., spent a couple of days this week the guest of Mrs. Geo. Degroff.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Lawson, Deseronto, were in Bath, on Sunday.

Miss Lena Davis, Toronto, is spending her vacation in town.

Mr. Morris Caton, returned to Montreal on Saturday last.

Miss Minnie Rikley, is spending two weeks in Toronto.

Mrs. D. Joyce and daughter, Brownsville, N. Y. are guests of her sister, Mrs. A. Plimley.

Mr. Rich Evans, Chatham, is in Napanee for a few days.

Mr. E. E. Emberley, Montreal, was a caller on the Express on Thursday.

Mr. Garnet Hardy is spending two weeks vacation at Bath.

Rev. Harry Trumppour is visiting friends in Napanee.

Misses Myrtle Scott, Annie Ellis, and Maude Vine spent Wednesday in Deseronto.

Wor. Bro. Frank H. Perry, W. M. of Tolon Lodge No. 9, A. F. and A. M. attended the Grand Lodge of the order in Brookville on Wednesday.

Mrs. Capt. Twining is the guest of Mrs. Swift, Kingston.

Mrs. Madill is visiting relatives in Kingston.

Miss Dolly Morrison, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. D. J. Hogan.

—at—

to succeed, and that the Czar's forces in Manchuria will either be crushed in battle or force to surrender.

The report that Japanese warships have arrived in the Red Sea to prevent the seizure of merchantmen by Russia is probably untrue. The temper of the British marine interests is rapidly rising, and the Government is blamed for not peremptorily ordering Russia to call home her volunteer cruisers.

THURSDAY'S SUMMARY.

The latest authentic news from the Far East is contained in a short despatch from General Kuropatkin stating that the Japanese are marching on Haicheng. That they intend to press the Russians back to Liaoyang for a final stand is still evident. Kuroki in the north has not been heard from, and has assuredly not yet cut the railway and telegraph lines or there would be an end of Kuropatkin's bulletins from the front. London seems to think that Kuroki is not in a position to isolate Kuropatkin from Mukden, and that his mission is to wait until Oka and Nodzu in the south have soundly beaten the Russians and do for his colleagues what Blucher did for Wellington at Waterloo, change the retreat to a rout by sending fresh men after a tired and dispirited foe. The plan of completely surrounding the Russians is the more thorough one, and we still believe that is the campaign mapped out by the Japanese.

There is no official statement of the casualties at Tatchiao, and unofficial estimates differ very widely. It is asserted by a French correspondent that the Russians lost 2,000 men and the Japanese 3,000, while a Tokio despatch puts the Japanese loss at 800 killed and wounded.

Refugees from Port Arthur say the Japanese are making very slow progress in the siege. They were driven out of the advanced positions captured early in July, and are now carefully approaching by means of trenches. Russians arriving at Chefoo are responsible for the statement that three Russian torpedo-boat destroyers were sunk by the Japanese on Monday night as the result of a torpedo attack.

The operations of the Russian volunteer cruisers and of the Vladivostok squadron are of more interest at the moment than those of the armies in Manchuria. The indiscriminate seizure of neutral shipping really menaces the peace of the world, British public opinion is becoming greatly inflamed, and there is usually some fellow around with a lighted match where powder is stored.

TOWN COUNCIL.

A special meeting of the town council was held Wednesday evening at 7:30 p.m. for the purpose of reviving the report of the town engineer concerning the proposed sewer on Dundas street, just east of Dr. Stratton's residence.

Mayor Madole occupied the chair, the councillors present being: Waller, Lowry, Lapum, Williams and Graham.

There were only two tenders and the engineer recommended that the contract be given to Messrs. Douglas & McQuham Kingston, their tender being the lowest. This tender was for the construction work only the price being \$2640.

The report also recommended that the contract for the tile be awarded to T. H. Waller.

On motion of Lowry and Lapum the report was received and adopted and the Mayor and clerk was authorized to sign agreement concerning same, which would be prepared by the town solicitor.

On motion of Couns. Lowry and Williams it was decided to use 15 inch and 20 inch tile—15 inch tile along Dundas to Lowry's corner, and 20 inch tile from their to the river.

The 15 inch tile costs 70 cents per foot and the 20 inch costs \$1.15.

The work will be commenced in the course of a week or two, Council adjourned.

DROWNED NEAR BATH.

About a mile above Bath on Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, Mr. R. H. Gifford a druggist, of Watertown, N.Y., aged 33 years, met death by drowning. He was a member of the Crescent Yacht Club of Watertown, N.Y., which was on a week's cruise of the Bay of Quinte, and was then heading for Picton where a grand reception was to have been tendered them by the Picton Yacht Club, and citizens in general.

The party, consisting of some twenty-five yachts, with seventy-five or eighty people on board, had taken up positions along the shore to fish and otherwise enjoy themselves until Monday evening. The sailing yacht "Necla," upon which Mr. Gifford was cruising, came up above Bath and there anchored for the night. Later in the evening the wind freshened and she began dragging her anchor, so Gifford and another man left in a small boat to get a stone off shore. They placed the stone in the bottom of the boat, and when throwing it over the rope attached is supposed to have caught in the oarlock, capsizing the boat and throwing the occupants into the water. Both had on oil skin coats which dragged them down. Gifford clung to the capsized boat. Gifford started to swim to shore, but sank almost immediately before help could reach him. They were about fifteen yards from shore and in about eight feet of water. The body was recovered about eleven o'clock and taken to Bath, where it was embalmed and shipped on to Watertown. The funeral takes place to-day, and the entire fleet was ordered home in order to be present. Thus the beginning was the sad end of what promised to be a most enjoyable weeks outing.

BENBIGH.

(quite a number of our citizens went to enjoy the picnic which was held at Sweetman's grove, Vennachar on the 13th inst. Unfortunately the weather in the afternoon was not very favorable for an outdoor entertainment as it turned rather rainy.

A picnic which was held in the R. C. Church grove at Griffith on the 23rd inst., shared the same fate. It had been extensively advertised and the programme which consisted chiefly of outdoor sports was an excellent one. A very large number of people, many of whom had come quite a distance, were on the grounds, expecting to have a good time. Soon after dinner was over however it commenced to rain heavily and most of the spectators took refuge in the Church or hunted up the nearest shelter they could get to. Such parts of the programme as could be carried out were performed under serious difficulties, and before very few on lookers, and most of those who had to drive any distance, started for home very early.

Rev. Mr. Adams of Tamworth, conducting service in the Methodist church Sunday before last. Mr. Paul of Newburgh has been put in charge of this mission.

Miss Martha John, late of Renfrew, has returned home.

Miss Matilda Stein of Griffith also intends in a few days to return to her old home at this village to remain a while.

Berries of all kinds a very plentiful this season, and apples also promise an abundant yield.

Good harvest hands are very scarce and the wages asked are higher than usual.

LAPUM'S WEST.

Benjamin Davey came near receiving a broken leg one day last week. While unloading a milk can from his wagon he slipped and fell giving his leg a very bad bruise. He is now able to be out again.

The hay crop is being rapidly housed. If the weather continues fine a number in this district will be through this week.

Miss Lillie Jackson, of Toronto, and Mr. Fred Saider from Michigan were guests at H. E. Bush's a few days recently.

John Simplin's and J. Brown were in Kingston on Saturday.

Ed Hogeboom, of Petre, spent Sunday visiting his aunt, Mrs. Ham.

D. C. Jennings, of Napanee, gave us a call here on Monday and Tuesday.

Ed. Irish, of Yarker gave us a flying call on Sunday.

Carrie Brown who has been very ill recently is much improved.

The general "grin" list are Carson Davy, S. D. Brown, Jesse Huff, F. Brown, Myrtle Clyde, and Laure Joiner, all are better at time of writing.

Close's Mills is closed for repairs until Tuesday, August 9th.

VANILLA

(guaranteed made from Vanilla Bean.)

Miss Mabel Lloyd, Toronto, was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Lloyd a few days last week.

Mr. H. Warner, of Napanee, returned Wednesday, from his trip to Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Mrs. Dr. Eakins, and son Gray, of Toronto, are spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Warner, John Street.

Mrs. A. E. Lang, of Toronto, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Warner, John Street, and will join her husband at Rankin, near Ottawa, during August.

Dr. Bert Switzer, son of Robert N. Switzer, of Philadelphia, is spending a few days with friends in Napanee, Newburgh and Dorland.

Mrs. Henry Lindsay, Napanee, has sent words of thanks to the officers and non-commissioned officers of "A" and "B" Batteries, Kingston, who thoughtfully sent wreaths to Napanee last week to place on the casket of their late comrade, Charles E. Lindsay.

Geo. Dey, left on Monday for the west, after a three months' stay with friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Minnie Vanalstine is spending the week in Deseronto, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Joyce.

Mr. Will. Freta was in town a few days this week on his way to Carleton Place.

Mrs. Lord and three children, Toronto, are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bruton.

Mrs. A. E. Paul and children spent last week with her mother, Mrs. L. D. Williams, Camden East.

Mr. Stanley Mabey, wife and family, Williamsport, Pa., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Mabey, Odessa.

Mr. E. R. McBride, of the J. J. Haines Shoe Houses, Belleville, is in town for a few days.

Dr. A. J. and Mrs. Hammond, Wonebago, Minn., are visiting relatives in Napanee, and vicinity.

Mr. Sidney Detlor, Belleville, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Leonard.

Mr. W. H. Burton has returned home from a six weeks' stay in Gananoque.

Mr. J. N. McKim's family, of Montreal, are visiting friends in Newburgh.

Mrs. Woods, Riverside, Southern California, is visiting at Mr. W. R. Gordanier's. Mr. and Mrs. Jethro Card returned this week from St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Miller are visiting friends in the North West, for six weeks.

Miss Dewitt, of the Hardy Co., is spending her holidays in Berlin.

Miss M. E. Kennedy, Newmarket, is a guest of Miss Florence Derbyshire, Odessa.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Deroche, Mr. W. P. Deroche, and Mr. Hammel Deroche, left on Wednesday for a three weeks' holiday at Sydenham.

OUR GREAT REMOVAL SALE

IS NOW IN FULL SWING.

On account of the large increase in our business we are forced to move into larger premises and have rented the corner store now occupied by the J. J. Haines Boot and Shoe Store, and now for the next two weeks we will

Slaughter Everything Regardless of Cost.

Come with the crowd to the GREAT REMOVAL SALE of Tinware, Granite-ware, Crockery, China, Dry Goods, Smallwares, etc., at

McINTOSH BROS'.

Wm. A. GARRETT, Manager.

RENNIE BLOCK.

ed the Grand Lodge of this order in Brookville on Wednesday.

Mrs. Capt. Twining is the guest of Mrs. Swift, Kingston.

Mrs. Madill is visiting relatives in Kingston.

Miss Dolly Morrison, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. D. J. Hogan.

—at—

THE MEDICAL HALL

Fred L. Hooper.

Mrs. R. J. Dickinson, and son Grant, with her father, Mr. Schryver, are visiting friends in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. John Qimley, Selby, was a caller on the Express on Saturday.

Mr. McMicking, editor of the Deseronto Tribune, and Mrs. McMicking, were in town on Monday.

Miss Tot Graves, Harrowmith, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. W. H. Callaghan.

Miss Cecely Murphy, Erinville, spent a few days this week the guest of Miss Beatrice Koubert.

Miss Laura Hunter, Cataraqui, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Degroff.

Miss Crinneck gave a very pretty Rose Guessing Tea to a number of her friends on Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. Hardy and Master Hebr Hardy spent Sunday and Monday in Kingston.

Mr. Chas. Miller and Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to New York on Monday.

Mrs. Tucksburg, Boston, is the guest of Miss Edith Preston.

Miss Jennie Richardson has returned from a visit with friends in Watertown.

Miss Maretell, of The Robinson Co., is spending her vacation in Tilsonburg.

Mrs. Geo. Hooper, Toronto, is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Parks.

Miss Jennie Carson is visiting friends at Belleville.

Mr. Canfield Shorey is spending a few days at Sydenham with his brother Rev. E. S. Shorey.

Miss Edna Lord, Toronto, was the guest of Miss Maud Bruton a few days this week.

Ma. W. J. Jewell is the contractor for a very handsome porch for Mr. M. S. Madole. The porch will be built in Old Colonial Style with stone foundation and stone abutments for the columns.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Morris, spent Saturday and Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Wolfe, Kingston.

Mrs. John Armstrong and son Leonard, New York, are guests of her grandmother, Mrs. John Gunn, Deseronto Road.

Mr. Herb Spencer, wife and child, of Peterborough, are guests of his father, D. W. Spencer.

Kitchen Cabinets, Keep your spices separate. Separate apartments for each. Every well regulated house should have one. Call and see them.

at BOYLE & SON.

RUSSIAN TAX GATHERER

SAMPLE INSTANCE IN RAISING WAR FUNDS.

A Scene Often Witnessed in Russia at The Present Time.

He was like a piece of the brown land he stood on—stale, overworked, unprofitable.

Bowed somewhat, and cowering uncouthly at the shoulders, with his greasy garments belted about his middle by an end of rope, he was hardly a human figure, scarcely a thing to claim kin with on any plant of philanthropy or tolerance writes Percival Gibbon, in the London Daily Mail.

His eyes glowered dully amid the hair that sprouted rankly on his face, and they were the hostile ominous eyes of an animal, a plagued and cornered beast—never of a man. Even his walk was less than human, for he dragged one great foot after another without alertness or seeming volition. The dust he was made of was only half-translated; there was yet raw earth in it.

He lurched on, through the sparse young green of his field, and so about the clump of dark firs to the hut that stood at the hub of his existence. He glanced neither to the right nor left as he went, but dove onward with dropped head and forthrust chin that proclaimed the whole world his enemy. His great red hands swung idly athwart-ships as he went, crooked to the shape of the spade-handle they belonged to, and the little eyes in the flat, hairy face glared swiftly and unwinkingly at the narrow path he traversed. As he rounded the corner of the road he came in sight of his house. There were people about it, and he went slower as he gazed, with parted lips, at them. A woman was there, a woman unsexed, worn, like himself, to the bone with toil, and a man—a man in uniform.

THE TAX-GATHERER

What the words hide, the eyes betray. At the bottom of the dull eyes there grew a red speck, a small angry gleam that lent for a moment life and some quality of terror to the huge loutish frame of the moujik. He had recognized the tax-gatherer, the publican of the New Testament, and there awoke in him a sudden old hatred of the authority which takes the bread of the poor man. At that instant he might have been a man; there was devil in him, just that touch of animal fury blended with a sense of wrong which makes great demagogues. It was murder that showed through, passionate resentment, fiery self-protection—anything awful, elemental and irresistible. And then, as the tide of long oppression and generations of serfdom reasserted itself, he was a moujik again, bestial, obsequious, incoherent, dropping nervously a ceremonial cap to the smile of the tax-gatherer.

The woman, wife of the moujik, turned dull eyes from the one to the other as the tax-gatherer, stretching forth his legs, talked patronizingly. She, too, was just a beast, the frame of a woman from which hardship, never-ending toil, sterile hope, abortive desires, had expelled the woman's soul. Flat-breasted, red-armed, she slouched like a weary man and listened mechanically to the patter of the tax-gatherer. She should have been at work, but death and taxes interrupt business in Russia as elsewhere.

A LITTLE DEBT.

"It is the little debt," explained the tax-gatherer. "Not a tax at all, moujik, but the little debt. Eleven years now that there has not been enough to pay the district tax. The czar, you know—God keep him—can't wait forever. There is the war, and that costs—Lord, you could never guess how it costs! So there must be money. You see, the Little Father must have money."

man turned and glared at her fiercely.

"Be silent!" he mumbled. "The last one," she wept. "The last one. The czar takes all!"

He would have struck her again, but she stepped away, and he left her and entered the hut. It had but one room, and in a corner hung its only ornaments, a picture of St. Nicholas and one of the emperor. The latter, a gaudy print, surveyed the tragic squalor of the apartment with a fixed simper. The moujik paused before the two pictures and dragged off his cap. He proceeded to cross himself in the lengthy, intricate form of the Greek church, clumsily and slowly.

The woman entered ere he had done and as he finished he looked at her.

"After all," he said, "it is the czar the Little Father. He—he needs the cow."

As he turned away to sit down the woman raised a passionate hand, and shook her fist behind her husband's back in the face of the emperor and saint of Russia.

"And we are of the people of Russia," added the moujik drowsily.

The woman moaned again.

NEWSPAPERS OF JAPAN

PROGRESS MADE IN THE LAST TEN YEARS.

Papers Have a Wide Circulation and Are Sent to Remote Towns.

Though immense progress has been made in Japan in many respects, and western inventions and improvements are to be found even in the most remote parts of the country, the interest of the people in reading still remains to be aroused, says Prof. J. Dunlop, of the University of Tokio.

The large majority of the people are illiterate, a fact which is partly explained by the complicated nature of the original Japanese alphabet. During the last few years, and especially since the war with China, there has been a change, and more attention is being paid to the study of literature, and the number of books published is quite large, if compared with that of ten years ago.

The introduction of printing presses with movable type, was, no doubt responsible for this. Only a comparatively few years ago wooden blocks were in use, but it was a work of great labor to prepare them, and as only a limited number of copies could be struck from them, books were enormously expensive.

At the period of the last revolution there existed but one publication that could be properly classed under this head, the so-called government Gazette, which was read only by

THE OFFICIAL CLASSES

for whom alone its contents possessed any interest. But since then so many newspapers have come into existence that the list for the whole country now comprises several hundreds.

In the chief cities they are issued daily; in country districts every two or three days, though during the present war also most of these have been published daily.

The Tokio papers have a very wide circulation and are forwarded even to the most remote post towns. Among these The Nichinichi Shimbun (Daily News), and The Choya Shimbun (Court and Country News), and The Hochi Shimbun (Information News), are perhaps the best known, the first named is a semi-official organ.

These papers appear on every day except holidays. They are all similar in style, the first page containing government notifications and editorials; the second miscellaneous items of information, and the third contributed articles, sometimes of a political, but oftener of a popular or satirical character, while the fourth

JAPAN'S NATIONAL SPORT

WRESTLING IS THE GAME THEY ALL ADMIRE.

Gladiators of the Mat Are a Race Unto Themselves, and Are Big Men.

There was a gladiatorial carnival in Tokio to-day, and I went to see the show—writes a correspondent. Two dollars they charged for admission, which goes to prove that the showman here knows how to fatten himself as well as his brethren in the west. The arena was neither a costly nor a picturesque structure. It was merely a rude shed, built of boards, thrown together in haphazard fashion, roofed in just anyhow with flimsy matting. The seats were just rough benches, on which no kind of comfort could be obtained, and in the centre stood a platform, two feet high, apparently made of banked-up earth.

Four posts ran from the four corners of the platform from ground to ceiling, and on the stage, seated on gorgeous crimson cushions, were four officials, one against each post.

Then came a man in grey garments, with a fan in his hand, who went about the stage weirdly chanting the praises of the gladiators who were about to appear. All the time he kept thrusting out his arm, opening and shutting his fan, and striking attitudes. There were between two and three thousand people present, men and women, old and young, for nothing suits the subjects of the mikado better than a wrestling bout. They love it, and make much of those who follow it for a livelihood. Wrestling is to these people what cricket and football are to Britons, and any child in the street can tell you the names of the various champions at the different styles.

Before the public display commenced I went behind the scenes with one who understood the manners and the customs of the place, and saw the gladiators stripped ready for the fray. They were all big men, some of them huge. The smallest weighed perhaps 175 pounds, the largest about 280 pounds. As they stood there ready for the arena, they reminded me of Sioux warriors more than anything else I had ever seen. They had yellowish bronze skins, jet black hair, hard harsh mouths, black resolute eyes, high cheek bones and sinews of steel. They are a race unto themselves these gladiators, handing down from father to son the tricks of their trade. When they marry they pick their mates with care, marrying for strength rather than for any domestic quality, for it is considered a shame to a wrestler to be the father of a weakly child.

They do no work of any kind outside their profession. They only study how to hold or how to hurt a man with nature's weapons. From generation to generation this has gone on, and the result is that the wrestlers are mighty men physically, even as the gladiators of old Rome were. They are the great flesh-eaters of Japan, for they believe that a flesh diet makes a man strong, fierce and resolute.

EARLY BEGINNINGS.

The career of a wrestler commences before he can walk. I saw the initiation of one of them into public life to-day. The little squalling thing, with a tiny loin cloth on its tender body, was carried on to the stage in the arms of a champion, a man of tremendous size and strength. A guard of honor was given to the coming wrestler, consisting of ten or a dozen men, all noted in the arena. They marched out with great pomp and ceremony and a functionary of the place, stretching forth his arms, told the audience who the child was and what its father had done. In this way a professional wrestler's whole life is known, just as the breeding, pedigree and performances of a racehorse is public

man came with the spring of a tiger, the red man stepped aside and caught one of his opponent's arms in the crook of his own; then springing forward a pace, he put the whole might of his body into one effort, whirled the other man off his feet on to his own hips, and then sent him whizzing off the platform into the front row of the audience and the things that followed had no further interest for that man.

After that fall there was enough ceremony and parade to herald a nation's victory over a world's power. There were chanting of heralds and bowing and posturing of gladiators. The show had to last half a day, and fully two-thirds of the time was taken up in this way.

A little later came some pretty wrestling—an exhibition of pure skill. Each man had to go down on all fours and at a given signal leap at his opponent, and try with one quick turn for a firm hold on an arm. It had to be a clean grip to win, no struggling was allowed.

BITTEN BY FEAR.

Prick of a Thorn Taken for a Snake-bite.

The agonies of fear which follow the bite of a venomous snake are described by Henry Taunton in "Australia." One afternoon, while Mr. Taunton was herding cattle on an Australian range, the overseer rode out to see how the new hand was getting along. The conversation turned on snakes, and the overseer told Mr. Taunton of many instances of death from snake bites.

I listened to so many stories that evening that when, having ridden with my friend part of his way home I turned and rode slowly back to the solitary camp, my mind was full of snakes. It was quite dusk as I rode along the track, which led through scrub and bushes.

Suddenly I received a sharp sting on the thigh. A thrill of agonizing sickening fear came over me that some snake coiled in the bush had bitten me. For a moment I lost all presence of mind. The relaxing effects of fear made me feel sick and faint. Certain death, in a most agonizing form, stared me grimly in the face. Overwhelming terror nearly paralyzed me.

I was miles from any help. I could not hack the injured limb off, as might be possible had the sting been delivered on the hand or foot. Only one chance of safety presented itself so my distracted mind, and that was to cut away the flesh round the bite and cauterize it with the glowing end of a fire-stick, if only I could do it before the venom had been absorbed into my system.

Maddened with fear, I galloped for camp. I flung myself from the panting horse, rushed round like a madman, and pitched brushwood on the fire until a brilliant blaze illuminated the scene.

In frantic haste I exposed my still smarting thigh. Sure enough, there was a small puncture from which a minute drop of blood had exuded.

No time could be lost, but even in my extremity I had not sufficient nerve to cut deeply into my own flesh. Making two superficial slashes crosswise over the bite, I seized one of the glowing embers and held it into the wound. The torture forced me to desist before I had sufficiently cauterized the fatal spot, but I felt it would be better to submit to my fate than to bear further self-inflicted pain.

I was kept awake for hours by the suffering from the burn, but finally I slept. When I awoke I felt none the worse for the accident. Gradually the conviction stole over me that I had been the victim of my own fears and the prick of some thorny bush.

The sore place on my thigh reminded me for many days to come that pricks and punctures are not well served by means of fear and fire-sticks.

"It is the little debt," explained the tax-gatherer. "Not a tax at all, moujik, but the little debt. Eleven years now that there has not been enough to pay the district tax. The czar, you know—God keep him—can't wait forever. There is the war, and that costs—Lord, you could never guess how it costs! So there must be money. You see, the Little Father must have money."

"God keep him," mumbled the moujik. "But there is no money here. None at all!"

The tax-gatherer pulled down the cuffs of his long coat.

"I grieve," he said lightly. "Truly I grieve. I would rather take money. But you cannot give it if you have none. Still, there is always the cow."

"Now, what the devil!" he added, turning sharply.

It was only the woman. She had moaned, strickenly, and now trembled under the official's eyes.

"But—but," the moujik stammered. "I have only the one, Excellency. Only the one, by St. Nicholas and all the kind saints."

He was putting forward the extreme plea. In Russia they strip you of your goods down to the cow. They must leave you the one cow.

The tax-gatherer joined his fingertips and shook his head.

"Eleven years," he said deprecatingly, "and the district tax never once paid in full! Yet a cow has always been exempted. Moujik, that makes eleven cows the Little Father has spared you. Eleven! By St. Izak, one would think you were a baron! And now you would make it twelve!"

"God keep him," the moujik murmured. "I have only the one."

THE CZAR'S COW.

You cannot cheat a beast. Honest and dishonest are distressingly clear to him. The tax-gatherer was annoyed, and proceeded to hurry up the cow.

"Two hundred and eleven roubles you owe," he said impressively, "and the czar is at war. Have you no shame? The cow will make, say, twenty-five roubles. Yes, we will be generous. Our Lady is merciful to those that show mercy. Twenty-five roubles, and the rest can wait. That is, if you bring the cow forthwith."

"But I have only the one," pleaded the moujik. He could only urge the law; his grief constituted no kind of claim. But the woman moaned again.

"But bring the cow," urged the tax-gatherer. "Let us see this cow. Twenty-five roubles is no trifle—and there is the war. The cow, then. Why does your wife not bring the cow, the czar's cow?"

"God keep him! Bring the cow," said the moujik.

It was then the woman fell on her knees as though she were to be considered. But sweat a woman as you will, wear her, wrench her with labor, bedraggle and unsex her as you may, she will still fall on her knees in extremity and urge that she is a woman.

"Excellency, Excellency," she gasped, hoarsely. "It is our last. It is our last. And the children—the children—"

It was amazing, but it did not last long. Her husband struck her savagely, and off she went, slowly and heavily, and brought the cow, while the tax-gatherer twisted his moustache and the moujik blinked apologetically.

"OF THE PEOPLE."

"This, then, is the czar's cow!" The tax-gatherer looked critically at the beast, which turned pointedly away from him. "It has not that appearance, but we must be considerate for the poor. Twenty-five roubles we said? It shall be so. The rest shall remain. Moujik, good-day."

"Good-day, Excellency!" and away went the official, warily driving the czar's cow, while the peasant stood staring dumbly after him.

The woman moaned again, and the

first named is a semi-official organ.

These papers appear on every day except holidays. They are all similar in style, the first page containing government notifications and editorials; the second miscellaneous items of information, and the third contributed articles, sometimes of a political, but oftener of a popular or satirical character, while the fourth page is devoted to advertisements.

The papers are now always printed from movable metal types. The style of composition is principally Chinese, interspersed with "kana" at intervals, but the papers printed for the express benefit of the very low classes are almost entirely in kana, and are in many cases illustrated with

ROUGH WOODCUTS.

Nominally there is freedom of the press, but many an editor has been fined or imprisoned for publishing what was deemed by the government as insurrection of the press laws, and no editor would dare to give any account of defeat suffered in time of war, as this would surely result in a long term of imprisonment.

Before a newspaper is started a petition is made requesting the permission of the government to publish the same, and provision made that if such permission is granted the press laws will be strictly obeyed.

The paper, once it is started, is under the supervision of the local officials, and whatever they may deem a contravention of the laws in question is punished by fine, imprisonment or suspension or total abolition of the offending paper.

It is needless to point out that under this system anything like free and open criticism of the proceedings of government is well nigh impossible, although ingenious plans have been contrived whereby, though keeping within the actual letter of the law, the editor can proclaim his true views of the subject under discussion.

A very common method is to draw a satirical picture of Japan under the name of some other country.

MUCH TOO ECONOMICAL.

"Mary," he said, as he scowled at her over the breakfast-table.

"John," she replied, fearlessly.

"Mary," he said, "what kind of a breakfast do you call this?"

"I call it an excellent one," she returned, bravely.

"You do?" he exclaimed. "Well, I don't. I think a little variety occasionally would be a good thing. Do you realize that this is the third morning that we have had corned beef hash?"

"Certainly, John."

"And that we had corned beef for dinner yesterday, and cold corned beef for supper!"

"Of course, John. You wanted me to run the house as economically as I could."

"Yes, but—"

"You said that the amount of meat consumed in this house would bankrupt a millionaire."

"I know, but I—"

"And that I ought to plan with more regard to the expense."

"Certainly, certainly, Mary; but, hang it all—"

"I've been following your instructions."

"But I don't like corned beef."

"I know it, John," she said, in a business-like way. "That's what makes it last so long. It keeps expenses down splendidly, and if you want—"

"I don't!" he exclaimed. "I don't! Let them run up! You've got too good a business head for anything outside of a boarding-house."

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins. "I have done you a great injustice." "In what way?" "I suspected you without reason. I asked several of your friends, that you go out with of evenings whether you knew how to play bridge, and every one of them thought a minute and said you didn't."

coming wrestler, consisting of ten or a dozen men, all noted in the arena. They marched out with great pomp and ceremony and a functionary of the place, stretching forth his arms, told the audience who the child was and what its father had done. In this way a professional wrestler's whole life is known, just as the breeding, pedigree and performances of a racehorse is public property in England.

No people in the world, I think, loves ceremony more than do the Japanese. From two sides of the building two bands of wrestlers, each band a dozen strong, march through lanes made in the closely-packed mass of humanity. They were all naked to the waist, but depending from the waist of each man hung an apron which nearly touched the ground. The aprons were rich in color and material, and quaint in design. The leader of each party was a giant, and around the waist of each ropes as thick as a man's wrist were twined just above the apron bands, not common ropes, but snow-white, and glistening like silk.

At the rear of each party marched a man bearing aloft a sword, concerning which he seemed very proud. The colors of one hand were blue and bronze, the other red and gold. They reached the stage from opposite sides at the same moment. The men in blue sat down, while the men in red strode on to the stage and made obeisance to the four judges sitting at the four posts. Then the heralds made more chantings, after which the red clan waved their arms to the north, south, east and west. Each man drew up his right leg, balanced himself upon his left, and, reaching out so as to cover as much space as possible, brought his foot down with a thud. I have seen the Maories, the Zulus and the Basutos do something similar to this, but never could understand the significance of it, unless it means: "So will I crush my enemy."

A long parley between the officials, and then the champions were selected, one red, one blue. They advanced stripped ready for a struggle. There was more ceremony before the contestants got anywhere near to the business of the day. At last, like two big game-cocks, they fronted one another. Waugh—saugh! They had sprung upon each other with a hoarse shout. No ceremony now; no trickery—it was a grim game while it lasted. The red man gripped the blue and tossed him high, as if to hurl him clean over his head. But, like magic, the big fellow in the air circled his arm around the other's neck, slid over his back, landed on his feet, and, grabbing his man around the middle, gave a mighty heave and tried to dash his foe to the floor by sheer brute power.

To do this, however, he had to bend his own body, and his head came along his foe's flank. In another moment that head was locked under an arm that had the gripping power of a vice. Every time the man with the body hold made a heave to lift his opponent off his feet, the other put an a wrench at the neck until it seemed as if something must break. They tugged and strained and hauled, but neither got a fall. At last they broke away, and stood panting. Then the blue man made a frantic rush, and, shooting both arms out, with the palms of his hands extended towards his foe, he caught him on chin and throat, and nearly knocked him off the platform. That was the game; the man who either pushed, threw or hustled his opponent off the ring was counted victor.

HOW VICTORY WAS WON.

Then began the funniest bit of wrestling I have ever seen, and I have seen many styles. Both men rushed, and each shot out his arms, aiming for the throat and forehead, but always with the palms of the hands. First one fellow gave way, then the other; the crowd shouted their strange shrill yell; fans were waved and the excitement became intense. All at once, as the blue

the worse for the accident. Gradually the conviction stole over me that I had been the victim of my own fears and the prick of some thorny bush.

The sore place on my thigh reminded me for many days to come that pricks and punctures are not well served by means of fear and fire-sticks.

CELEBRATE WATERLOO.

Unveiling of Monument to French Soldiers Who Fell.

The French celebration at Waterloo—placing of a monument to French soldiers on the field June 28—was on a truly great scale.

From early morning thousands of people from Brussels were on their way to the battlefield. Every way they turned was choked with motor cars, carriages, horsemen, and cyclists. The crowd was estimated at 30,000 people. The officials who had been invited arrived at three o'clock, and took up their places on the platform before the monument.

Speeches were made by the great painter, M. Edouard Detaille, and M. Henry Houssaye, of the Academie Francaise. M. Girard, French Minister at Brussels, spoke in the name of the French Government, and thanked Belgium for its hospitality, which France found was always accorded to her by that country.

Gen. Bruylant, representing King Leopold, made the last of the speeches, saying that at the battle of Waterloo there were no conquerors and no vanquished, and no feeling of hate dominated the nations who struggled there in 1815.

After the speeches funeral pieces to the honor of the French soldiers who fell at Waterloo were played.

Among those on the platform was Mme. Dupuis, a centenarian woman, who had been at the battle of 1815.

The proceedings were regulated by the gendarmes, who kept the crowd back, and had to make a series of rushes to keep the ground clear. The crowd vigorously protested against the brutality of the gendarmes.

At the close of the ceremony there were loud and enthusiastic cries of "Vive la France!"

THAT WARNING VOICE.

In whispers glowing, rapturous, and fervent, they spoke of what would be when they twain became as one. Wrapped in each other's arms and the friendly darkness born of a purposely extinguished chandelier, they recked not of the complaining creak of the overburdened chair which supported their united weight; neither heard they a suspicious sound which floated in through the keyhole—a sound as of a stout and elderly man breathing heavily outside that aperture.

"Only think, sweetest sweetling! Just think, dearest darling!" he whispered, ecstatically; "won't we be happy when we are married and have a house of our own? Love, kisses, bliss—"

"Rates! taxes! bills! servants! doctors! youngsters!" said a sepulchral voice, solemnly.

The chair was suddenly relieved of its double burden, the gas flared up brazenly; but when they opened the door a moment later, awkwardly bidding each other good-night, the hall was empty, and they saw nothing to account for the warning voice.

But far away up the staircase an elderly man, with a cruel smile on his face, crept stealthily in stocking feet to his night's resting-place.

Magistrate—"So it took six policemen to lock you up?" Pat (grinningly)—"Yes, yer honor; but it wud only take wan to let me out."

"I shall be married to Dick next week!" "I thought you said you'd be the last person to marry him!" "Well, I hope I shall be!"

"It is the little debt," explained the tax-gatherer. "Not a tax at all, moujik, but the little debt. Eleven years now that there has not been enough to pay the district tax. The czar, you know—God keep him—can not wait forever. There is the war, and that costs—Lord, you could never guess how it costs! So there must be money. You see, the Little Father must have money."

"God keep him," mumbled the moujik. "But there is no money here. None at all!"

The tax-gatherer pulled down the cuffs of his long coat.

"I grieve," he said lightly. "Truly I grieve. I would rather take money. But you cannot give it if you have none. Still, there is always the cow."

"Now, what the devil!" he added, turning sharply.

It was only the woman. She had moaned, strickenly, and now trembled under the official's eyes.

"But—but," the moujik stammered. "I have only the one, Excellency. Only the one, by St. Nicholas and all the kind saints."

He was putting forward the extreme plea. In Russia they strip you of your goods down to the cow. They must leave you the one cow.

The tax-gatherer joined his fingertips and shook his head.

"Eleven years," he said deprecatingly, "and the district tax never once paid in full! Yet a cow has always been exempted. Moujik, that makes eleven cows the Little Father has spared you. Eleven! By St. Izak, one would think you were a baron! And now you would make it twelve."

"God keep him," the moujik murmured. "I have only the one."

THE CZAR'S COW.

You cannot cheat a beast. Honest and dishonest are distressingly clear to him. The tax-gatherer was annoyed, and proceeded to hurry up the cow.

"Two hundred and eleven roubles you owe," he said impressively, "and the czar is at war. Have you no shame? The cow will make, say, twenty-five roubles. Yes, we will be generous. Our Lady is merciful to those that show mercy. Twenty-five roubles, and the rest can wait. That is, if you bring the cow forthwith."

"But I have only the one," pleaded the moujik. He could only urge the law; his grief constituted no kind of claim. But the woman moaned again.

"But bring the cow," urged the tax-gatherer. "Let us see this cow. Twenty-five roubles is no trifle—and there is the war. The cow, then. Why does your wife not bring the cow, the czar's cow?"

"God keep him! Bring the cow," said the moujik.

It was then the woman fell on her knees as though she were to be considered. But sweat a woman as you will, wear her, wrench her with labor, bedraggle and unsex her as you may, she will still fall on her knees in extremity and urge that she is a woman.

"Excellency, Excellency," she gasped, hoarsely. "It is our last. It is our last. And the children—the children—"

It was amazing, but it did not last long. Her husband struck her savagely, and off she went, slowly and heavily, and brought the cow, while the tax-gatherer twisted his moustache and the moujik blinked apologetically.

"OF THE PEOPLE."

"This, then, is the czar's cow!" The tax-gatherer looked critically at the beast, which turned pointedly away from him. "It has not that appearance, but we must be considerate for the poor. Twenty-five roubles we said? It shall be so. The rest shall remain. Moujik, good-day."

"Good-day, Excellency!" and away went the official, warily driving the czar's cow, while the peasant stood staring dumbly after him.

The woman moaned again, and the

first named is a semi-official organ.

These papers appear on every day except holidays. They are all similar in style, the first page containing government notifications and editorials; the second miscellaneous items of information, and the third contributed articles, sometimes of a political, but oftener of a popular or satirical character, while the fourth page is devoted to advertisements.

The papers are now always printed from movable metal types. The style of composition is principally Chinese, interspersed with "kana" at intervals, but the papers printed for the express benefit of the very low classes are almost entirely in kana, and are in many cases illustrated with

ROUGH WOODCUTS.

Nominally there is freedom of the press, but many an editor has been fined or imprisoned for publishing what was deemed by the government as infringement of the press laws, and no editor would dare to give any account of defeat suffered in time of war, as this would surely result in a long term of imprisonment.

Before a newspaper is started a petition is made requesting the permission of the government to publish the same, and provision made that if such permission is granted the press laws will be strictly obeyed.

The paper, once it is started, is under the supervision of the local officials, and whatever they may deem a contravention of the laws in question is punished by fine, imprisonment or suspension or total abolition of the offending paper.

It is needless to point out that under this system anything like free and open criticism of the proceedings of government is well nigh impossible, although ingenious plans have been contrived whereby, though keeping within the actual letter of the law, the editor can proclaim his true views of the subject under discussion.

A very common method is to draw a satirical picture of Japan under the name of some other country.

MUCH TOO ECONOMICAL.

"Mary," he said, as he scowled at her over the breakfast-table.

"John," she replied, fearlessly.

"Mary," he said, "what kind of a breakfast do you call this?"

"I call it an excellent one," she returned, bravely.

"You do?" he exclaimed. "Well, I don't. I think a little variety occasionally would be a good thing. Do you realize that this is the third morning that we have had corned beef hash?"

"Certainly, John."

"And that we had corned beef for dinner yesterday, and cold corned beef for supper?"

"Of course, John. You wanted me to run the house as economically as I could."

"Yes, but—"

"You said that the amount of meat consumed in this house would bankrupt a millionaire."

"I know; but I—"

"And that I ought to plan with more regard to the expense."

"Certainly, certainly, Mary; but, hang it all—"

"I've been following your instructions."

"But I don't like corned beef."

"I know it, John," she said, in a business-like way. "That's what makes it last so long. It keeps expenses down splendidly, and if you want—"

"I don't!" he exclaimed. "I don't! Let them run up! You've got too good a business head for anything outside of a boarding-house."

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins. "I have done you a great injustice." "In what way?" "I suspected you without reason. I asked several of your friends, that you go out with of evenings whether you knew how to play bridge, and every one of them thought a minute and said you didn't."

coming wrestler, consisting of ten or a dozen men, all noted in the arena. They marched out with great pomp and ceremony and a functionary of the place, stretching forth his arms, told the audience who the child was and what its father had done. In this way a professional wrestler's whole life is known, just as the breeding, pedigree and performances of a racehorse is public property in England.

No people in the world, I think, loves ceremony more than do the Japanese. From two sides of the building two bands of wrestlers, each band a dozen strong, march through lanes made in the closely-packed mass of humanity. They were all naked to the waist, but depending from the waist of each man hung an apron which nearly touched the ground. The aprons were rich in color and material, and quaint in design. The leader of each party was a giant, and around the waist of each ropes as thick as a man's wrist were twined just above the apron bands, not common ropes, but snow-white, and glistening like silk.

At the rear of each party marched a man bearing aloft a sword, concerning which he seemed very proud. The colors of one hand were blue and bronze, the other red and gold. They reached the stage from opposite sides at the same moment. The men in blue sat down, while the men in red strode on to the stage and made obeisance to the four judges sitting at the four posts. Then the heralds made more chantings, after which the red clan waved their arms to the north, south, east and west. Each man drew up his right leg, balanced himself upon his left, and, reaching out so as to cover as much space as possible, brought his foot down with a thud. I have seen the Maories, the Zulus and the Basutos do something similar to this, but never could understand the significance of it, unless it means: "So will I crush my enemy."

A long parley between the officials, and then the champions were selected, one red, one blue. They advanced stripped ready for a struggle. There was more ceremony before the contestants got anywhere near to the business of the day. At last, like two big game-cocks, they fronted one another. Waugh—waugh! They had sprung upon each other with a hoarse shout. No ceremony now; no trickery—it was a grim game while it lasted. The red man gripped the blue and tossed him high, as if to hurl him clean over his head. But, like magic, the big fellow in the air circled his arm around the other's neck, slid over his back, landed on his feet, and, grabbing his man around the middle, gave a mighty heave and tried to dash his foe to the floor by sheer brute power.

To do this, however, he had to bend his own body, and his head came along his foe's flank. In another moment that head was locked under an arm that had the gripping power of a vice. Every time the man with the body hold made a heave to lift his opponent off his feet, the other put an a wrench at the neck until it seemed as if something must break. They tugged and strained and hauled, but neither got a fall. At last they broke away, and stood panting. Then the blue man made a frantic rush, and, shooting both arms out, with the palms of his hands extended towards his foe, he caught him on chin and throat, and nearly knocked him off the platform. That was the game; the man who either pushed, threw or hustled his opponent off the ring was counted victor.

HOW VICTORY WAS WON.

Then began the funniest bit of wrestling I have ever seen, and I have seen many styles. Both men rushed, and each shot out his arms, aiming for the throat and forehead, but always with the palms of the hands. First one fellow gave way, then the other; the crowd shouted their strange shrill yell; fans were waved and the excitement became intense. All at once, as the blue

worse for the accident. Gradually the conviction stole over me that I had been the victim of my own fears and the prick of some thorny bush.

The sore place on my thigh reminded me for many days to come that pricks and punctures are not well served by means of fear and fire-sticks.

CELEBRATE WATERLOO.

Unveiling of Monument to French Soldiers Who Fell.

The French celebration at Waterloo—placing of a monument to French soldiers on the field June 28—was on a truly great scale.

From early morning thousands of people from Brussels were on their way to the battlefield. Every way they turned was choked with motor cars, carriages, horsemen, and cyclists. The crowd was estimated at 30,000 people. The officials who had been invited arrived at three o'clock, and took up their places on the platform before the monument.

Speeches were made by the great painter, M. Edouard Detaille, and M. Henry Houssaye, of the Academie Francaise. M. Girard, French Minister at Brussels, spoke in the name of the French Government, and thanked Belgium for its hospitality, which France found was always accorded to her by that country.

Gen. Bruylant, representing King Leopold, made the last of the speeches, saying that at the battle of Waterloo there were no conquerors and no vanquished, and no feeling of hate dominated the nations who struggled there in 1815.

After the speeches funeral pieces to the honor of the French soldiers who fell at Waterloo were played.

Among those on the platform was Mme. Dupuis, a centenarian woman, who had been at the battle of 1815.

The proceedings were regulated by the gendarmes, who kept the crowd back, and had to make a series of rushes to keep the ground clear. The crowd vigorously protested against the brutality of the gendarmes.

At the close of the ceremony there were loud and enthusiastic cries of "Vive la France!"

THAT WARNING VOICE.

In whispers glowing, rapturous, and fervent, they spoke of what would be when they twain became as one. Wrapped in each other's arms and the friendly darkness born of a purposely extinguished chandelier, they recked not of the complaining creak of the overburdened chair which supported their united weight; neither heard they a suspicious sound which floated in through the keyhole—a sound as of a stout and elderly man breathing heavily outside that aperture.

"Only think, sweetest sweetling! Just think, dearest darling!" he whispered, ecstatically; "won't we be happy when we are married and have a house of our own? Love, kisses, bliss—"

"Rates! taxes! bills! servants! doctors! youngsters!" said a sepulchral voice, solemnly.

The chair was suddenly relieved of its double burden, the gas flared up brazenly; but when they opened the door a moment later, awkwardly bidding each other good-night, the hall was empty, and they saw nothing to account for the warning voice.

But far away up the staircase an elderly man, with a cruel smile on his face, crept stealthily in stocking-footed to his night's resting-place.

Magistrate—"So it took six policemen to lock you up?" Pat (grinningly)—"Yes, yer honor; but it wud only take wan to let me out."

"I shall be married to Dick next week!" "I thought you said you'd be the last person to marry him!" "Well, I hope I shall be!"

ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING

CELEBRATED HIS TENTH BIRTHDAY RECENTLY.

Prince Edward Has a Martial Spirit, and is Affectionate to a Degree.

Little Prince Edward of Wales recently celebrated his 10th birthday, and the King and Queen gave a party at Buckingham Palace in his honor. It was an event of mingled dignity and light-hearted merriment, for, while it was impossible to shake off the court, the laughter of children pealed along the corridors and in the gardens of the great palace.

There were many royal guests, and most of them arrived before the hero of the day, who drove over from Marlborough House with the Prince and Princess of Wales. With them came Prince Edward's brothers and his little sister, and the crowd which had gathered about the palace gates cheered to see the glad-faced family party swing by them in their roomy open carriage.

It was certainly a pretty sight, for the little princes wore smart white sailor suits, and the little princess was dressed in white, too, with a big blue sash about her slender waist. And regally and smartly did the princes lift their small hands to their sailor hats in answer to the people's greeting.

It was a grand day for childish fun in the big garden, and great fun there was. But for Prince Edward there was duty to be done before he came to pleasure.

GRANDMOTHER'S COUNSEL.

After he had kissed his grandmother with a world of warm affection, Her Majesty gently told him, while he gravely listened, that he must be particularly kind to the little girls and boys who were among his guests, and see that they were well looked after. Then he took his stand by the Queen's side, and with her received the many guests. No one could have called him proud, yet there was about his reception of his small guests a certain amount of kingly dignity and reserve.

For an hour carriages streamed into the palace courtyard, bringing a host of bright-eyed children. Among the first were the two small daughters of the Duchess of Fife, two dimpled damsels in the whitest of white dresses. Then there were the infinitesimal daughters of Mrs. Willie James, and they had such round and rosy cheeks that Queen Alexandra stooped with a smile to pinch them. Prince Edward received the toddling mites with great solemnity and shook them gravely by the hand.

Indeed, thanks to the charming gentleness of the Queen and the serenity of the Prince, all the shy children, who arrived in shoals, were soon placed at their ease.

THE MANY GUESTS.

Lady Essex brought her little girls, and a small boy and girl accompanied Lady Alice Stanley. Lady de Trafford, a vision of beauty in Parma-violet tulle, came with her little golden-haired daughter, while Lady Lansdowne brought three little grandchildren, and Lady Evelyn Cavendish two white-froked girls.

Great interest was taken in the arrival of little Lord Blandford and his brother, accompanied by their parents, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Lady Pembroke had a carriage full of small girls, and special notice was taken of Lady Chelsea's little daughters, one of whom had the honor of presenting flowers to His Majesty on the opening of the grand bazaar this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel brought their children, and Lady Helen Stavordale was helping to conduct the games throughout the afternoon. Lady Hamilton's little daughters were some of the prettiest-dressed children present and behaved in the most charming manner when presented to the Queen, receiving

JAPANESE NOT JINGOES

THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR VERY EXISTENCE.

Prepared to Battle Forever, But Would Welcome Peace.

'My earliest impressions of English people were gathered from 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Self-help,' said a Japanese journalist newly arrived in London, to a newspaper representative. "Those books are very popular among the youth of Japan. 'Self-Help' alone has had a sale of over a million. And now that I see and mix among your people in your own country the early impressions I got from those books are but deepened. 'Robinson Crusoe' reveals one man who got through. 'Self-Help' shows many men who 'got through.'

"We Japanese saw the same thing in the English captain who brought the two cruisers out to us on the eve of the war. He was so pressed that at Singapore in taking on coal he piled it on the deck. That was how he 'got through.' We Japanese were so sure of it that we went out to meet him."

The Salvation Army has brought this Japanese journalist to England to take part in its International Congress. His name and office are Staff Captain Yamamuro, editor of 'The Japanese War Cry.' He left Tokio with five other Japanese Salvationists six weeks ago. Two of the party are women officers, Captain Washimi and Captain Sodani. The young journalist, a man of wide culture and insight, is the only one of the party who speaks English.

"GETTING THROUGH."

"Yes," he went on, continuing his impressions, "I notice everywhere in England the quality of 'getting through' with things. You are steady; you are practical. In the bustle of your city streets every man seems to be part of a whole. People go about with a purpose."

"I notice a great difference between London and Paris, where we called on our way here. The Parisians are more showy in their dress and in their buildings than you are. They are more demonstrative, too. Now, we Japanese like the reality of things, and we find that among the English. Among all intelligent people in Japan it is a common saying that if there is one white nation worthy of following it is England."

He would not have it that this was due to the alliance at all. "We are not jingoes in Japan," he said, quietly and firmly. "This opinion was formed long before the alliance between the two countries was thought about. Had that not been our opinion we should never have formed the alliance."

"You say you are not jingoes," I remarked. "May I ask whether you know what 'Mafficking' means?"

He smiled, and said he did know, but when I told him that reports had reached us of 'Mafficking' in Tokio streets he dissented.

"Let me disprove it in my own way," he said, simply. "I knew many foreign journalists and other people from various countries before I left Tokio six weeks ago. They expressed to me their great surprise at the apparent unconcern shown by everybody in the capital of a country that was fighting for its very existence. A stranger in Tokio, knowing nothing of the war, would not have thought we were at war, save perhaps at the hour the evening papers came out."

"You maintain, then, that Japan is fighting for its very existence?"

"I do. I think we are engaged in a righteous struggle to preserve ourselves. If our people are not excited, you must not think we are not in earnest. We were never more earnest in anything. Our people are saying that if Russia is allowed in Manchuria and Korea it would be as though Japan's lips were cut, and then the teeth would follow. We will

JAPAN'S GREAT GENERAL

WHY OYAMA WAS PREFERRED TO YAMAGATA.

Field Marshals of Equal Achievements and Their Friendly Rivalry.

It has been a problem for some time among the Japanese Privy Councillors which of the two equally Field Marshals would be sent to the front by the Mikado. To appoint one without a perfect understanding with the other would be to incur the displeasure of the latter, although that displeasure would not be shown to the Mikado, but to the Genros, or Privy Councillors. Had it not been for this consideration, the commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces in the field would have been appointed long ago, although he might not have taken the field immediately.

The statement from Japan that the Marquis Yamagata will direct the Japanese forces while the Marquis Oyama takes more immediate charge in the field is now generally accepted as true. Doubtless, the name of the Marquis Yamagata was proposed many times to the council. To know why he was not promptly sent to the post Oyama takes it is necessary to study his character as well as his military record, especially that during the Chinese-Japanese War.

Yamagata is a born soldier. As such he has done for the Mikado more than anybody else. He served the Mikado in the anti-Bakufu campaign, which resulted in the final overthrow of Tokugawa in 1868. It was he who, in the civil war of 1877, led the imperial reinforcements, to relieve the besieged royalists in the Castle of Kumamoto, and he is said to have written a letter to Takamori Saigo, the ringleader of the southwestern rebels and Yamagata's close personal friend, telling him to realize his fate and to renounce his life. Whether or not this letter was the cause, Saigo died, although how, when and

WHERE NO ONE KNOWS.

It was Yamagata also who organized the modern Japanese army. For these and for other achievements the Marquis has acquired a great influence among his countrymen, greater even than that of Marquis Oyama.

So great was his influence that at times he allowed himself to be flattered by the politicians with the offer of the premiership. He knows that he is a soldier and nothing else. But, as Admiral George Dewey was once persuaded after his victory at Manila Bay to consent to accept a nomination for the Presidency (though he never got the nomination), Marquis Yamagata more than once has allowed himself actually to assume the premiership. And every time he became the Premier his administration has been a complete failure.

He is a Choshuan by birth. The Choshuans, like the ancient Athenians, are usually clever. Marquis Ito is their representative type. But Marquis Yamagata is an exception. He is a Spartan, born in Athens. He does not know the first principles of politics. He would prefer to govern a country by declaring martial law all the time. His unstatesmanlike methods appeared in his employment of the police in time of election for party purposes, which soon made him a target of popular reproach.

In the Chino-Japanese war he managed to give the impression, hidden, yet real, among his countrymen that he disobeyed the orders of the General Staff. There were disagreements between the Marquis and the General Staff, whose active chief was Assistant Chief Gen. Kawakami, now dead, while the nominal chief was the late Prince Arisagawa, who died during the war, leaving the General Staff in charge of his assistant.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SCHEME

THE SCHEME OF OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Some of the Working Details of a Plan Adopted in Germany.

Among the aspects of science which concern themselves with our social welfare, none are of greater interest than those dealing with the question of provision for old age, and for other exigencies with which our common life is beset, writes Andrew Wilson in Illustrated London News. Old age pensions over and over again have been discussed in Britain without any practical result being arrived at—that is, from the State point of view. Insurance against accident, and also in view of making provision for old age, is no doubt included in the list of the ordinary businesses of the day; but the wiser ideal of the social economist, who sees in a universal or national movement for effecting such provision a highly desirable development, remains for evolution among us. It is different abroad, and especially in Germany; and so interesting is the account of what has been done in that country by the State in the way of insurance against permanent ill-health and old age, that I feel privileged in being able to lay the details of the scheme before my readers as a social science study of deep import.

GERMAN PLAN.

My information is derived from a statement courteously addressed to me to the office of the journal, and I presume it was under the idea that I might find therein material for comment and remark that I was so favored. It appears that the imperial law regulating insurance against permanent ill-health and instituting old age provision was passed in June, 1889, and came into force in 1891. The Emperor William I. devoted the last years of his life to the encouragement and elaboration of the scheme, while the present Emperor in turn aided its full development with his characteristic zeal. There are twelve millions of a working population in the Empire. These bear one-half of the cost of insurance, the employers contributing the other moiety. The whole details are under the control of the post-office, and it is notable that, thus being State-supervised, no working expenses are incurred.

CLASSES OF INSURED.

Wise in their day and generation, the Germans make this insurance compulsory. After the age of sixteen every worker, male and female, is required to contribute to the fund. If those whose incomes do not exceed £100 per annum choose to join, they may; only they pay the whole premium, and do not share its cost with their employers. Four classes of insured are dealt with, the wages being respectively £18, £28, £42 per year, and above £42, but not exceeding £100. The weekly payments for the four classes are about 3d., 1d., 1d., and 1d., but the employer as has been stated, contribute their own and supplementary share of the premiums. They see that both their own and their employees' amounts are punctually paid every week. The domestic servant equally participates in the insurance scheme, and she and her master or mistress conjointly pay the premium demanded. Where workers are not regularly employed or where the work is divided among various employers—as in the case of a char-woman—it is the employer giving the Monday's work who pays half of the insurance money for the week.

WORKING OF SCHEME.

The money is taken to the post-office. In exchange, a stamp is given

ing of the grand bazaar this week.
Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel brought their children, and Lady Helen Stavordale was helping to conduct the games throughout the afternoon. Lady Hamilton's little daughters were some of the prettiest-dressed children present, and behaved in the most charming manner when presented to the Queen, receiving in reply a gracious smile and kindly word.

Lord and Lady Lytton brought their baby, and Lady Colebrooke, Mrs. William Grenwell, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Portland, and Lady Granby were among the many mothers who were accompanied by small sons or daughters.

DIGNITY ASIDE.

The reception over, Prince Edward cast aside his dignity, and, having inspected his many birthday gifts, joined his brother, Prince Henry, in a wild romp with many children he had never seen before.

Then came an entertainment, the feature which most delighted Prince Edward being a circus of performing animals, and of all the things the animals did he most rejoiced in a mock court-martial. The unhappy dog who was the culprit was condemned to death, and in due course was shot. But he came to life again, and all the children shrilled their joy at the happy resurrection. After further merry-making in the garden there was tea indoors.

Prince Edward is without a doubt the cleverest of the royal children, greatly devoted to books, of which many were given him and speaking French remarkably well.

This he was taught by Mme. Bricka, his first governess, who always spoke to him in her own language, telling him stories and reciting to him old French nursery rhymes.

Mme. Bricka no longer teaches him but she was the Princess of Wales' "finishing governess," and so great is Her Royal Highness' faith in her good judgement that she frequently consults her about the welfare of her small sons.

PRINCE'S TUTOR.

At present Prince Edward is under the guidance of a tutor, who is not only a great scholar but a great athlete. The latter quality is greatly to Prince Edward's mind, for he loves to play cricket, and in that game his tutor coaches him.

Altogether, the Prince is without fear, and in no way could he be called a "nervous" child. He has a martial spirit, and is always roused by the tramp of soldiers. He is quite an authority on the army list and the history of the various regiments, of which, up to the present, his warm favorite is the Black Watch.

But with all his hardihood, Prince Edward is affectionate to a degree, never forgetting anyone who does him a kindly action.

When the merriment was all over, Prince Edward was tired out, but to the very last he did his duty, and sped the parting guest with the utmost courtesy.

Indeed, as an old courtier, he stood and watched him, said: "He is a Prince sans peur et sans reproche."

OBJECTION TOO LATE.

"I've come to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape."
"Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."

Nurse—"It's time for your nourishment now, Mr. Peppery." Mr. Peppery (who is convalescent)—"Hang nourishment! What I want is something to eat."

"Did you hear of the sad fate of poor Ofalofski, the Russian?" "No; what was it?" "He got into an altercation with a fellow countryman, and the other fellow pulled a revolver and made Ofalofski eat his words. It killed him."

"I do. I think we are engaged in a righteous struggle to preserve ourselves. If our people are not excited, you must not think we are not in earnest. We were never more earnest in anything. Our people are saying that if Russia is allowed in Manchuria and Korea it would be as though Japan's lips were cut, and then the teeth would follow. We will not let our lips be cut. We know our task is hard, but we coolly set about the work of saving our own lives. We are not in a hurry. We are not excited. We have not flared up like fire applied to hay. We never shall flare up. We are ready for peace as soon as the Russians are prepared to accept peace. But they will never tire us out, as they seem to think. We are making arrangements, in our domestic life, in our business and national life, to go on for ever, if need be, rather than yield. Owners of land and houses are permitting the families of men serving at the front to live rent free. The rich families are giving up their treasures. Titled ladies are ceasing from spending money on themselves—even on their hair—and poor women are giving daily savings."

ADVANCE JAPAN.

Captain Yamamuro insisted on no point more than on the pacific character of his people. Japan, he said, in reply to a question, did hope to win a position as a first-class power. "But," he added, "please understand we do not hope to gain that by war. We do not like war as war. We have no ambition to come to the front by military or naval exploits. The feeling is that Japan cannot become great by war alone. Our ambition rather is to advance in education, in commerce, in moral influence."

And Christianity? Could Japan attain to a front place among the nations without adopting the religion along the beliefs of which all real progress has been made? Captain Yamamuro had no doubt on this point. "I believe Japan is destined to become a great Christian nation. At present Japan has an open mind towards religion, but its young people are getting interested in Christianity. English is taught in all the middle-class schools, and the students become eager to learn all about the Christian religion that figures so much in English history. You can buy Bibles and Testaments at any book shop in Tokio. Confucianism is as the Old Testament and Christianity as the New Testament to large numbers of our cultured classes. They have great respect for Christians. Christians are beginning to occupy important posts of state. I became a Christian when a student, and as I made a vow to write and work for the common people I joined the Salvation Army when it came to Japan eight years ago, because I saw it was essentially a people's movement. It is the Salvation Army that is spreading Christianity among the common people in Japan, of whom nearly 10,000 are our adherents to-day."

"And phwat's become of your daughter, Mrs. Rooney?" "Well, Mrs. Mulligan, she was that useless intoirly that I sent her out as a lady help."

First Matron—"I am told that you allow your husband to carry a latch-key." Second Matron—"Yes, but it does not fit the door. I just let him carry it to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends and make them think that he is independent."

Aubrey—"I say, old boy, I suppose you can't lend me a fiver?" Plantagenet—"No, my dear boy; but a man with your capacity for guessing the right thing ought to be able to win a fortune on the turf."

She (bored)—"No, Mr. Lytely, I can never love you. I honor and respect you. I am sure you would make some other woman a good husband. I—" He—"Well—could you—er—give me a letter of recommendation to my next place?"

he disobeyed the orders of the General Staff. There were disagreements between the Marquis and the General Staff, whose active chief was Assistant Chief Gen. Kawakami, now dead, while the nominal chief was the late Prince Arisigawa, who died during the war, leaving the General Staff in charge of his assistant.

Gen. Kawakami was a Satsuma. But, unlike the Satsumans, he possessed a rare talent as a tactician.

HE WAS AN ATHENIAN.

born in Sparta. Being fifteen or twenty years younger than the Marquis Yamagata, it was a disagreeable task for him to have to enforce his order, especially when the Marquis was unwilling to yield. It was finally arranged, however, for the Mikado to send a personal message recalling the Marquis from the field on the pretext that Yamagata was not well and was needed at home. The message from the Mikado the Marquis did not dare to dispute. He left his duties as Commander in Chief of the First Japanese army to Lieut.-Gen. Nodzu and forthwith returned to Japan.

Marquis Oyama, on the other hand is good natured, obedient to the call of duty, while he is fearless as a soldier and tactful as a General. Moreover, his magnanimity has won for him the hearts of the rank and file of the army. He may be called the General of Generals and the chief of chiefs.

Unlike Yamagata, Marquis Oyama has no record against him, while his military achievements are no less great than those of Marquis Yamagata. In the Chino-Japanese War as the Commander-in-Chief of the Second Japanese army, he landed at Takushan, marched up to Port Arthur in twenty days, and captured the stronghold in one day's assault. The repetition of this feat is felt to be safely intrusted to Oyama, although the actual operation may be left to some other General.

The Marquis Oyama is to be assisted by that clever Choshuan, Gen. Kodama, as his chief of staff. Gen. Kodama has just as remarkable a record as Gen. Kawakami. Besides he has been closely associated with his chief. When Oyama was Minister of War, Kodama was assistant Minister. When, in this war, the former was chief of general staff, the latter was the assistant chief.

Now that Oyama is appointed Commanded-in-Chief of all the Japanese forces in the field, Kodama is made the former's Chief of Staff—a Satsuma hero assisted by a Choshuan chief of staff, in other words, a Spartan assisted by an Athenian.

THE VALUE OF FRIENDS.

The example or encouragement of a friend has proved the turning point in many a life. How many dull boys and girls have been saved from failure and unhappiness by discerning teachers or friends who saw in them possibilities that no one else could see, and of which they were themselves unconscious!

Those who appreciate us, who help to build up instead of destroying our self-confidence, double our power of accomplishment. In their presence we feel strong and equal to almost any task that may confront us.

A man should start out in life with the determination never to sacrifice his friendships. He must keep them alive or sacrifice a part of his manhood and a part of his success. There must be a live wire kept continually between him and them.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;" and, as old friends are removed by death or other causes, do not fail to replace them. You cannot afford to narrow the circle of your friends, for the measure of your success and happiness and your usefulness will be largely proportioned to the number and quality of your friends.

where the work is divided among various employers—as in the case of a char-woman—it is the employer giving the Monday's work who pays half of the insurance money for the week.

WORKING OF SCHEME.

The money is taken to the post-office. In exchange, a stamp is given for the amount; the stamp being affixed to a card. This last remains in the custody of the insured. A full card is replaced by another, which has the value of previous payments entered upon it. Since the institution of the scheme, the statement from which I quote gives the amount of money collected at five millions sterling. In 20 years the capital will have risen to twenty-five millions, and in 80 years to fifty millions. There is here witnessed, therefore, a scheme which has at least the merit of solving in a very easy and highly practical fashion that vexed question of the source of the fund out of which pensions shall be paid.

The working of the law is also interesting in respect of its simplicity and its fairness. Suppose a man permanently injured, or suffering from a disease that renders him incapable of following his daily labor, he will be entitled to a sick pension. If he is over 70 years of age, he can claim the old-age allowance. It is stated that the claim to the former is established if less than one-third of the yearly wage has been received; while if health is regained the pension ceases. The amounts paid are not large, but they are sufficient to enable the workers to tide over the evil day, and households of their own class gladly receive them for the sum as paying guests.

PAYMENT OF PENSIONS.

After five years' payments a worker is entitled to a sick pension, and there is a liberal provision for those who are aged, by which they can after one year's payment only draw a pension. This they can do if they prove that for at least three years previously they earned their own living. The amounts of the sick pensions paid for permanent want of employment (after five years' payments and under) are for the four classes already detailed: £5 14s., £6 5s., £6 11s., and £7 respectively. But the amounts rise proportionately to the years insured. Fifty years' payments would ensure a pension in the four classes amounting to £8, £12 10s., £15 and £20 15s. The old-age pensions, available after the 70th year (with 30 years' payments), amount to £5 6s., £6 15s., £8 3s., and £9 11s. for the four classes. It seems that the "public purse" adds £2 10s. to each pension, this amount being included in the sums stated.

Servant girls or other female workers may continue to pay premiums after marriage, the whole sums being paid by them. A man's widow, or his children if under 15 years of age, may draw the pension for which he subscribed. Habitual drunkards are not paid in cash, but in kind. The great feature of this scheme is that it is not a charity, but a true insurance. Would that some statesman here could spare time to study the German scheme, and inaugurate one for our own masses!

Teacher—"How is it that you are late this morning?" Johnny—"Please m'm, a burglar's been caught in the East-end, and mother sent me round to the police-station to see if it was father."

"Sir!" exclaimed the injured party. "You stuck your umbrella into my eye." "Oh, no," replied the cheerful offender, "you are mistaken." "Mistaken?" demanded the irate man. "You idiot, I know when my eye is hurt, I guess." "Doubtless," replied the cheerful fellow, "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one from a friend to-day."

FOURTEEN HOURS' BATTLE

The Japanese Sweep Hills and Plains of the Russians.

DESPERATE BATTLE.

Cabling under date of July 26, the London Daily Mail's New-Chwang correspondent described a 14-hours' desperate battle, with heavy losses on both sides, and which resulted in the Russian position at Tatchekiao being rendered untenable, by reason of which the Russians will be compelled to retreat towards Hai-Cheng.

"The battle began at 6 o'clock in the morning," the correspondent says, "the Russians resuming the attack on the Japanese position on the heights east of Tatchekiao. After a few hours the Japanese left flank from Taiping Mountain captured the Village of Tanghuidtuen, compelling the Russians to retreat to Tienghwa-tuen, six miles from their base.

"The Russians, now reinforced, maintained the position until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Japanese right flank made a sudden appearance on the hills south of Tatchekiao, and by a tremendous fire forced the Russians to retreat.

"The Japanese firing line extended 15 miles.

"After two more hours of an incessant storm of shot and shell they swept the last hill and the plain clear of Russians."

HOTTEST FIGHT OF THE WAR.

A despatch from Tien-Tsin says: The fight at Tashichao on Saturday was one of the biggest and hottest of the war. It lasted 14 hours. The losses were heavy on both sides. The Russians were completely beaten. The immensely strong Russian position at Tashichao is now untenable.

JAPS TAKE NEW-CHWANG.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Petit Parisien telegraphs that the Japanese are believed to have taken New-Chwang, after Gen. Oku's troops had fought a severe battle at Tashichao.

DESTROYED PROPERTY.

A despatch from Tien-Tsin says: Information has been received here to the effect that the Japanese have entered New-Chwang. The Russian civil administration departed on Sunday night, and the destruction of Russian Government property began Monday morning at the instance of the administration.

BRITISH STEAMER SUNK.

A despatch from Yokohama says: The Vladivostok squadron on Sunday sank the British steamer Knight Commander from New York, off the Province of Izu, after transferring the crew of the Knight Commander to the steamer Chinan, which arrived here Monday morning.

The Vladivostok squadron also captured a German vessel believed to be the Arabia, with three thousand tons of flour, and an unknown British steamer. The two vessels were sent to Vladivostok in charge of prize crews. The American Trading Company are the agents here for the Knight Commander.

The Knight Commander is a British steamer of 2,716 tons burden, commanded by Capt. Durant. She sailed from New York, May 6, for Singapore. On June 23 she was at Manila, and last week was reported as having arrived at Shanghai.

The owner of the Knight Commander is the Knight Steamship Company of Liverpool. She was

counted, however, by the fact that General Rennenkampf himself is one of the boldest and most dashing commanders in the Russian army.

General Rennenkampf paid the highest tribute to the engineering skill of the Japanese. Their fortifications, he said, are marvels of completeness, well constructed, located and masked. They freely use field telephones, connecting their batteries, and have excellent maps, many of which have been captured on which ranges are marked.

"The Japanese is a cunning and dangerous foe," said Gen. Rennenkampf; "he is not awful, but is a slave to system, lacking the necessary dash and willingness to take chances that would make him a most formidable foe."

TOO MANY TO BURY.

A despatch from Gen. Kuroki's Headquarters in the Field, via Fusan, Corea, says: The Japanese attack on the Russians at Kiaotung on Wednesday resulted in another Russian disaster. Kiaotung is 25 miles from these headquarters. Few details of the engagement have been received, but they indicate that the fighting was fierce. The Russians had more than one division engaged and artillery was used freely.

The Russians are fortifying new positions from Motien Pass.

There were more men killed in the fighting on Sunday, July 17, than can be buried, and the Japanese are now engaged in cremating the bodies.

AIM CRUSHING BLOW.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The army organ evidently believes that the Japanese are preparing for a general advance from the east against the Russian left. The paper estimates the Japanese purpose as follows:—

"The probable object of the Japanese advance is to move into the Liao River Valley, which is north of our position at Zanze Pass, in order to occupy a more favorable position in the forward movement of the main army, which is posted along the Motien, Lakho and Tapan Passes, with a front ten miles to the south of the Saimatsza-Liao-Yang road. The advantage of the delay consists in the possibilities afforded of endangering our communications north of Liao-Yang and the flanking of Lieut.-General Count Keller's army in the north."

Regarding the new advantage gained by the Japanese still further south of the Saimatsza-Liao-Yang road, the army organ considers that the Japanese operations there and the superiority of their forces at Motien Pass prove that there have been great changes in the numerical composition of the Japanese forces, and adds:—

"Undoubtedly the newly-formed reserve units have been sent from Japan to strengthen the armies and some of the Japanese forces are being brought north from Siuyen. It is not improbable that the Japanese intend to make an attempt to occupy Lieut.-General Count Keller's position at Zanze Pass, which would render it much more difficult for him to take the offensive. But it is scarcely probable that the Japanese intend with this column to advance upon Liao-Yang or Mukden. Such a move would be extremely dangerous with a previous victory on the Liao-Yang high road, and would call for

possible that the Russians possess a collier at a rendezvous in the Pacific Ocean.

The Vladivostok squadron overhauled the steamer Taketshima. She arrived at Mororan at noon and reports that she left the Russian vessels steaming to the south-east at great speed. This course creates the impression here that they are heading for Saigon, the capital of French Indo-China, although it is possible that this course is a ruse to deceive the Japanese.

BURIED IN THEIR BLOOD.

Rabbi Drabkin, of St. Petersburg, in an interview had with him by an Associated Press correspondent, asserted that there were 150,000 Jews fighting in the Russian army in Manchuria. The Rabbi calls attention to the fact that when Jews fall in battle their burial is different from that which occurs when death results in other ways. The Talmudic law requires that those who fall in battle shall be buried in their blood. Therefore, the bodies of such are not placed in shrouds, but are interred in their clothes.

Although Jewish soldiers can officiate at such burials, Rabbi Drabkin thinks that rabbis should be sent to the Far East, together with the instruments prescribed by the Jewish ritual, the only place in that region where these now are being Harbin.

The Jews in Russia are subscribing immense sums for the aid of the families of their co-religionists in the field. Odessa alone having contributed \$175,000.

BESIEGERS NUMBER 80,000.

A despatch from Chefoo says: Informants from Dalny stated that 15 transports, loaded with provisions and ammunition, arrived at Dalny on Sunday. The Japanese around Port Arthur are not yet prepared to take the offensive. They are simply defending and fortifying the positions they have already occupied. It is expected that they will be ready to assault the fortress by the end of July. The besiegers are estimated to number 80,000. Reinforcements from Kinchow are arriving.

APPLES IN ENGLAND.

A Large Crop is Anticipated for This Year.

Pearl Coann, who is selling agent in Glasgow for a large firm of New York apple exporters, thus writes respecting the outlook in the south of England for the 1904 apple crop: The south of England and Wales is a country of rich pastures which one would think would be ideal for orchards. But John Bull's roast beef comes before his plum pudding, so all this warm and fertile region is given over to cattle and sheep. The few fruit trees here and there make a feeble protest. A little north, about Hereford, I found some good-sized orchards which had just been planted. But the country draws its supply of fruit from outside, making it one of our best markets. Bristol is the largest city in the district. Cardiff next. In both cities there are streets devoted to wholesale fruit. The sales are quite open and the lots moderate in size so that retail fruiterers can bid. I found the dealers favorably impressed with boxes as a package for apples, though they said that until last fall they had never seen any from America, except the California and Canada pippins. The sales rooms are usually open to the street. The sides of these fruit stores are piled high with packages and drays are continually busy bringing more and taking away that which has been sold. Private selling goes on between the public sales. They get very good prices, so that Glasgow brokers frequently send them consignments to dispose of. Some of the firms sell 300 or more barrels

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 26.—Wheat—Is steady at 91c to 92c for No. 2 red and white west and east. Goose wheat is steady at 85c for No. 2 east. Manitoba wheat is steady. No. 1 northern is quoted at 95½c, No. 2 northern at 92½c, and No. 3 northern at 89½c at Georgian Bay ports, and 6c more grinding in transit.

Flour—Cars of 90 per cent. patents are quoted at \$3.65 to \$3.70 in buyers' bags west or east. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is firm at \$4.80 for cars of Hungarian patents, \$4.50 for second patents, and \$4.40 for strong bakers' bags included, on the track Toronto.

Millfeed—Is steady at \$16.50 for cars of shorts and \$15 for bran in bulk west or east. Manitoba millfeed is steady at \$19 for cars of shorts and \$18 for bran, sacks included, Toronto freights.

Barley—Is steady at 41c for No. 2, 39c for No. 3 extra, and 37c for No. 3 west or east.

Buckwheat—Is nominal at 45c for No. 2 west or east.

Rye—Is nominal at 57c to 58c for No. 2 west or east.

Corn—Is steady at 45c for cars of Canada west. American is steady at 59c for No. 2 yellow, 58c for No. 3 yellow, and 56½c for No. 3 mixed in car lots on the track Toronto.

Oats—No. 1 white are quoted at 33c, and No. 2 white at 32½c east and at 32c west and middle freights.

Rolled Oats—Are steady at \$4.50 for cars of bags and \$4.75 for barrels on the track Toronto; 35c more for broken lots here and 40c more for broken lots outside.

Peas—Are steady at 60c to 61c for No. 2 west or east.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The market continues easy in tone.

Creamery prints ... 17c to 18c do solids ... 15c to 16c

Dairy tubs, good to choice 12c to 13c do inferior grades ... 9c to 11c

Dairy pound rolls, good to choice ... 11c to 13c do inferior ... 9c to 10c

Cheese—Quotations are unchanged at 8½c for large and 8½c for twins.

Eggs—Receipts are not large, but the shrinkage is. The market is quoted at 16c to 16½c.

Potatoes—Old stock are quiet and are quoted unchanged at 70c to 75c for out of store. New are unchanged at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per bushel.

Poultry—Quotations are unchanged at 20c for spring chickens and 11c for yearlings.

Baled Hay—The market is steady and is quoted unchanged at \$8.50 to \$9 per ton for No. 1 timothy on track here.

Baled Straw—Car lots on track here are quoted unchanged at \$5.50 per ton.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 26.—Flour—We quote as follows:— Winter wheat patents, \$4.80 to \$4.90; straight rollers, \$4.60 to \$4.70; straight rollers, in bags, \$2.20 to \$2.25.

Feed—Manitoba bran, in bags, \$15.50 to \$16.50; shorts, \$17.50 to \$18.50 per ton; Ontario bran, in bulk, \$15 to \$15.50; shorts, \$16.50 to \$17, and moultrie, \$24 to \$28 per ton, as to quality.

Meal—There was no improvement in the demand for rolled oats, and prices were unchanged at \$2.15 to \$2.20 per bag. Cornmeal was also quiet at \$1.30 to \$1.40 per bag.

Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10; extra good No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50; ordinary No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9, and clover, mix-

The Knight Commander is a British steamer of 2,716 tons burden, commanded by Capt. Durant. She sailed from New York, May 6, for Singapore. On June 23 she was at Manila, and last week was reported as having arrived at Shanghai.

The owner of the Knight Commander is the Knight Steamship Company, of Liverpool. She was built at Newcastle by the Palmers.

LOSSES WERE HEAVY.

A New-Chwang despatch says: A battle was fought on Saturday near Tatchekiao, attended, it is believed, with heavy losses. The progress of the battle was watched by many people in New Chwang from the roofs of the houses. The day was clear, and the smoke of the guns could be plainly seen.

JAPS AGAIN SUCCEEDED.

A despatch from Tien-Tsin says: A report from New Chwang states that Saturday's battle was at Tatsuhtong, six miles distant, and that the Japanese were successful.

Many Chinese refugees arriving at New Chwang have reported that nine Japanese gunboats from Port Arthur have arrived at Tahtingshan.

TWO ROUTS FOR SLAVS.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: General Kouroupatkin reports that a detachment of Russian troops commanded by Colonel Tsybulsky gave battle in the Sybel Pass July 17 to a superior force of Japanese. The engagement resulted in the retirement of the Russians with the loss of an officer and forty-six men killed and four officers and 182 men wounded.

In another fight on the Mukden road July 19 several companies of dismounted Cossacks offered a stubborn resistance to the Japanese advance guard. The Russians fell back on Siaoysy. One man was killed and thirteen wounded. The Japanese suffered considerable losses.

KUROKI ADVANCING.

Lieut.-Gen. Sakharoff, in a despatch to the Russian general staff, dated July 23, reports skirmishes in the vicinity of Kaichan, on July 22.

Lieut.-Gen. Count Keller's reconnaissances, on the same day, showed that the Japanese had only weak detachments at the Siakao and Wafanku Passes. There was no change in the situation on the high road to Mukden, according to the report, but strong Japanese columns with thirty guns were advancing along the left bank of the Taizte River, in the direction of Siakhotan.

KUROKI'S NEW POSITION.

A despatch from Gen. Kuroki's Headquarters, via Fusan, says: As a result of five days of activity the Japanese have secured much better strategic lines for their advance, and the Russians have lost their best defensive position on the Liao-Yang and Mukden roads. The heavy rains have recommenced.

WITHIN A MILE OF GOAL.

A despatch from London says: It is rumored from Shanghai that the Japanese have captured the western fort at Port Arthur, and are now within a mile of the main defences, which they are bombarding. It is stated from the same source that the garrison is reduced by fighting and sickness to 20,000 men.

JAPS' POOR SHOOTING.

A despatch from Liao-Yang says: In the course of an interesting interview General Rennenkampf, who was recently wounded, and is now in a hospital, coolly criticized the Japanese shooting as not up to the mark, and said the Japanese relied upon the quantity, rather than the quality of their fire.

The General declared that the Japanese are over-slow and cautious.

Lieut.-General Count Keller's position at Zanze Pass, which would render it much more difficult for him to take the offensive. But it is scarcely probable that the Japanese intend with this column to advance upon Liao-Yang or Mukden. Such a move would be extremely dangerous with a previous victory on the Liao-Yang high road, and would call for the deployment of very large forces for which the Saimatsza-Liao-Yang road is not suitable."

MARCHING ON MUKDEN.

News was received at Liao-Yang from Tatchekiao on Tuesday that the Japanese had broken through the Russian left flank between Lieut.-Gen. Count Keller's position and that of Gen. Rennenkampf, and that they were marching on Mukden.

The rumors to this effect are persistent, but there is no official confirmation of them.

RUSSIAN DEFEAT.

A despatch from London says: The meagreness of the news from Manchuria since the battle at Motien Pass on July 17 seems likely to be followed by an announcement of another important engagement. Gen. Kouroupatkin, in a despatch dated July 19, intimates that there is a considerable movement on the Japanese right, and the despatches from correspondents of the same date have their sequel in a Liao-Yang despatch, announcing a Russian defeat.

A despatch to the Daily Telegraph from Mukden, dated July 19, says that a fierce fight has been raging for two days, and continues. The Japanese, in superior strength, attacked with great daring and coolness. The Russians are contesting the ground splendidly. The Japanese flanking movements to the east are the real cause of the Russian retirement, and the heavy losses sustained. The Japanese artillery has again showed its superiority. Their guns have kept up an incessant fire along the front of the road.

THREE RUSSIAN ARMIES.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Echo de Paris states that the Russian War Office has decided that as Japan has three distinct armies in the field in Manchuria, there shall be three Russian armies also. Two under Gen. Kouroupatkin, and the other under some other general, but all under the general direction of Viceroy Alexieff.

BRITISH VESSEL TORPEDOED.

A despatch from New-Chwang states that the commander of a Russian torpedo boat reports that he accidentally torpedoed a British vessel in the Gulf of Pechili. The vessel is supposed to be the steamer Hipsang, which belonged to the Indo China Navigation Company, and has been four days overdue at Chefoo from New-Chwang.

RUSSIAN SHIPS AT SEA.

A despatch from Tokio says: The Russian Vladivostok squadron, unaccompanied by torpedo boats, entered the Pacific Ocean at 7 o'clock. Its destination is unknown, but it is suggested that it possibly plans to raid the east coast of Japan, and then either return to Vladivostok, escaping to the southward, or attempt to form a junction with the Port Arthur fleet. The squadron was discovered in the Straits of Tsugaru at 8 o'clock in the morning steaming rapidly eastward. At 3.30 a.m. it was reported off Teppi Cape, and at 7 a.m. observers at Hakodate discerned it and reported to Tokio that it was then steaming to the east. Warnings have gone out to shipping along the eastern coast of Japan and merchantmen are hurriedly seeking cover. It is expected that most of the shipping will be warned before the Russian vessels can inflict serious damage if a raid is purposed. Ordinarily a lack of coal would prevent an extended cruise, but it is

street. The sides of these fruit stores are piled high with packages and drays are continually busy bringing more and taking away that which has been sold. Private selling goes on between the public sales. They get very good prices, so that Glasgow brokers frequently send them consignments to dispose of. Some of the firms sell 300 or more barrels a day, but they average 1,000 barrels a week. They are near enough to Liverpool to get fruit easily by boat or rail, and some is brought by direct steamers from New York to Bristol and Cardiff, both of which have magnificent docks. Everybody anticipates a huge crop of native apples and all the small fruits. I noticed, however, that many of the cherries were abortive and would not develop, but drop off, and judging by the bloom on the few apple trees I have seen, while the crop will be larger than last year it will not be superabundant. In all the larger towns I find good openings for apples in boxes, and this season, except at the earliest, I shall forswear barrels. A very little care will enable anyone to pack a box sufficiently tight, but it is one of the fine arts to pack a barrel so it will come over without shaking up the fruit.

I notice more and more what inroads the canned or "gallon" apples are making on the evaporated apple market. All the groceries have them stacked in the window at 25 cents each. The wholesale price just now is \$2.00 a dozen. To sell well, however, the apples must be white and firm, not cooked into apple sauce. The price here is regulated by the Fruit Association. In Glasgow there is no such ring and goods go for what they are worth to the buyer. I have seen these gallon apples bring \$2.25 a dozen at public sales, but on the other hand I have seen some in the shops at 12 cents retail. These were probably old stock or stock of doubtful quality.

DEFIED BY A MADMAN.

The Police Force of Canton, Ill., Held at Bay.

A despatch from Peoria, Ill., says: Frank Pierce on Thursday shot and killed his wife at their home in Canton, Fulton county, and then held the entire Canton police force at bay. The Sheriff's force was summoned from Lewiston. Pierce, after shooting his wife three times, barricaded himself in the upper portion of his house, and through the closed shutters announced he would kill the first officer to set foot on his premises. His mother was allowed to pass in and out of the house at will, but he would not permit her near the death chamber. He requested his brother-in-law, Charles McCastin, to come to the house to talk regarding the disposition of certain personal effects, and he asked Fred. Messler, an undertaker, to care for his wife's remains, but both at first refused to come until Pierce had been taken prisoner. Later Pierce was thrown off his guard by Undertaker Messler, who finally consented to enter the house and prepare the body of Mrs. Pierce for burial. Officers then rushed in and captured Pierce, who is believed to be insane, after a desperate fight. They were forced to chloroform him.

PENSIONS FOR EMPLOYEES.

Workers on Railways to be Superannuated.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The Minister of Railways intends introducing a bill to provide pensions for the employees of the Government system of railways. The men will contribute personally out of their own salaries and the Government will also contribute towards the scheme. It will cost the Dominion Treasury about \$50,000 a year.

to \$17, and moultrie, \$24 to \$28 per ton, as to quality.

Meal—There was no improvement in the demand for rolled oats, and prices were unchanged at \$2.15 to \$2.20 per bag. Cornmeal was also quiet at \$1.30 to \$1.40 per bag.

Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10; extra good No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50; ordinary No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9, and clover, mixed, \$7.50 to \$8 per ton, in carload lots.

Cheese—Quebec goods were offered here from first hands at 7½c, and the spot range to-day was 7½c to 7½c, while for township 7½c was the general bid, and, while there was no dealings in Ontario makes, it is doubtful if the even figure could have been realized.

Butter—The butter market holds fairly steady, and the inquiry over the cable was sufficient to lead to the turn-over of some good-sized lots of fine townships, on which the shipper realized 17½c. There is quite an export demand for unsalted township butter also, and it commands 18½c, and even better, it is alleged, was paid. With regard to spot trading, exporters were buyers of finest creamery at 17½c to 17½c.

Eggs—Select, 17c to 17½c; straight gathered, 15c.

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, July 26.—Flour firm. Wheat dull; No. 1 northern, 1.06½. Corn steady; No. 2 yellow, 55½c; No. 2 corn, 53½c. Oats easy; No. 2 white, 45c; No. 2 mixed, 41½c. Barley, nothing doing. Rye, No. 2, 74c in store; Canal freights steady. Wheat, 2½c to New York.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, July 26.—While trade was not absolutely quiet at the Western Market to-day, sales did not pass off with their accustomed vigor. Prices in cattle did not decline in any appreciable degree, but the values of lambs sunk under the weight of unusually liberal offerings, and closed steady at the decline. Hog prices were firmly maintained.

The following was the range of quotations:—

Best butchers' sold at \$4.50 to \$4.80; fair to good (including cows) \$4 to \$4.50; common cows, \$2.50 to \$3.50 per cwt.

The following quotations prevailed for feeders and stockers:—Short-keep feeders, 1,200 lbs., \$4.75 to \$4.90; feeders, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$4.50 to \$4.75; feeders, 800 to 1,000 lbs., \$3.50 to \$4; stock calves, 400 to 700 lbs., \$3 to \$3.50 for choice, and \$2.75 to \$3 for common.

Trade in sheep was steady at the following figures:—Export ewes, \$3.65 to \$3.75; bucks, \$3 to \$3.25; culls, \$2.50 to \$3 each; lambs, \$2.50 to \$4.25 each, and 5 to 6c per lb. Calves sold at 4 to 5½c per lb., and \$2 to \$10 each.

Milch cows were quoted at \$30 to \$50 each.

The prices of hogs were unchanged. We quote:—Selects, 160 to 200 lbs., \$3.40; fats and lights, \$5.15 per cwt.

MURDERED BY CHINESE.

A Belgian Bishop and a Priest Have Been Slain.

The London Times to-day has the following from Shanghai:—The Belgian Consul at Hankau telegraphs that the Roman Catholic Bishop Verhaeghen and his brother, belonging to the Belgian mission in Hupeh Province, have been murdered in a small town, inland, and north of Ichang. Father Robberecht of the same mission was also killed last Tuesday near Chenan. It is not stated whether the outrage was committed by rioters or bandits. Bishop Verhaeghen, though only 36 years of age, had earned the esteem of Europeans and Chinese alike by his distinguished scholarship and sympathetic personality. By reason of France's ecclesiastical protectorate, the investigation and settlement of the matter devolves upon the French authorities.

S. BEST CHICKEN RATIONS

HINTS ON HOW TO FEED THEM FOR THE MARKET.

Use the Fattening Crates Recommended by the Poultry Division, Ottawa.

In order to have the chickens plump and well fitted for market when they are at the most profitable age, they should be placed in the fattening crates when they are three months old. It is not meant by this that chickens cannot be fatted for fattening, those should be fatted that have a good constitution, denoted by short strong beak, head pristinely when they are more than three months old. Suitable market in the crates. In selecting chickens landmarks, and a memory for local chickens of any age will show gains wide between the eyes, lively appearance and that are of medium size, and are of a broad square shape, with short, straight legs set well apart.

In fattening chickens for market, it is advisable to use the fattening crates recommended by the Poultry Division, Ottawa. If only a small number of chickens are to be fatted, packing boxes of suitable dimensions can be adapted for the purpose. The open top of the box should become the bottom of the crate, and one side should be removed for the front. Laths are placed the same distance from the front, and also lengthways of the crate to form the floor. The laths are placed the same distance apart as recommended in the construction of the fattening crate. A board should be loosened in the top of the crate to remove the chickens from, and a feed trough arranged in front. A shaping board and shipping boxes are also required.

FATTENING RATATIONS.

A satisfactory fattening ration is one that is palatable and that will produce a white-colored flesh. Ground oats, finely ground or with the coarser hulls sifted out, should form the basis of all the grain mixtures. Ground corn fed in excess will result in a yellow-colored flesh of inferior quality; ground peas impart a hardness to the flesh that is not desirable. Ground oats, ground buckwheat, ground barley and low grade flour are the most suitable meals for fattening. The following are satisfactory meal mixtures:

- (1) Ground oats (coarser hulls removed).
- (2) Siftings from rolled oats (no hulling dust should be included).
- (3) Two parts ground oats, two parts ground buckwheat, one part corn.
- (4) Equal parts ground oats, ground barley, and ground buckwheat.
- (5) Two parts ground barley, two parts low-grade flour, one part wheat bran.

The ground meal should be mixed to a thin porridge with sour skim-milk or buttermilk. On the average 10 pounds of meal require from 15 to 17 pounds of sour skim-milk. A small quantity of salt should be added to the mash.

When sufficient skim-milk or buttermilk cannot be obtained for mixing mash, a quantity of animal and raw vegetable food should be added to the fattening ration.

The chickens should remain in the fattening crates for a period of 24 days, more or less depending on the condition of the bird. Before they are placed in the crates they should be well dusted with sulphur to kill the lice. They should be again sulphured three days.

BEFORE THEY ARE KILLED.

The First Week.—It is necessary to feed the chickens lightly the first week they are in the crates. A small quantity of the fattening food should be spread along the troughs, and as this is eaten more food is

MEAT PACKERS STRIKE

Chicago Stock Yards Without a Single Workman.

A Chicago despatch says:—The long threatened general strike of miscellaneous trades at the stock yards, called to assist the butchers' workmen, began on Monday about 10 o'clock with the walkout of nearly all the machinists, can workers and the 150 millwrights and helpers employed by the seven big packing companies. This was done without awaiting the result of the conference between the packers and the officers of the teamsters' joint council or the meeting of the joint trades being held in the office of the Packing House Teamsters' Union.

Business agents of the unions went among the members employed at each of the packing houses, announcing that the sympathetic strike order was in effect.

The teamsters employed by the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company have struck. The packers' teamsters are still at work.

Every live stock handler in the yards has quit. Mechanical trades workers, steam fitters, electricians, plumbers, machinists, box makers, millwrights, and helpers and engineers and firemen are out.

All the big plants in the yards were reported as killing cattle, sheep and hogs on Monday, Swift and Company, it was asserted, killing 700 cattle, 1,000 hogs and 9,000 sheep, and others about the same. The receipts for the day were 3,000 cattle, 5,000 hogs, and 8,000 sheep, or about 15 per cent. of the normal run.

BUMPER HARVEST IN WEST

Reports Indicate Prospect of Excellent Crops.

A Winnipeg despatch says:—The Dominion Immigration Department at Winnipeg has collected reports on crops generally throughout the West. The returns are favorable, and show promise of fairly good to excellent crops. Some sections needed rain, but that demand has been since filled by fine showers.

Manitoba crops, it is expected, may be patchy, while some will be excellent. Others are medium. The crops of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta are good, and the cry for rain in Southern Alberta has been appeased.

The heavy rainfall has been too much for the crops in the valleys, and on certain high lands. June rains were short, though the July precipitations have to a large extent overcome this.

Vegetables are exceptionally fine, and the hay crop will be heavy.

The cattle in Alberta are in prime condition, having fattened very early.

CROP REPORTS FAVORABLE

Indications Are Manitoba Will Have Big Harvest.

A Winnipeg despatch says:—The crop reports issued on Wednesday morning by the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. are very favorable. In almost every section a large amount of rain has fallen during the past week, which has freshened things up. The rain has not damaged the crops in any section to any extent, and may be said to have been generally beneficial to the growing crops. Nothing more is needed now except fine, warm weather, with occasional showers from every quarter.

Reports which come in indicate a bumper crop this year. Wheat is heading well in many districts. The height of grain runs from two to three feet. In the Rainy River District some hay has been done, and the weather has been very favorable. Dauphin reports that the barley harvest will commence in less

FLASHES FROM THE WIRE

The Very Latest Items From All Parts of the Globe.

DOMINION.

Brantford police are stopping the sale of ice cream on Sunday.

Half a million dollars will be spent in building in Stratford this season. The directors of the Y. M. C. A. Ottawa, are seriously considering the erection of a new building, to cost \$125,000.

Mr. B. E. Walker has offered his palaeontological collection and library on the subject to the University of Toronto.

Frank S. Jacobs, who has been investigating the beet crops in Waterloo county, says that this will be the best year yet.

W. T. Jennings showed the Finance Committee, Hamilton, the plans for the Toronto and Hamilton Railway. A loop line will be constructed into the city and another track would be laid on the beach.

The police will investigate the death of Roderick Thomas, who was killed at Hatchet Lake, 800 miles north of Prince Albert, N.W.T. He disappeared a year ago and his body was found bearing marks of violence.

Tremendous forest fires are raging around Fernie, B.C., and Frank, Alta. Only by herculean efforts was the former town saved from destruction.

Toronto is to have a splendid new union station, open to all railways, on the site of the burned district south of Front street. An order to this effect will be issued by the Railway Commission, which is also considering the question of elevating the tracks.

FOREIGN.

It is believed that the ruins of Adab, perhaps the oldest city in the world, have been uncovered in Babylonia.

Following a street quarrel over \$3, Antonio Nardizzo shot and killed Mrs. Filomena C. Piedolida, at Providence, R. I.

W. L. Protzman, a prominent business man, of Fairmont, W. Va., shot and then stabbed David Wilson for speaking insultingly of his daughter. Wilson is dying and Protzman was arrested.

Willie Gorman, of New York, five years old, fell from a ladder, was hit with a stone, was nearly drowned in a pond, and ended his day's adventures by being struck with a trolley car.

The twenty-sixth child of William C. Pettifore, of Trenton N.J., is dead, and the number of his living offspring is thus reduced to nineteen. Pettifore was once a slave in North Carolina. He is fifty-two years old and has been married twice.

TEXTILE WORKERS STRIKE.

Thirty-seven Factories Idle in Massachusetts.

A despatch from Fall River, Mass., says: The strike order issued by the Fall River Textile Council, calling for upwards of 30,000 operatives to remain away from the mills on Monday morning in protest against a reduction of 12½ per cent. in wages, became effective on Monday, and the response was as general as the labor leaders had predicted. In the 37 mills involved in the agreement to reduce wages, but a few, comparatively, of the usual force went to work. It is estimated that not more than 300 entered all the mill gates.

The whistles blew at the usual time, the engineers were at their places, but there were not enough operatives to operate the mills, and before 8 o'clock practically everyone

ON THE FARM.

BUILDING A STAVE SILO.

Now is the time to get lumber ready to build a silo this fall. All that is necessary is a quantity of straight sound two-inch plank, perfectly pine, although hemlock will answer, two or three scantlings for standards and a dozen 1 or 2 inch round iron hoops, fitted with threads washers and nuts at each end, and long enough to reach a little more than half way around the outside of the silo. The blacksmith will make these for a small consideration and it may be advisable to hire a carpenter to superintend the erection of the silo. The rest of the work can be done by the regular farm hands.

The first step is to calculate the dimensions. We would not advise building a silo for fewer than eight or ten cattle; the percentage of waste would be too great. An ordinary cow should consume about thirty pounds of silage a day. Some would take a good deal more, but in this climate where the ensilage corn is none to well matured we would advise one to figure no more than this much per head. In a feeding period of 200 days this rate of feeding would dispose of 3 tons per head, or 30 tons for ten head. Silage fairly well packed into a silo twenty-five feet deep should average 40 lbs. per cubic foot, or in other words, 50 cubic feet would weigh a ton. The shallower the silo the less weight per cubic foot. To be fed from 200 days the silo should be not less than twenty-five feet deep else the daily layer removed will be so shallow that mould will start around the edges. If plank of sufficient length are not available shorter ones of unequal length may be spliced together, bevelling the jointed ends and breaking joints with the alternate pairs of staves. The depth should not exceed thirty feet in any case, because, while the capacity is increased thereby it is found that the silage in the bottom of these excessively deep silos is liable to be sour. Twenty-four to twenty-six feet is the depth of 25 feet. The capacity of a tub silo is got by multiplying the radius by itself, then multiplying the product by 3.14 and then by the height. This gives the capacity in cubic feet; dividing by 50 gives the capacity in tons.

REVERSING THE PROCESS.

If we require a capacity of 30 tons and intend the silo to be 25 feet high, the required diameter would be double the square feet inside the diameter, requiring about 80x42 inch staves plus two 4x5 inches of standards to hold the hoops. Blocks of wood or casting may be used if desired in place of scantling standards. The edge of the staves need not be bevelled, though the structure may hold its shape a little better if they are. No roof is necessary or desirable except to keep out snow. What rain falls on the silage is an advantage. No floor is necessary except clay, though it pays to put in a concrete floor to keep out rats and provide a solid level foundation for the staves to stand on. The concrete should be three or four inches thick. It is often recommended to excavate a cistern so that the silo may be partly underground. Our advice is, "Don't." It is easier to elevate the corn into the silo by machinery than to pitch the silage out of a pit by hand. Provide good drainage away from the outside of silo so that water cannot stand around the bottom of the staves.

Three or four doors 18x21 inches should be cut out after the silo is built, but before setting up, select

are placed in the crates they should be well dusted with sulphur to kill the lice. They should be again sulphured three days.

BEFORE THEY ARE KILLED.

The First Week.—It is necessary to feed the chickens lightly the first week they are in the crates. A small quantity of the fattening food should be spread along the troughs, and as this is eaten more food is added, but not as much as the chickens would consume. The food should be given three times a day, and after feeding the troughs should be cleaned and turned over. The chickens should receive fresh water twice a day, and grit two or three times a week while in the crates.

The Second Week.—The chickens should be given twice a day as much food as they will eat. Half an hour after feeding the feed troughs should be cleaned and turned over.

The Last Ten Days.—At the commencement of this period one pound of tallow a day should be added to the mashers for every 70 chickens. The quantity of tallow should be gradually increased so that at the latter part of the period one pound of tallow is fed to 50 chickens. The chickens should receive the fattening food twice a day.

KILLING WILD MUSTARD.

How the Blue-stone Solution is Made and Applied.

The Minister of Agriculture has again authorized the Ontario Agricultural College to give demonstrations in Mustard Spraying.

The demonstrations given in many parts of the Province in 1901 and 1902 were uniformly successful in the destruction of growing wild mustard plants in growing cereal crops; and it is believed that the blue-stone treatment of mustard will be welcomed by hundreds of farmers throughout Ontario.

1. How the blue-stone is applied.—Place an ordinary spray pump, such as is used for the spraying of fruit trees, on a cart or light wagon; drive along slowly through the field applying the solution to the mustard plants in the form of a fine spray. When the field is badly infested, it is advisable to spray the crop in strips in order that no mustard plants escape the spray.

2. How the blue-stone solution is made.—Put nine (9) pounds of blue-stone (copper sulphate) in a coarse sack or bag, and suspend it in a vessel containing three (3) gallons of very hot or boiling water. The blue-stone will usually dissolve in 15 or 20 minutes. Strain the solution into the barrel of the spraying-pump, and fill up with cold water to make 40 or 45 gallons. This is known as the 2 per cent. solution. (1 pound of blue-stone in 5 gallons of water.)

3. When to spray the mustard plants.—Spray the Mustard on a calm, bright day, just as the plants are coming into bloom. At this time most of the young plants have made their appearance, and all will be killed. Should a heavy rain come immediately after spraying, it will be necessary to spray again.

4. The cost of the solution.—Commercial blue-stone or blue vitrol costs at the drug store about nine or ten cents per pound. A barrel of the solution will therefore cost about eighty or ninety cents.

5. How much is required to spray an acre thoroughly? A barrel of the solution is sufficient for an acre. Successful results are obtained when the spraying is done thoroughly.

6. Are the crops in which mustard is growing hurt by the spray? Experience shows that the young wheat, barley, oats or young clover plants are not injured beyond a slight browning for a few days by the blue-stone spray.

7. Where further information may be obtained.—Should you desire further information regarding the treatment of mustard with blue-stone solution write to the Biological Department of the Ontario Agricultural College.

weather, with occasional showers from every quarter.

Reports which come in indicate a bumper crop this year. Wheat is heading well in many districts. The height of grain runs from two to three feet. In the Rainy River District some haying has been done, and the weather has been very favorable. Dauphin reports that the barley harvest will commence in less than four weeks. In the Emerson District reports indicate that rather too much rain has fallen, and the crops on low land are in danger of being seriously damaged. St. Agathe and Moreys, in this section, are most affected by the rains. Hailstorms are reported in some districts, but they were not general. Reports from other districts are all favorable.

GRIM RELICS BURNED.

Furniture and Wardrobes of Serbia's Late Rulers.

A Belgrade, Serbia, despatch says:—The blood-stained furniture and the wardrobes of the late King Alexander and Queen Draga were made a bonfire of in the palace grounds on Wednesday. King Peter had refused to hand them over to the sisters of the murdered Queen, fearing that they might be devoted to political uses.

11 YEARS IN A CUPBOARD.

Shocking Treatment of a Half-witted Child.

A despatch from Berlin says: In consequence of the receipt of an anonymous letter, the police have arrested a schoolmaster named Bodek and his wife at Pardubitz, in Bohemia, on the charge of keeping the half-witted son of Frau Bodek, by her first husband, shut up in a cupboard for 11 years. On his release from his loathsome prison, which had never been cleaned since he occupied it, the lad was found to be in an emaciated condition, and his body a mass of sores. His eyes were unable to bear the light of day. The schoolmaster declares he was powerless to interfere, so violent was the hatred his wife bore to her son.

JAMES BAY RAILWAY.

Contracts Let From Toronto to Parry Sound.

A despatch from Toronto says: Contracts for the construction of the James' Bay Railway from Toronto to Parry Sound were let on Tuesday. The contractors are Angus Sinclair, C.E., and the firm of A. R. Mann and Archie Mackenzie. Mr Sinclair, who has the construction of the Parry Sound end of the line, has just finished the construction of 100 miles of work for Mackenzie, Mann, and Co., including grading and masonry, in Nova Scotia.

It is expected that in the course of a few days contracts will be made for the construction of the balance of the line, between Parry Sound and Sudbury.

ROSS RIFLES READY.

400 Have Been Received at the Militia Department.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Of the contract for 12,000 rifles which the Government has with the Ross Rifle Company 400 have been received at the Militia Department. There are 4,000 ready to be tested and will be received at the Military Department shortly.

Hon. Mr. Perley complained in the Senate because of the Government's failing to supply the rifle clubs with rifles. Hon. Mr. Scott said the Ross Company had not yet been able to supply the rifles. He said that there was more need of ploughshares in Canada than rifles.

37 mills involved in the agreement to reduce wages, but a few, comparatively, of the usual force went to work. It is estimated that not more than 300 entered all the mill gates.

The whistles blew at the usual time, the engineers were at their places, but there were not enough operatives to operate the mills, and before 8 o'clock practically everyone involved in the trouble had shut down. The strikers who in some instances had assembled near the mills, dispersed quietly and silence settled over the business district.

Both sides admit that this is the beginning of one of the most determined contests which Fall River has ever seen. The manufacturers maintain that they have tried every plan which they could think of to avoid a reduction in wages, and took that final step only when driven to do so to save their business.

The operatives say that the conditions affecting cotton manufacture will not be remedied by cutting wages.

BRUTALITY TO SOLDIERS.

Continues to be Unchecked in German Army.

The New York Herald to-day has the following from Berlin:—A Government return has just been made of prosecutions for brutality to soldiers in the German army. The number of cases in which punishment was dealt out in 1903 was 773, in 1902 the number was 777, and in 1901, 770. This similarity in figures says The Vossische Zeitung, shows that very little success has attended the efforts to prevent the ill-treatment of soldiers. The greatest number of prosecutions took place in the 16th Army Corps, in Lorraine, where 69 non-commissioned officers were convicted of ill-treating their inferiors. The number of cases of ill-treatment of men in the navy is very small. In 1901 there were 25 convictions; in 1902, 33, and in 1903, 32.

DRANK CARBOLIC ACID.

Ottawa Machinist Takes His Own Life.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The body of Alfred Powell, of 284 Chapel Street, was found in Rockliffe Park on Friday. A bottle of carbolic acid was found in his left coat pocket. There was also in his pocket a photograph of his wife, who died last spring, and a letter from a sister-in-law in New York, telling of the death of some friends in the Slocum disaster. Deceased was a machinist, 27 years of age, and was formerly employed in the Eclipse Company. From the appearance of the body death probably occurred on Thursday. No inquest will be held, the coroner being convinced that it was a case of suicide.

THIBETANS ARE WILY.

Willing to Make Peace if British Retire to Gyantse.

A despatch from Nagartse, Thibet, says: The Thibetan peace delegates met the British mission and professed willingness to arrange peace if the mission would return to Gyantse. Col. Younghusband replied that he could only make peace at Lhasa, but that he was willing to discuss terms while proceeding there.

TO BE BURIED AT PRETORIA.

Public Funeral of Ex-President Kruger.

A despatch from Amsterdam, Holland, says: It is understood that Dr. Leyds, the former diplomatic agent of the Transvaal in Europe, is trying to arrange with Premier Kuyper for the conveyance of the body of former President of the Transvaal, Kruger, to South Africa on board a Dutch warship.

advise is, "Don't." It is easier to elevate the corn into the silo by machinery than to pitch the silage out of a pit by hand. Provide good drainage away from the outside of silo so that water cannot stand around the bottom of the staves.

Three or four doors 18x21 inches should be cut out after the silo is built, but before setting up, select one stave out of which the doors are to be cut and start the saw at top and bottom of each door. Cut them with ends bevelled so that they will fit tightly when the silage presses against the inside. A perpendicular chute leading down past the doors should be provided to prevent wind blowing the leaves away when throwing out the feed. Do not leave this until "some time later" the chances are that that time will never come.

There are other kinds of silos, but having seen and used a good many of them we unhesitatingly recommend this. Brick and concrete are expensive and so are the elaborate wooden ones. A stave silo, well set up, is as satisfactory as any, durable, portable and cheap. We do not advise everyone to build a silo, but where corn will succeed and a fair stock is kept we would strongly recommend it as being the cheapest and best way of storing the most profitable fodder crop that grows.

LEARNED WRONG.

There are many things about farm practices and in animal husbandry regarding which we may jump at conclusions—and be wrong. The one swallow never makes the summer. The one experience has an element of uncertainty.

One man's land is slow to grow clover. He applies lime, and clover grows, and lo! the doctrine of lime for clover is preached unceasingly. Inoculation of the soil with certain bacteria for certain crops is much talked of, and some fellow who wants to sell his fields by the bagful tells how such soil spread on the land will do wonders.

A long time ago it was conceived that the fatal disease of calf-scours was contracted through the fresh navel-cord of the new-born calf. The remedy was simple—bathe the cord as soon after birth as possible with carbolic acid, and the trouble was headed off. Some one did this, and all calves did not die. They do not all contract the disease, and occasionally an affected one survives. The acid treatment was announced as a sure cure, and it answers even yet for carpet-breeders to advise as a safe method of treatment, but real breeders know better.

The other day a man who had a nice lot of new-born calves in a public sale is reported to have said, "Keep cornmeal out of your pregnant cows, and you will have good calves." What nonsense! How is cornmeal, fed in moderation with other feeds, going to unfavorably affect the unborn offspring? What good to the farmer is the cow and calf that the pregnant cow may not eat the most digestible, most assimilable and most palatable food of which we know?

This sort of talk against corn as a general feed for our domestic animals has had its day and has done its damage. We do not say a man may not raise good calves with her best feed—cornmeal—eliminated from the ration of the dam, but other things being equal, we will undertake to produce equally as good with corn forming over half the ration.

It is well that we farmers be alert and receptive to everything new that promises to be valuable, but let us always test new things with a dose of good common sense before we admit them to our articles of faith. Before we go to the trouble to learn a thing, let us make sure that the thing is true and worth learning.

The Bell Telephone Company offer Kingston \$700 a year for an exclusive franchise for five years.

Ayer's

Falling hair means weak hair. Then strengthen your hair; feed it with the only hair food, Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, makes the hair

Hair Vigor

grow, completely cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair, all the rich, dark color of early life.

"My hair was falling out badly and I was afraid I would lose it all. Then I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. It quickly stopped the falling and made my hair all I could wish it to be."

REBECCA E. ALLEN, Elizabeth, N. J.

\$1.00 a bottle.
All drug stores.

J. C. AYER & CO.,
Lowell, Mass.

for
Falling Hair

The Napanee Express

E. J. POLLARD.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 50 per line for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.

Advertising Contractors and
News Correspondents.

30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

CARLETON WOODS.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Roblin, Ont.

17

E. J. POLLARD.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Express Office, Napanee
Strictly Private and Confidential.

JOHN ALLEN.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Commissioner in H. C. J.
Conveyancer, etc.

14/ MARLBANK.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

CHANGE OF CLUB RATES.

On and after 1st December, 1903, the following will be the Club Rates:

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Montreal Weekly Herald...	\$1 00
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Globe.....	\$1 50
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star.....	\$1 65
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Semi-Weekly Whig.....	\$1 65
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Witness.....	\$1 50
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Sun.....	\$1 65
Any three of the above papers.....	\$2 40
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Daily Toronto Star.....	\$1 80

Government Aid Horse Breeders

The first year 410 stallions were offered for registration, of which 298 were thoroughbred and 112 of the agricultural type. From the first it was deemed advisable to spare no pains in making a searching examination of the stallions offered for registration, and, accordingly, before any of the stallions offered under the scheme were accepted, the Department's inspector had to certify, (1) as to suitability, and (2) as to the soundness of the animal. A register was published in March, 1901, which contained the names and pedigrees of 97 thoroughbred and 31 agricultural stallions that had been accepted. Upwards of 1800 free nomination tickets of £3 each were offered at 150 shows of mares held during March and April, and nearly 1700 of these tickets were issued.

In addition to subsidising stallions by of £3 nominations to mares, the Department offered in a few counties, where there was an insufficient number of the scheme, premiums varying from £50 to £100.

LOANS FOR THE PURCHASE OF STALLIONS.—In order to encourage farmers of small means to provide themselves with a registered stallion, a sum of money was allotted by the Department for the purpose of granting loans for the purchase of approved sires. The money was lent at 2½ per cent interest, payable in five annual instalments. It was a condition precedent to these loans that the animal should be insured for its full market value.

PREMIUMS FOR FEMALE STOCK.—As a further means of encouraging improvement in stock breeding, the department adopted the principle of awarding premiums and prizes to female stock. The advisory committee on horse breeding pointed out that industry in Ireland is, to a great extent, injured by young mares being sold out of the country, thus leaving only second class animals for breeding purposes, and the Department adopted the recommendation that the prizes and premiums should be mainly confined to young mares from two to six years old, served by a registered sire, in the hope that the farmers would thereby be induced to retain these mares.

How'S This ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN, & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

EXPRESSIONS.

Toronto Star.

A Toronto doctor recommends pushing the lawn-mower for stout women. This would seem to be a suitable exercise for grass widows.

Toronto Star.

THE Hamilton Spectator refers to Lord Dundonald as a "popular hero of the last war", but what it really wants is to make him a popular hero of the next political campaign.

Chicago Record-Herald.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is chopping wood for exercise at Oyster Bay. With Parker taking a daily dip and Roosevelt working on the woodpile, where is the tramp vote to go this year?

Hamilton Herald.

In seven years of conservative rule Canada's trade increased \$34,000,000.

Market Report.

The following report of marketable goods will be interesting to our farmer readers, from which they can form a pretty good idea as to how the latest prices for the different articles range:

(Corrected July 23rd)

FARM PRODUCE.

Butter, 20c. a pound.
Eggs, 13c. to 15c. a dozen.
Chickens, 60c. to 80c. a pair.

VEGETABLES.

Carrots, 10c. a peck, 35c. a bushel
Cabbage, 5c. head.
Onions, dry, 30c. a peck.
Beets, 15c. a peck.
Potatoes, 60c. a bag.
New Potatoes 30c. a peck.
Turnips, 40c. a bag.

FRUIT.

Apples, 15 to 25c. a peck.
Winter Apples, \$1.50 to \$2.00 a barrel.
Raspberries 3c to 3c per box.
Huckleberries 5 to 10c per quart.

MEATS.

Pork, 9 to 12c. a pound, \$5.00 per cwt.
Beef, by the quarter, 5 to 6c.
Beefsteak, 10 to 12c. a pound
Sirloin, 12c. a pound.
Roast beef, 7 to 10c. a pound.
Stew beef, 5 to 6c. a pound.
Salt Pork, 10c. a pound.
Ham, 13c. a pound.
Bacon, 11 to 15c. a pound.
Sausage, 10c. per lb.
Tallow, rough, \$2.50 per cwt.
Tallow, rendered, \$5.00 per cwt.
Lard, rendered, 10 to 14c. per pound.

GRAIN.

Wheat, 75 to 85c. bushel.
Barley, 40 to 45c. bushel
Rye, 45 to 47c. bushel.
Oats, 35 to 40c. bushel.

Portland Cement.

TOWN COUNCIL.

Council Chamber,
July 21st, 1904.

A session of the Council was held in the Council Chamber, Thursday evening, July 21st.

The Mayor occupied the chair.

Councillors present—Waller, Ming, Williams, Lapum and Lowry.

A petition was presented from A. S. Ashby, Mrs. H. T. Forward, and A. T. Harshaw asking for a granolithic walk in front of their properties on north side of Dundas street. Petition granted.

A communication was received from the firemen asking that eight dollars increase of salary be granted each man, to entertain visiting firemen on Demonstration day. Granted.

The Napanee Fire Brigade asked permission to decorate the streets for Demonstration on August 10th. Granted.

A Communication from Robt. Light, re board walk, leading to his factory, was referred to Street Committee with power to act.

A communication was received from a number of merchants complaining about Mr. Henry Bruton's pea-nut roaster, which they claimed was a nuisance. No action.

The clerk presented estimates of Napanee Board of Education in reference to Colligate Institute, totalling \$6,780.00. The town pays \$2,900.00 of this amount. Referred to Finance Committee to report.

The public school requisition was also presented amounting to \$6,095.00. The town's share amounts to \$5400.00.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
Always Bought

Bears the
Signature
of

Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS - CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
St. Catharine's Oil -
Warm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavour.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Any three of the above papers \$2.40
 THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the
 Daily Toronto Star..... \$1.80

Government Aid Horse Breeders

An Outline of the Irish System.

In the year 1900 the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland devised a scheme for encouraging improvement in the breed of livestock, particularly of horses and cattle, in that country. An outline of the Irish system may be of interest to Canadian horsemen, who have for some time been discussing the problem of obtaining for service throughout the country a sufficient number of sound well-bred stallions of the most profitable types.

GENERAL OBJECTS.—In formulating their live stock schemes, the Department's main object was to promote improvement in the breeds of the country by encouraging private enterprise in the breeding of pure-bred animals, and in the introduction of new sires, and to do this in such a way that the accompanying advantages should be principally secured for the smaller farmers. Since interests of national importance were at stake—such, for example, as the maintenance of the high reputation of Irish horse, the improvement of the feeding qualities of the store cattle, and as these interests required that the stock of the country should be considered as a whole, and should not, in public schemes for its improvement be attacked by the introduction of strains likely to have injurious effects on the national breeds, it was necessary that these schemes should contain certain principals of uniform application to the whole country. It was, therefore, necessary that the live stock schemes emanate from the central authority, while, in particulars other than their national features, they might be modified in accordance with local opinions and circumstances. In order to have the assistance of the most representative expert opinion in Ireland in the formulation of these schemes, the Government appointed two special advisory committees—one for horses, and the other for cattle, sheep and swine.

HORSE BREEDING SCHEME.—The horse breeding scheme as outlined by the advisory committee and approved by the Agricultural Board, provided for the registration of suitable and sound thoroughbred and agricultural sires and the selection of a number of the best brood mares in each country to be served by these sires. The owner of a registered stallion is entitled, under the scheme, to a fee of £3 for each selected mare put to his stallion. The mares selected were the property of persons deriving their means of living from farming, whose valuation did not exceed in the poorer countries £150 and in the more wealthy countries £200.

We like best to call

SCOTT'S EMULSION

a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Send for free sample.
 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
 Toronto, Ontario.
 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

wood for exercise at Oyster Bay. With Parker taking a daily dip and Roosevelt working on the woodpile, where is the tramp vote to go this year?

Hamilton Herald,

In seven years of conservative rule Canada's trade increased \$34,000,000. In seven years of liberal rule it increased \$528,000,000. Canada ought to be pretty well satisfied with Laurier.

Toronto Star.

An Iowa parson created a sensation by preaching in his shirt sleeves. The excitement was almost as great as if he had taken to proclaiming the naked truth.

Detroit News.

Those who profess to believe that J. Pierpont Morgan owns these United States should take notice that his cheque for \$500 was refused at the New York customs house.

Gloversville Herald.

Any one who doubts the efficacy of prayer should read the reports of the floods in Kansas. They prayed for rain but evidently failed to state the quantity desired.

THE SWEETEST ECHO.

It Answers a Call at a Tomb at Agra, in Hindustan.

One of the finest echoes of which we have record is mentioned by Barthius, in his notes on the Thebais of Statius. This was on the banks of the Naha, between Coblenz and Bingen, where an original sound was repeated seventeen times.

At Milan is an echo which reiterates the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. In a cave of the Pantheon it is said that the guide, by flapping his coat, makes a noise equal to the report of a twelve pounder. Pliny speaks of a cave in Dalmatia where a stone tossed in would raise a perfect storm.

The sweetest echo in all the world answers a call at the side of the tomb of Nur-Mahal dud Jehanbgr, at Agra. The guide raises the cry, "Great is God, and Mohammed is his prophet—Allah! Allah!" At first three distinct musical notes are heard in the echo, which reverberate round the dome and ascend until they reach the smaller dome, where they reunite and escape from the temple as one tone.

A Feeble Imitator.

Albert Vandam, a French writer, gives this description of one of the leading republicans of Gambetta's time: "Bizoin had a tendency to imitate the great Napoleon. He who had joined Lamartine in his vigorous protest against the removal of Napoleon's ashes from St. Helena to Paris struck Napoleonesque attitudes at the camp of Conlie when reviewing the troops or the undisciplined, woebegone masses, standing knee deep in mud, who were supposed to represent troops. He trudged up and down the lines with his hands behind him, then came to a sudden stop and, nodding his head, whispered (he had no voice), 'Soldiers, I am pleased with you.'"

Unique Advertising.

Some of the Japanese tradesmen in the smaller towns of Nippon have a curious way of advertising their business. On their right forearms they tattoo figures—the shoemaker a shoe, the woodcutter an ax, the butcher a cleaver. Underneath these emblems are such inscriptions as, "I do my work modestly and cheaply," or "I am as good at my trade as most of my fellows." When they are hunting work they bare their arms and walk about the streets.

Tallow, rendered, \$5.00 per cwt.
 Lard, rendered, 10 to 14c. per pound.

GRAIN.

Wheat, 75 to 85c. bushel.
 Barley, 40 to 45c. bushel
 Rye, 45 to 47c. bushel.
 Oats, 35 to 40c. bushel.

Portland Cement.

Rathbun's Star Brand.

MADOLE & WILSON.

NAPANEE CHEESE BOARD.

1385 cheese were offered for sale at the Cheese board Friday afternoon—485 white and 900 colored.

Bidding opened at 7:30 and closed at 7:55-16c, and at the latter price 1210 cheese sold.

Alexander bought Nos. 13 and 1.
 McKinnon bought Nos. 22 and 23.
 Cleall bought Nos. 1—19 and 20.
 Thompson bought Nos. 7—8—9—10 and 15.

The usual buyers were present.
 The following factories boarded:

	NO. WHITE	COLOR
Napanee.....	1	100
Croydon.....	2	..
Clairview.....	3	..
Tamworth.....	4	..
Sheffield.....	5	..
Centreville.....	6	..
Palace Road.....	7	130
Phippen No 1.....	8	100
Phippen No 2.....	9	90
Phippen No 3.....	10	80
Kingsford.....	11	..
Forest Mills.....	12	..
Union.....	13	75
Odesa.....	14	..
Excelsior.....	15	100
Enterprise.....	16	..
Whitman Creek.....	17	..
Selby.....	18	200
Camden East.....	19	70
Newburgh.....	20	175
Deseronto.....	21	175
Marlbank.....	22	90
Maple Ridge.....	23	30

Governor Giles and Patrick Henry.

Chief Justice Marshall used to narrate with great glee a correspondence on a point of honor between Governor Giles of Virginia and Patrick Henry:

Sir—I understand you have called me a bottled politician. I wish to know if it be true and, if true, your meaning.

W. R. GILES:

To which Patrick Henry replied:

Sir—I do not recollect having called you a bottled politician at any time, but think it probable I have. I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I mean I will tell you whether you are correct or not.

PATRICK HENRY.

Fatal Curiosity.

"Pygmalion, dear," asked Galatea one day, "where did you find a piece of ivory thick enough to carve into a statue of my size?"

Pygmalion smote his forehead with his fist.

"Woman," he exclaimed, with a terrible voice, "another question like that will upset the entire fabric of legendary history."

Nothing but fear kept Galatea from telling the neighbors and exploding the whole story.

Ignorance.

A Scottish minister was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and the rain came down in floods and destroyed the crops. Irritated at the result, one elder confided to another that "this comes of intristin' sic a request to a meenister wha isna aequant wi' agriculture."

Not at Home.

A little girl on being told by her mother that when a child died an angel came and took her up to heaven thought deeply for a moment, then said, "Ma, if an angel comes asking for me say I am not in."

A Futile Plan.

"Prisoner, the jury has declared you guilty."

"Oh, that's all right, judge. You're too intelligent a man, I think, to be influenced by what they say."

The clerk presented estimates of Napanee Board of Education in reference to Colligate Institute, totalling \$6,780.00. The town pays \$2,900.00 of this amount. Referred to Finance Committee to report.

The public school requisition was also presented amounting to \$6,095.00. The town's share amounts to \$5400.00. Referred to Finance to report.

A communication was read from Judge Price fixing July 26th as the date when the petition of the Bell Telephone Co'y. re their assessment, will be heard.

The Finance Committee reported recommending that the assessment of H. Hunter's house stand as it now is. Adopted.

The Fire, Water and Light committee reported the account of T. B. Wallace, \$34.50, correct and recommended payment. Report adopted.

On motion the Collector was given until next meeting of Council to return his Roll.

The Collector also asked for vouchers for a number of items of taxes dealt with by the council.

ACCOUNTS.

Chas. Pollard, \$4.00, paid; Paul & Ming, \$20.00, referred to Poor and Sanitary Committee: Brown Bros., 15.50 paid; J. E. Herring, \$4.95, paid. Treasurer was granted a voucher for sundry payments amounting to \$480.77.

Council adjourned.

MASSAGING THE SCALP.

It Is the Root of All Systems of Stimulating the Hair's Growth.

The massage of the scalp is at the root of all treatment of the hair. By stimulating the flow of blood to the scalp new vigor is given to the hair. Without this massage hair restoratives are of little avail.

Now this massage may be better done by a masseur than by the man or woman who is growing bald, but it is possible for that individual to massage his own scalp well enough to do the hair a great deal of good.

The hands should be half folded and the ends of the fingers made to touch the scalp lightly. Then rub them slowly over the scalp.

It is convenient to begin at the back of the neck and rub the scalp slowly up the center of the head to the forehead. Then the rubbing should be done all over the head from one side of the scalp to the other. It should be repeated several times.

The same glow that the expensive fingers of the masseur produce follows, showing that the circulation in the scalp has been stimulated. The fingers should be pressed on the scalp with sufficient force to cause the blood to tingle.

A Stanley Story.

Stanley used to relate the following funny story: One day while he was conversing with a friendly tribe during his travels one of the chiefs present inquired how many wives he possessed. Upon Stanley replying that he had none, all those present stood up like one man and unanimously exclaimed, "What a splendid liar!" They intensely admired the apparent calmness with which he had, as they thought, tried to pass off on them a wondrous traveler's tale.

Sure Sign.

Watts-Tolson must be awfully afraid of his wife. He is always telling us how she will give him fits if he doesn't hurry home. Potts—That's the best sign in the world that he is not afraid of her at all. The man who is jossed by his wife never says a word about it.

THE EARLIEST COMEDY.

It Was Played at Athens by the First Traveling Actors.

The first recorded comedy was played at Athens, B. C. 578, when Susarion and Dolon, the earliest traveling actors, performed a comedy of Susarion's composition on a movable stage mounted upon four wheels. The new form of play was so successful that the actors were rewarded by the grateful populace with a cask of wine and a basket of figs.

Susarion belonged to Megaris, a state of ancient Greece, whose inhabitants were celebrated for their coarse humor, and who, in their villages during the evenings, were wont to hold what they called a *komos*; really a revel, in which impromptu acting, coupled with buffoonery, played a considerable part. From this word we have our comedy.

In England the old miracle plays degenerated very early into what but for their religious associations were mere farces, but the first purely English comedy was one by Udall, an assistant master at Eton, and subsequently head master of Westminster school. It was entitled "Ralph Roister-Doister" and seems to have been performed in London about 1551, being published in 1563, ten years after its author's death.

STRANGE RAT TRAPS.

The Way Ostrich Eggs are Utilized in Coptic Churches.

Ostrich eggs are regarded by the Copts as the natural emblem of watchfulness, and practical effect is given to this idea among these people by the very curious use to which they put them in their public buildings, particularly in those devoted to the celebration of divine worship. Whoever enters a Coptic church cannot fail to notice the numerous ostrich eggs which hang above and around him.

The explanation is simple. The churches are much infested by rats, and these animals, as experience has shown, have been in the habit of crawling down the cords by which the lamps are suspended, for the purpose of getting at the oil and drinking it. To hinder these four footed thieves the cord belonging to each lamp is passed through the shell of an ostrich egg, which is thus fixed at a moderate distance above the lamp. The smooth polished surface of the shell offers an impassable barrier to the wily and adventurous rodents, so that they invariably slide off and tumble to the ground if they attempt a passage.

TRUE BLUE.

First Used as a Political Term by Scotch Presbyterians.

Blue is an emblem of fidelity, and in Britain for several centuries it has been so esteemed. Coventry was formerly famous for a blue dye that would neither change its color nor wash out, and thence the epithets "Coventry blue" and "true blue" were figuratively used to signify persons who would not change their party or principles on any consideration.

"True blue" is said to have been first used as a political term by the Presbyterians of Scotland against the Episcopalian church. Butler, in "Hudibras," speaking of his hero, says:

For he was of that stubborn crew,
Hight Presbyterian true blue.

Fox, we are told, wore in the house of commons a blue frock coat, and the expression "a true blue Whig" was in common use in his time, though, as one writer puts it, "blue must not be set down as emblematic of fidelity because this color was formerly adopted by the Whigs."—London Telegraph.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



Ladies' Favorite.
Is the only safe, reliable
regulator on which woman
can depend. "In the hour
and time of need."
Prepared in two degrees of
strength. No. 1 and No. 2.
No. 1.—For ordinary cases
is by far the best dollar
medicine known.

No. 2.—For special cases—10 degrees
stronger—three dollars per box.
Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's
Cotton Root Compound. Take no other
as all pills, mixtures and limitations are
dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and
recommended by all druggists in the Do-
minion of Canada. Mailed to any address
on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage
stamps. The Cook Company,
Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Napanee
by Neilson & Robinson, T. A. Huffman,
J. J. Perry, F. L. Hooper and Thos. B.
Wallace.

BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

Two Legends of the Origin of This Beautiful Flower.

There are two traditions as to the origin of the rose. According to Sir John Mandeville, a Jewish maid of Bethlehem (whom Southey names Zillah) was beloved by a brutish son named Hammel. The maiden rejected this suitor, and he, in revenge, accused Zillah of offenses for which she was condemned to be burned alive. When brought to the stake the flames refused to hurt Zillah, but burned Hammel to a cinder. There she stood in a garden of roses, for the brands which had been kindled became red roses, and those which had not caught fire white ones. These, according to the tradition, were the first roses that bloomed on earth since the loss of paradise.

Then, according to a Mussulman tradition, the rose is thus accounted for: When Mohammed took his journey to heaven the sweat which fell on the earth from the prophet's forehead produced white roses, and that which fell from the animal he rode upon, named Al Borak, produced yellow ones. At the present day the sellers of roses in eastern towns cry aloud in the streets, "The rose was a thorn, and the sweat of the prophet Mohammed dropping upon it formed it into a rose."

THE MANNA TREE.

It Is a Species of Ash Which Is Tapped for Its Gum.

Few know that manna is a species of gum which exudes from the ash. The true manna ash is the *Fraxinus ornus*. It is a beautiful tree and has much handsomer flowers than any other ash. In some parts of Sicily trees are planted especially for these substances which they yield, just as in some parts of our country the sugar maple is planted for its sugar. The ash trees are tapped when about ten years old. A transverse cut is made about one-third of the circumference of the tree, a number of these transverse cuts being made one above the other. As many as forty-five cuts are frequently made in one large trunk.

In some countries where manna is collected it is done by inserting tubes, just as is the case of collecting the maple sugar, but where these cuts are made the gum runs down the trunk and hardens. The following season cuts are made just above those of the previous year. After this has been three years in progress the stems are cut down and the new crop of shoots left to get matured. Sometimes, however, the stems are left standing four years before being finally cut away.

INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

The Way Carpenter Bees Build Their Nests in Wood.

ICE

Furnished private families by the month, or sold by the ton to those requiring large quantities.

Full stock Choice Groceries Baled Hay and Straw.

All at reasonable prices.

S. CASEY DENISON.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the estate of Vincent Augustus Koubier, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, Book-keeper, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to section 32, Chap. 129, R.S.O., 1897, and Amending Acts that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Vincent Augustus Koubier, deceased, who died on the 14th day of February, A. D., 1904, are required to send by post prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned solicitor for Vincent Koubier, administrator of the estate of the said Vincent Augustus Koubier, deceased, on or before the 25th day of July, A. D., 1904, their claims and sur-names and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims and a statement of their accounts and the nature of the security (if any) held by them, duly verified. And further take notice that after the said last mentioned date the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and the said administrator will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time of such distribution.

H. M. DEROCHE, Solicitor for Vincent Koubier, Administrator. Dated at Napanee, this 23rd day of June A. D., 1904.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Homeseekers' 60 DAY Excursions

Winnipeg	\$30.00	Regina	\$33.75
Mowbray		Moose Jaw	
Deloraine		Ramsack	\$34.00
Souris	\$31.50	Swan River	
Brandon			
Lyleton		Saskatoon	\$35.25
Lenore		Pr. Albert	\$36.00
Minota	\$32.00		
Egin		Macleod	\$38.00
Wawanesa			
Binscarth	\$32.25	Calgary	\$38.50
Moosomin			
Arcola	\$32.50	Red Deer	\$39.50
Essex	\$33.00		
Yorkton		Strathcona	\$40.50

Going JUNE 14th, 20th and JULY 19th. Returning until Aug. 15th, 20th and Sept. 20th, respectively.

Tickets are not good on "Imperial Limited." Pamphlets and full particulars from any Canadian Pacific Agent, or A. H. Norman, Toronto.

Why He Changed Weapons.

"Here you is in trouble ag'in," said the colored deacon. "Didn't I tell you ter fight 'em' way only wid de sword er de Sperrit?"

"Yes, sah," replied the penitent, "but de razor wuz so handy."

Didn't Work All Night.

Customer—Are my clothes ready? Tailor—Not yet, sir. Customer—But you said you would have them done if you worked all night. Tailor—But I didn't work all night.

H. M. DEROCHE, K. C. Barrister,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc. Office—range Block. Money to loan at "Lower than the lowest rate."

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE. Barristers, etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES. Office—Warner Block, Opposite Post Office. 57

T. B. GERMAN, Barrister and Solicitor,

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES. OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street, 21-6m Napanee.

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S. Physician Surgeon, etc.

Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital. Office—North side of Dundas Street, between West and Robert Streets, Napanee. 51v

A. S. ASHLEY, DENTIST.

34 YEARS EXPERIENCE. 21 YEARS IN NAPANEE. Rooms above Mowat's Dry Goods Store, Napanee.



DR. C. H. WARTMAN, DENTIST.

It will be impossible for me to continue the out of town visits, but if our friends at Yarker and Tamworth will do me the favor of coming to my office in Napanee, I will do my best to please them. All work guaranteed first class.

SEASON OF 1904—UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE Str. REINDEER

WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS: LEAVE—Prinsep's Cove at 5.30 a.m., for Napanee and all way places. Leave Princeton at 8 a.m., Deseronto at 9.30, arriving in Napanee at 10.30, connecting with G. T. R. noon trains going East and West.

RETURNING—will leave Napanee at 1.30 p.m., connecting at Deseronto with Str. "Varuna" for Belleville and Trenton. Leave Deseronto at 2.30 p.m., Picton at 4.30 p.m., for down the Bay.

This Boat can be chartered for Excursions on Very Reasonable Terms. For further information apply to JAS. COLLIER, Captain.

THE BAY OF QUINTE ROUTE

Daily Service to ROCHESTER, N. Y. and 1000 ISLANDS.

Steamers—NORTH KING and CASPIAN. Commencing 25th June.

Leave Deseronto daily, except Monday, at 10 p.m. for Belleville, Canal Bridge, Brighton and Port of Rochester, N. Y. Returning, will arrive at 8.30 a.m. same day and leave for Bay of Quinte Ports, Kingston and 1000 Islands.

For further information apply to E. E. HORSLEY, F. E. RATHBUN, G. P. and F. Agent, The Raiboun Co., Kingston, Ont., Deseronto, Ont.

Pollard's Bookstore Napanee.

STATIONERY

common use in his time, though, as one writer puts it, "Blue must not be set down as emblematic of fidelity because this color was formerly adopted by the Whigs."—London Telegraph.

Why Englishmen Like Punch.

Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing in Harper's Weekly, gives some of the reasons why Punch has so strong a hold on the affections of the British public and why it fails to appeal to Americans. The great virtue of Punch, he says, is its seriousness, in which opinion there will be many on this side of the water to agree with him. The great fault of the American comic papers, it appears, is that they are not serious enough. They are always making jokes. Punch, on the other hand, evades these mistakes, "because it is really not a humorist, but a critical journal. The American comic paper is like the professional funny man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while and then you want to murder him."

O. R. KIDNEY CURE

Gives Instant Relief in all Cases of Lame Back or

LUMBAGO.

David Hart, Hav'ock, Ontario, says:—"O. R. Kidney Cure is a safe and sure remedy for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. I have used it for lumbago; it ACTS LIKE MAGIC. I know of dozens of other people who have used it with good results. O. R. Kidney Cure is standard family medicine in our home."

O. R. KIDNEY CURE

is put up in a liquid form and quickly assimilates. Each bottle contains a ten day treatment. Price 50c. at all druggists.

O. R. LIVER PILLS

CURE CONSTIPATION, STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWEL TROUBLE

THEY DO NOT GRIPE.

box. Free samples on application.

THE O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited,
2 Queen St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

Do
You
Want

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN
PEN

Prices \$1.50 to \$10. Let us put one aside for you. These are the pens you see advertised in the magazines. We warrant them as well as the maker.

E. J. POLLARD
SOLE AGENT

1 Dundas Street, Napanee.

years before being finally cut away.

INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

The Way Carpenter Bees Build Their Nests in Wood.

Mr. Rennie in his "Insect Architecture" describes the work of a carpenter bee. First she chiseled a channel in a piece of wood with her powerful jaws and deposited each morsel at a distance. Then she made repeated journeys to bring in pollen and clay until she had collected enough to serve as food for the future grubs and to bar the entrance.

Cutting open the post, he found a nest of six cells separated by partitions of clay as thin as cardboard and with sides as smooth as any joiner could have contrived.

Reamur tells us how the violet carpenter bee bores into wood obliquely for an inch and then perpendicularly for a foot, scooping out three or four such passages. At the bottom she lays an egg, covers it with a paste of pollen and honey and a protection of gnawings from the wood. This is repeated until the nest is filled, and a side door at the bottom enables the young bees to come out in due time.

An Early Memorial System.

The primitive Indo-European numeral system was a mixture of the decimal and the sexagesimal. The first large number was the "shock"—that is, 60—and the next large number was the "hund," or "hundred"—that is, 120. Between 60 and 120 there were no numbers like our 70, etc., being "a shock and 10," and 80 being "a shock and 20." The introduction of our present numbers between 60 and 120 arose out of the introduction of the decimal hund or hundred—that is, 100—in distinction from which the old hundred (120) was called the duodecimal hundred, or the "great hundred," which is still used in Iceland and parts of England.

Workers in Bohemia.

In Bohemia every wageworker, of whatever sex, or age, must have a work book, which contains his personal description and history and his employer's endorsements. Permission to travel in search of work must be indorsed by the local authorities. In changing locations a certificate from original place of residence must be secured and filed at the new location.

Disappointed in Love.

"Poor fellow! He's disappointed in love."

"Why, I thought he was married."

"He is!"

Rewards and Penishments.

He who fights and runs away—
Let vulgar warriors scout it—
Will live to tell his friends some day
The dead, cold facts about it.

A Fair Question.

Mr. Richley Rake—If you don't marry me I'll be a wreck in a little while.
Miss Mainchautz—If'm! How much salvage do I get?

Kisses.

Conservatory kisses, swiped
Beside some rare exotic
Are great, but social kisses are
Extremely idiotic!

Probable.

Agent—Does the lady of the house run her own sewing machine?
Husband—I think she does; she runs everything else.—Detroit Free Press.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Chas. H. Ritchie

STATIONERY

We carry at all times in this Department a very full line of Sundries:

Penholders,
Pencils,
Drawing Pins,
Passepartout Binding,
Writing Ink,
Marking Ink,
Pen Points,

Gummed Labels,
String Tickets,
Sealing Wax,
Erasing Rubber,
Crinkled Tissue,
Tissue Paper,
Jap. Table Napkins.

Table Decorations, etc., etc.

STATIONERY.

PLAYING CARDS—Souvenir of Canada, 52 views on backs, ocean to ocean. 75c. per package.

We have PLAYING CARDS from 5c to \$1.00 per pack, comprising the best known British and American Makes.

BOOKS.

Before starting on your vacation be sure to obtain a supply of paper covered novels. All leading authors included in the series. Single copies, 15c. Special, 2 for 25c.

All the leading Books put in stock as published. We make a special feature of importing to order special books not kept in stock.

Baby Carriages and Children's Wagons

In these goods we carry a stock by the best makers, and prices are the lowest.

Pollard's Bookstore

E. J. POLLARD, Prop.

ADVICE TO OWNERS OF COWS.

Owners of Cows should always have a bottle of DOUGLAS EGYPTIAN LINIMENT ready for immediate use. Cow troubled with CAKED UDER (bags) can be immediately cured. Our Cows were troubled a great deal with Caked Bags, they were so badly caked we thought they would lose the use of them, we applied DOUGLAS' EGYPTIAN Liniment two or three times and in 24 hours we could milk freely. When anything in our house or stable goes wrong EGYPTIAN LINIMENT is called for at once. It never fails in any case where a liniment is needed.

Yours truly

ROBERT HARKNESS, Tamworth, Ont.

Dr. Bradshaw, V. S., Napanee, Ont., says:—"I have tested DOUGLAS' EGYPTIAN LINIMENT in my practice and can recommend it with confidence to the public as the best, surest and quickest cure that I have ever found for the cure of Caked Bags in cattle.

NO CHARGE IF IT FAILS.

If our Douglas' Egyptian Liniment, fails to make the cure as above stated we will return you your money. Price 25c. at all druggists.

DOUGLAS & CO., Napanee.

A LOUD WHISPER.

It Came From a Gun That a Sentry Forgot Was Cocked.

During the Mexican war, in 1846, Captain Kenly received orders from General Quitman to march with a guard to a ford in the Santander river and prevent its passage by the Mexicans. He reached the place, posted his men with strict injunctions against betraying their presence and took his position on the bank where he could overlook the ford.

Suddenly there came the report of a gun, fired by one of his sentries. Captain Kenly ran to the place, having seen no enemy, and found the sentry, a Georgian, coolly reloading his musket.

"How dare you fire your gun?" exclaimed the angry captain. "The whole division will be aroused."

Even as he spoke the long roll of the drums came floating down the wind. The sentry saw plainly enough the trouble he had got into, but he answered:

"Well, captain, you see I was so tired and sleepy that to keep myself awake I kept pointing my gun at a duck I saw on the river, and I thought how I would like to whisper to it, and, hang it, I forgot the gun was cocked and away she went."

The man escaped with a sharp reprimand from General Quitman, who sent him word that if he ever "whispered" again without orders it would be all over with him.

Joseph's Well.

At Dothan, in upper Palestine, is a pool which has refreshed the traveler for centuries. It is the well of Joseph. Its environs form a dreary enough prospect. Above it is a low, insignificant hill upon whose summit cluster a few miserable mud huts, and at the base is the sordid anachronism of a puffing steam mill, while away from it stretches in all directions the faint toned, almost featureless expanse of the Syrian landscape, long reaches of palest blue and gray and yellow, with only an occasional blotch of brilliant color in the foreground. Dreary and waste and sad indeed is the scene to the eyes of the flesh, but to the eyes of the spirit that squat, bald hill becomes a veritable Mount of Visions—visions a thousand times more real and vivid than the spectacle of mud huts and steam mill and rocky wastes.—Metropolitan Magazine.

ALL GOOD THINGS

must win upon their merits. The International Dictionary has won a greater distinction upon its merits and is in more general use than any other work of its kind in the English language.

A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D., of Oxford University, England, has recently said of it: "It is indeed a marvelous work; it is difficult to conceive of a dictionary more exhaustive and complete. Everything is in it—not only what we might expect to find in such a work, but also what few of us would ever have thought of looking for."

A supplement to the new edition has brought it fully up to date. I have been looking through the latter with a feeling of astonishment at its completeness, and the amount of labor that has been put

THE READING CURE.

Books as a Medicine in Cases of Mental Distress.

One could wish that the doctor of medicine occasionally called in the doctor of letters in cases of mental distress. There is a tonic quality in books, properly chosen, which is as beneficent to the mind as change of scene or doses of flat water. People do not realize that the shortest way from the quagmire of the modern unrest is a total forgetfulness of self, and few know that the healthiest neopathe is to be found in reading. The word disease signifies the negation of ease, and most forms of neurotic sickness are a deliberate effort on the part of the invalid to make himself uneasy. If doctors were to prescribe a course of Cervantes or Moliere or Balzac or Sterne or Dickens or even Shakespeare and as strictly enjoin thoroughness in this course as they would if the treatment were a matter of diet or medicine, many of their patients would begin to mend from the first moment that these magicians had given them a forgetfulness of self. It is true that Poe declares in the "Raven" "vainly I had sought to borrow from my books surcease of sorrow," but the opinion of the world is overwhelmingly against him. Good reading is a forgetfulness of ears, and, by the same token, it is an education in all those qualities which make life sweet and serene to be desired. It is the sole education who most constantly tells one, fantastically enough, that he never reads books.—London Globe.

TRAINING VOICES.

Quick Music Teachers and the Harm They Do Pupils.

"Ninety-five per cent of all vocal teachers are quacks," said an old musician. Few singers would doubt the assertion. Probably in no other kind of work can a man who knows practically nothing about a subject do so quickly a lucrative amount of teaching. There are many common types—the piano teacher who cannot get enough pupils to make a living, the broken down old time singer, the dervish of the concert halls, who never could sing himself, and many more. Their half hour lessons may be said to consist one-third of chat and gossip, one-third of scales and exercises and one-third of the singing of the pupil's favorite songs, all interspersed with just enough commendation and criticism to keep the pupil's good opinion of both himself and of her teacher. There are teachers whose training has not only ruined voices, but temporarily harmed general health as well. Over against these charlatans of the profession there are conscientious men and women who can detect faults in a voice and know how to correct them and who work carefully and enthusiastically for each individual pupil.

It is not easy to tell the good teacher from the quack, and you will find bitter early experiences in many a successful singer's career.

His Greatest Sorrow.

Burt—I have no doubt you are sorry about your uncle's death, notwithstanding it brought you into a lot of money. West—Yes; he was doing a good business, you know, and if he had lived a year or two longer he might have left me a good deal more.

Only on the Outside.

"Why, Ethel, you don't mean to tell me you want to marry that baldheaded Professor Wiseman?"

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. HUGH RUDOLPH, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Some of the Extraordinary Gifts of This Silent Insect.

The extraordinary gifts of the butterfly race have always excited the wonder not only of naturalists, but of the most ignorant observers—their silent and unseen changes, the instinct by which they distinguish their favorite plant food—as, for instance, even among the scarcely differing species of the complex race of asters, where they show themselves, as Professor Asa Gray said, "better botanists than many of us," their skill in depositing their eggs unerringly on or near the precise plant on which the forthcoming caterpillars are fitted to feed, although they as butterflies have never tasted it. To these should be added their luxurious spread of wings, giving opportunities for those likenesses and variations of color which protect them during the few days of their winged state; the brief time when, if ever, their eggs must be laid and the continuance of the race made sure. The whole realm of animal "mimicry," as it is now termed, reaches its highest point in them and leads to some extreme cases, as in the fact that, while butterflies are ordinarily monogamous, there is yet one species in Africa which has departed so widely from this rule that the male has not one mate only, but actually three different wives, each so utterly unlike him in appearance as to have long been taken for wholly different species.—T. W. Higginson in Atlantic.

A LOST ISLAND.

Old West Indian Legend That Dates Back to Columbus' Time.

There is an old legend in the West Indies which has been handed down from the time of Columbus to the effect that somewhere among the numerous cays of the Caribbean sea there exists an island inhabited only by women.

The aboriginal Caribs and Ararwaks found it inconvenient to have women around in times of war. Usually when the enemy conquered a number of the tribe's fairest maidens were carried off. So goes the story.

The deplorable possibility of losing all the women of the tribe was averted, however, by the prompt action of the chiefs, who ordered all of the remaining female element to this unknown island in the Caribbean. According to the legend, the place is copiously watered by ideal streams, overshadowed by breadfruit, mango, plantain and all the necessities to life and poetry. The husbands and lovers were allowed to visit the island paradise not more than twice a year in times of peace.

CLEAN SHAVEN FACES.

A Contention That Every Man Should Show All His Features.

A recent writer, says the Chicago News, has this to say about beards: "The ideal man is clean shaven. Confidently he exposes to the world his features undisguised by hirsute appendages. Can we conceive the Apollo Belvedere with even a mustache? I doubt it. A merely honest man also, one would think, should wear no hair upon his face and for these reasons: Each of us in great measure, partly from exaggerated ideas of his own perspicacity, partly from the stress of life, judges his neighbor from his face. His clothes are but a doubtful index of his character, but his features are, we firmly believe, indicative of his nature and his mode of life.

"There may be villainy written large on his upper lip. A certain mold of chin betrays its owner as a man of considerable homicidal tendencies. Cover the lips with a watery mustache, drape the chin with an Assyrian beard, and it may well be that this murderous monster is a pleasing enough fellow to view. Such a one does not venture to pass clean shaven through our streets. Let each one of us present in all candor such features as are his.

"To possess a receding chin is no crime. It is merely a sign of weakness. But to conceal it with a huge and bushy beard and thereby to present the appearance of a man endowed with great strength of will is surely a false pretense."

Judge Shea Posed.

Some years ago Judge Shea, a New York lawyer, became chief justice of what was then the marine court and what is now known as the city court of New York. He went to England once and was registered at a hotel as "Chief Justice of the Marine Court, U. S. A." The lords of the admiralty and the judges of all the great British courts called upon him, put him up at their clubs, invited him to dinner and treated him with as much consideration as if the tribunal of which he was the head had been, as they supposed it to be, one of the great courts of the United States, instead of a purely city affair.

Judge Shea was never tired of recounting to his cronies here how he had been treated in England on that memorable trip.

Liquor and the Term "Proof."

What "proof" means as applied to the quality or the measurement of the strength of whisky is not understood by many people. As explained by a man who knows the correct use of the term it is simple enough. The standard of the United States revenue is a liquor half of which, by volume, is alcohol. This is 100 proof. If a whisky, then, is described as 90 proof it means that it contains 100 measures of water and 90 measures of alcohol. Whisky of 100 proof contains equal measures of each. Whisky of 120 proof contains 100 measures of water and 20 measures of alcohol.

Sea Level.

The waters of the various oceans are not all on a level with each other. Water in the bay of Bengal is 300 feet above the Indian ocean level, and that of the Pacific along the coast of South America is heaped as high as a thousand feet or more above the waters in the opposite Atlantic. These elevations depend on the attractions of great mountain masses—the bay of Bengal on the Himalayas and the South Pacific on the Andes.

A supplement to the new edition has been brought to fully up to date. I have been looking through the latter with a feeling of astonishment at its completeness, and the amount of labor that has been put into it.

LET US SEND YOU FREE

"A Test in Pronunciation" which affords a pleasant and instructive evening's entertainment.

Illustrated pamphlet also free.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Pub.,
Springfield, Mass.

50 YEARS'
EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York

Only on the Outside.

"Why, Ethel, you don't mean to tell me you want to marry that baldheaded Professor Wiseman?"

"It is true he is bald," said Ethel, "but think how many young men of today are bald on the inside of their heads."

To please, one must make up his mind to be taught many things which he already knows, by people who do not know them.

Poorly Rehearsed.

"What is your favorite opera?" asked the young woman who was trying to make conversation.

Mr. Cumrox looked startled. "I can't say," he answered. "My favorite poem is 'The Reckless,' and my favorite painter is Rembrandt, but I forget what mother and the girls told me to say my favorite opera is."

A Good Plan.

Mae—Are you going to the matinee this afternoon. Blanche—No, I must stay home. The hairdresser is coming. Mae—Why don't you have two sets? Then you could leave one.

Sugar-coated, easy to take, mild in action. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache.

Ayer's Pills

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. F. HALL & CO., MANHATTAN, N. Y.

Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE. Taking effect June 13, 1904.

Eastern Standard Time. No. 25

Bannockburn and Tamworth to Napanee and Deseronto.				Deseronto and Napanee to Tamworth and Bannockburn.			
Stations.	Miles.	No. 40	No. 4	Stations.	Miles.	No. 1	No. 3, No. 5
Lve Bannockburn	0	P.M.	P.M.	Lve Deseronto	0	A.M.	P.M.
Albion	4.30	4.30	4.30	Lve Napanee	9	7.20	7.20
Queensboro	4.45	4.45	4.45	Lve Napanee	9	7.40	12.15
Bridgeport	5.20	5.20	5.20	Strathcona	15	8.05	12.30
No. 2 A.M.				Newburgh	17	8.15	12.40
Lve Bannockburn	3	6.40	3.25	Thomson's Mills	18	8.30	12.50
Steele	3	6.50	3.35	Camden East	23	8.45	1.05
Larkins	7	7.05	4.05	Lve Yarker	23	8.55	1.15
Marlbank	13	7.25	4.25	Yarker	23	9.00	1.25
Erinsville	17	7.40	4.40	Galbraith	25	9.10	1.35
Tamworth	20	8.00	4.50	Moscow	27	9.20	1.40
Wilson	24	8.15	5.00	Mudlake Bridge	30	9.35	1.50
Enterprise	28	8.30	5.15	Wilson	32	9.45	2.00
Mudlake Bridge	31	8.45	5.30	Tamworth	38	10.00	2.15
Moscow	33	8.55	5.45	Erinsville	41	10.10	2.25
Galbraith	35	9.05	5.55	Marlbank	45	10.25	2.35
Lve Yarker	35	9.15	6.05	Larkins	51	10.45	2.55
Yarker	35	9.25	6.15	Steele	55	11.00	3.05
Camden East	39	9.35	6.25	Lve Tweed	58	11.15	3.15
Thomson's Mills	40	9.40	6.30	Tweed	58	11.20	3.20
Newburgh	42	9.45	6.35	Bridgeport	61	11.30	3.30
Strathcona	43	9.50	6.40	Queensboro	62	11.40	3.40
Napanee	49	10.00	6.50	Lve Bannockburn	62	11.40	3.40
Lve Napanee	49	10.00	6.50				
Deseronto	58	10.10	7.00				

Kingston and Sydenham to Napanee and Deseronto.				Deseronto and Napanee to Sydenham and Kingston.			
Stations.	Miles.	No. 1	No. 3, No. 5	Stations.	Miles.	No. 1	No. 3, No. 5
Lve Kingston	0	A.M.	P.M.	Lve Deseronto	0	A.M.	P.M.
G. T. Junction	2	6.40	4.10	Lve Napanee	9	7.20	12.15
Glennville	10	6.55	4.25	Lve Napanee	9	7.40	12.30
Murvale	14	7.10	4.40	Strathcona	15	8.05	12.40
Lve Harrowsmith	23	8.00	5.00	Newburgh	17	8.15	12.40
Sydenham	19	8.10	5.10	Thomson's Mills	18	8.30	12.50
Harrowsmith	22	8.20	5.20	Camden East	23	8.45	1.05
Lve Yarker	26	8.35	5.30	Lve Yarker	23	8.55	1.15
Yarker	26	8.45	5.40	Yarker	23	9.00	1.25
Camden East	30	8.55	5.50	Galbraith	25	9.10	1.35
Thomson's Mills	32	9.05	6.00	Moscow	27	9.20	1.40
Newburgh	34	9.15	6.10	Mudlake Bridge	30	9.35	1.50
Strathcona	34	9.25	6.20	Wilson	32	9.45	2.00
Napanee	40	10.00	6.50	Tamworth	38	10.00	2.15
Lve Napanee	40	10.00	6.50	Erinsville	41	10.10	2.25
Deseronto	49	10.10	7.00	Marlbank	45	10.25	2.35

LOCAL WORKING TIME TABLE.

NAPANEE to DESERONTO and PICTON.				PICTON to DESERONTO and NAPANEE.			
TRAINS	STEAMERS	TRAINS	STEAMERS	TRAINS	STEAMERS	TRAINS	STEAMERS
Leave Napanee	Leave Deseronto	Leave Picton	Leave Deseronto	Leave Picton	Leave Deseronto	Leave Napanee	Leave Deseronto
2.15 a.m.	2.35 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	6.00 a.m.	7.30 a.m.	11.45 a.m.	12.05 p.m.
3.35 " 3.55 "	4.00 a.m.	11.45 a.m.	12.05 p.m.	10.00 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	3.50 p.m.	4.10 "
4.35 " 4.55 "	1.40 p.m.	3.10 p.m.	3.30 p.m.	3.50 p.m.	4.10 "	6.10 "	6.30 "
5.35 " 5.55 "	5.30 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.20 p.m.	7.40 "	8.00 "	12.30 a.m.	1.10 a.m.
6.35 " 6.55 "	7.00 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	8.50 a.m.	12.30 a.m.	1.10 a.m.	3.50 p.m.	4.10 "
7.35 " 7.55 "				4.00 p.m.	5.30 p.m.	6.00 "	6.20 "
8.35 " 8.55 "				7.00 "	7.20 "	7.00 "	7.20 "
9.15 " 9.35 "				7.20 "	7.40 "	7.20 "	7.40 "

*Daily. All other trains run daily (Sundays excepted).

G. CARTER, Gen. Manager
J. F. CHAPMAN, Asst. Gen. Freight & Pass. Agent

H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent

owed by breadfruit, mango, plantain and all the necessities to life and poetry. The husbands and lovers were allowed to visit the island paradise not more than twice a year in times of peace.

But it is further handed down that all the men of the tribe were eventually wiped out in an Indian war and that all trace of the Isle of women was lost. According to Washington Irving, even Columbus made vain efforts to find it.

The Wren.

It is to be noted that if more than a year old wrens come directly to their nesting site of the preceding summer. If it is still intact, all's well. There is no loitering in the neighborhood, nor has it ever happened, so far as my observation extends, that a single bird appears and a mate subsequently comes upon the scene. The pair arrive together. This is unquestionably true of my doorstep wrens of the past seven summers and suggests that the marital tie is not voluntarily broken, whatever the birds' careers from August to April. The male may lose his mate, but he soon finds another, and the widowed bird may lose her lord, but she promptly mates again, and so one or the other keeps the old summer home in mind, and it is never forsaken. It becomes a fixed feature of their lives.—Dr. Charles C. Abbott in Lippincott's.

An Accommodation Train.

In the lake district of England there is a tiny railway which has only one train run by two officials, one of whom is managing director, ticket collector, guard and porter and the other chief engineer, engine driver and stoker. The train stops anywhere. It frequently goes off the line, but crows are carried, with which the train is persuaded to return to its proper position. When a friend of either official is observed the train is brought to a standstill. At one time, when the managing director was courting the daughter of a farmer through whose lands the line ran, the young lady would take her stand at a certain gate every evening, the train would be stopped, and the young man would kiss her good night.

Long Widowhood.

In 1753, in the ninety-sixth year of her age, died Jean Countess of Roxburghe. She was not a very remarkable woman, but her memory is preserved on account of her long widowhood, which lasted seventy-one years. Her father, the first Lord Tweeddale, fought at Marston Moor in 1644.

This Countess of Roxburghe's long widowhood is insignificant compared with that of a certain Agnes Skinner. According to an inscription in Camberwell church, this worthy woman died in 1499 at the age of 119 years, having survived her husband only eight years less than a century.

Be Just a Man.

Don't be a gentleman. Lincoln was a man. Who ever spoke of the "gentlemanly Shakespeare?" Think of describing Grant as a gentleman! How would it look in history to read about our great gentleman, George Washington? Nobody ever dubbed Solomon with the name of "gentleman." "A gentleman" is the snob's title for a do nothing, a fellow about town, a tailor made loafer, a confidence shark or a society stalk. Be a man.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

the opposite Atlantic. These elevations depend on the attractions of great mountain masses—the bay of Bengal on the Himalayas and the South Pacific on the Andes.

A Curious Rule.

The following curious rule appears under paragraph 68 of the municipal regulations governing burials at Giessen, Hesse: "Interments are only permitted after death has taken place. In all other cases a certificate signed by the mayor is required."—London Mail.

A Rare Coin.

Small Boy (who has become interested in coin collecting)—Papa, what is the rarest coin you know of? Papa (sadly)—A twenty dollar gold piece, my son.

Poverty is the sixth sense.—German Proverb.

The Exchange Habit.

He—Won't you have me as a wedding present?

She—I'm afraid I couldn't exchange you.—New York Evening Journal.

Perfectly Proper.

I've been kissing our cook
While nobody was looking.
Oh, you needn't be shocked,
For my wife does our cooking.

Settled.

Younger Sister (peeping through key-hole)—Mr. Spoonamore is going to propose to Bertha tonight. Johnny—How do you know? Younger Sister—I can tell by the determined look on Bertha's face

In the United States the sparrow has six broods a year; in Britain seldom more than three.



HOW HEALTH IS GAINED

The story of a great deal of the unhappiness of women is a story of lost health. Women wonder how it is that little by little the form loses plumpness, the cheeks grow hollow and

low and fallow, and they feel tired and worn-out all the time. In a large proportion of cases when women are weak, run-down and falling off in flesh and looks, the root of the trouble can be traced to womanly diseases which undermine the general health. The proof of this is that women who have been cured of painful womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have recovered their general health, gained in flesh and in appearance.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which sap the general health. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I suffered for three years with ovarian trouble," writes Mrs. Anna Quinn (Treasurer Woman's Athletic Club), of 602 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis. "The treatment I took did not do me a particle of good, until a good neighbor who had been using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription advised me to give it a trial. The next day took my first dose, and it was my first step toward recovery. In nine weeks I was a different woman: my flesh which had been flabby became firm, complexion clear and my eyes bright. It was simply an indication of the great change within from pain and suffering to health and happiness."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY

To Correspondents.—Persons sending in items from the surrounding district must sign their names in correspondence as an evidence of good faith, not for publication, any correspondence received without the name attached will not be published.

LATIMER.

Some farmers are through haying and have begun their harvest.

Congratulations to Miss May Taylor and Master Willie Hughson, upon being successful in the entrance examinations at Sydenham, both being in their eleventh year: credit to our teacher, Miss Ella Shaw, of Odessa.

Miss Pearl Taylor, Luella Travers, Lizzie Hughson, Mac Taylor and Frank Darling are spending their holidays at home.

Miss Emma Edwards and Nola Lyon, visiting in the city have returned home.

Visitors Miss Stratton, at W. Baker's; Miss Mills, Pittsburg, at W. Darling's; Miss Elliott, Port Hope at N. Spooner's.

Hay Fork Ropes, Pullies, Paris Green, Hay Forks and all kinds of tools for haying
HOYLE & SON.

ODESSA.

Farmers are very busy at their haying. The past week has been excellent haying weather and the growth is comparatively good.

It is rumored that we are to have a lawn social in aid of our citizen's band.

Mrs. Emma Baker and daughter Pearl are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Smith.

Miss M. E. Kennedy, Newmarket, is spending a few weeks with her friend, Miss Florence Derbyshire.

G. Jonah and adopted son, little Murray Booth, of Boston, Mass., are visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. B. B. Pleasants and two grandchildren, New York, are spending their holidays at S. J. Sproule's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Milne and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bell, Toronto, are visiting at H. S. Davey's.

Stanley Mabee, wife and family, Williamsport, Pa., with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Mabee.

Mrs. Nelson Booth, Brooklyn, N.Y. is visiting friends and relatives here.

Miss Maude Cairns is spending her holidays with her brother, W. Cairns and wife Watertown, N.Y.

We are all sorry to learn that our popular school teacher Miss A. Dawson, is going to leave us. The pupils of her room presented her with a beautiful silver cake basket before leaving.

Mrs. Dr. Mabee and mother, Mrs. Decker, have returned after a very pleasant visit with relatives at Whitby and vicinity.

Where were pupils from here to try entrance. We are glad to say all were successful. Much credit is due their teacher, Peterson.

PICTON.

The annual Sunday school picnic of the Main street Methodist church was quite a success. A jolly party, gotten up by Mrs. J. A. Jamieson for her nephew, Arthur Duncan, of London, went down the bay, Friday afternoon and had supper at Hickory Park.

Mrs. J. F. Beringer gave a delightful supper for some young people on Saturday evening. Miss Marie Robinson, Toronto, was the guest of honor.

After a long illness Diantha J. Colton died Thursday night at the home of her son. The funeral took place Saturday.

The funeral of Luther Platt, who died Friday, aged sixty years, took place from his late residence, on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Heney, Christ church, Belleville, conducted services in St.

BAY OF QUINTE

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Within a comparatively short distance, some sixty miles, of this city, there is the western part of a body of water that, for uniqueness of its characteristics, probably stands without a rival on the continent of America. Many of the residents of Rochester, particularly members of the yachting fraternity, are familiar with the beautiful Bay of Quinte and its many pleasurable attractions; but there are many more of the people who have never been through this wonderful stretch of water.

Almost due north across the lake from Summerville, and at the head of Presque Isle bay, is the entrance to the upper end of the Bay of Quinte, the Murray Canal. The Murray canal was cut through from Lake Ontario to the bay some dozen years ago, crossing the narrow neck of land, four and one-quarter miles across, that connects the peninsula of Prince Edward county with the mainland of Ontario. From the canal to Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario, the Bay of Quinte is 104 miles in length and from half a mile to four miles in width, with an average width of two miles. The bay's shape might be likened to a rather uncouth letter Z, running in a generally easterly direction, then south then east again to Kingston.

The Bay of Quinte is a great, placidly flowing river, fed from many large tributaries that bring down to its body the dark waters of Rice Lake, Stony Lake, and the streams of the Trent and Moira river valleys so much used by the fishermen and hunter. The shores of the Bay of Quinte furnish scenery that is beautiful in the extreme. Very long stretches of shore, particularly in the Long Reach, from Deseronto to Picton and on down beyond Glen Island, and the Lake on the Mountain, are high and bluff, though covered with foliage. Some of the stretches, as around Belleville and down at the Upper Gap, are low and gently sloping down to the water, with groves of trees, green meadows and fields under cultivation.

Along the Bay of Quinte there are things to see, there is an air to breathe, there are situations in which to place one's self, and things to do, that will accomplish much for the sick or the tired or the man who needs a change or the one who is looking for a two or three days' runaway. Let the weary man break away from business and spend a day or two upon the deck of one of the many boats that ply the bay, let him lie back in a comfortable chair, with his book and cigar, and just drink in the pure air

and he will get into the harness again with a jerk that will bring things or break a strap.

The Murray canal—but you wouldn't want to get up early enough to see that. There is the very pretty little city of Belleville, though, with its Bridge street of fine lawns, and residences: there's Massasauga Park, a summer resort where you can live cheaply, eat good things and catch good fish, there's Deseronto, which will make you think you're in front of a way-back lumbering camp: there is the Long Reach down to Picton Bay. You'll say that Long Reach is a sight to see. The shores are high and also thickly wooded, with little bays, here and there a farm house or a church tower showing up against the sky line; over on the other side is the opening of Hay Bay, a bit of water that many an angler has decided to be the genuine breeding spot of the biggest maskinonge.

Then you are at Picton bay. If it were by itself and not simply just one of the babes of Mother Quinte, it would be worth going to see. Don't ask for particulars. You must look at it for yourself. It's just that, after you have dropped all the cares of this fighting life, have packed up a small grip, after you have bidden goodbye to those hot stone pavements and brick walls that stand for the centre of the city and the struggle of life, and after you have taken boat and looked at it all, you just conclude that it's worth seeing, that your time and money have been well spent and that you will do all the better work when you get back at the old "grind" again.

The town of Picton is at the head of Picton bay, a picturesque little old place from which a four or five miles' drive across Prince Edward brings one back to the shore of Lake Ontario at the celebrated Sand Bank. The Sand Banks are a sight to behold and remember, being a long succession of high round hills and ridges of pure yellowish sand, extending along the lake shore for several miles. They are gradually shifting and gradually encroaching upon the farm land of the interior and, with the beautiful bathing beach of the lake, and the fishing of East and West lakes are sufficient attraction to support several good summer hotels.

From Picton bay on down, first comes Glenora—a summer hotel and a couple of large stone mills or factories, resting upon the narrow level that extends between the water's edge and the 200-foot high embankment at the height of whose wooded sides is the noted Lake on the Mountain, that is said to be connected with Lake Erie by underground passage. Opposite, a mile across the bay, is Glen Island, a summer resort upon the cottage plan that is very picturesque and very popular. Then there's the Adolphustown shore, where the United Empire Loyalists, who wouldn't stay with us and fight for liberty or death, first landed in their flight from this country and finally died. At least there is a monument to mark the spot and an imposing stone mausoleum that shows up well in the picture that greets your eye from the steamer's deck. On down this bay we come to the pretty Prinnyer's cove. Every yacht in Rochester, at least those of the deep water, know and remember John Prinnyer and his specially concocted milk punches. Just beyond is the Upper Gap, or entrance at the head of Amherst Island, in from the lake. The lighthouse at the gap, and the beautiful curve of the stony shore make up a fine picture. Dear old sleepy Bath. To have the boat draw up towards the Bath wharf just makes you feel that the quietness and uniqueness and antiquity of it all have been

PELVIC CATARRH CURED.

General Health Greatly Improved by Pe-ru-na.



MRS. E. VON STIENAU.

Mrs. E. Von Stienau, 333 Fifth street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

"I have been a sufferer for years with female trouble, causing backache and at times terrible headaches. I had also complications from indigestion and heart trouble, so that I often had to lie down. I took six bottles of Peruna. I was then in perfect health, was regular, had no more headaches, in fact, my health is now all that I could wish."—Mrs. E. Von Stienau.

PERFECT HEALTH REGAINED.

Kidney Trouble Cured.

Mrs. M. J. Danley, Treasurer of the Rebecca Lodge, I. O. O. F., writes from 121 First street, N., Minneapolis, Minn.:

"I was afflicted for several years with kidney trouble which became quite serious and caused me considerable anxiety. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to be cured, but nothing gave me any permanent relief until I tried Peruna. It took less than three months and only ten bottles to effect a permanent cure."—Mrs. M. J. Danley.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free book on catarrh written by Dr. S. B. Hartman.

Island and begin to get sight of Kingston.

Have you ever seen Kingston? If not get ready. It's worth while. There is only one Kingston. Kingston is as old as the hills, and to the observer approaching from the water, it is one of the most beautiful cities on top of the earth. It used to be the capital of Canada, and the old public buildings are still there, and the provincial penitentiary and insane asylum, all built of the ever-present lime-stone, the round stone forts out in the water and the big fort and military college just below the city are all spread out, just along the lake front where you can see them to advantage.

The Bay of Quinte is easy of access. The railways extend along the north shore. Many small steamers sail up and down the different stretches of the bay each day; and for Rochester people there is the daily and over Sunday trips of the steamers of the Lake Ontario & Bay of Quinte Steamboat company, the North King and Caspian.

Hay Fork Rope.

MADOLE & WILSON.

Buy your sugars and sealers for canning

Red-rite

Speaks for itself

Red-rite

Cures Sick Headache

Red-rite

Cures Nervous Headache

Red-rite

Cures Neuralgic Headache

Red-rite

Cures Summer Headache

Red-rite

Cures Bilious Headache

Red-rite

Cures any Headache

Red-rite

Is Pleasant to Take

Red-rite

Is Absolutely Safe

her son. The funeral took place Saturday.

The funeral of Luther Platt, who died Friday, aged sixty years, took place from his late residence, on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Heeney, Christ church, Belleville, conducted services in St. Mary Magdalene's Sunday. He gave a very eloquent sermon.

The Glenwood Cemetery com. any. held its annual meeting on Tuesday. The old board was re-elected: A. Bristol T. Bog, F. T. Wright, J. W. Conger, W. P. Reynolds. A. Bristol is president and T. Bog, secretary-treasurer.

Miss Hilda White, after a two week's stay in town with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Despard, has returned to Prescott.

Frank Despard, Utica, N. Y., is home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Despard.

Miss Gussie Powers has gone to Oshawa for a visit with Miss Mary Shorey.

Mrs. H. S. Wilcocks and two children, have returned from a visit in Wellington.

Miss Maund Haddon has returned from Muskoka and is at the banks.

Mrs. W. R. Winch and child are down from Toronto with Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright.

Mrs. Jessie Newbery, who is down from Belleville, visiting, is spending a few days at Waupoos.

While in town Rev. Mr. Heeney was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wildfield.

Miss Janette Ptolemy, of Hamilton came up from Glen Island on Sunday and took the steamer Corsican for Montreal.

Rev. J. J. Rae is in Lindsay for a couple of days.

Miss Lenora Porte has returned from a three weeks' visit in Cobourg and Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hepburn and children are down from Toronto.

The Misses Kerby are home from New York.

In town on a visit are: Dan. Tierney and E. Dayton, Syracuse; Mrs. H. I. Clarke, Belleville; Allan Austin, Wooler; Mrs. Henry Bertiam, Dundas.

Miss Helen Herrington, Wellington, is visiting Mrs. A. Young, Kingston.

The regatta scheduled for Thursday has been indefinitely postponed, owing to the drowning, on Saturday, of Mr. Gifford, of Watertown, and a member of the Crescent yacht club.

TIDAL WAVES.

The Forces Which Start These Dangerous Volumes of Water.

The ocean tidal wave—sometimes called the primitive—is formed by the union of two waves, produced by the combined attractions of the sun and the moon. This wave in its most dangerous form sometimes sweeps over ships in the open sea and in its ordinary course produces the tides proper.

Where the outline of the land, as in the bay of Fundy and the Bristol channel, compresses the force of its flood with narrow estuaries it also gives rise to tidal waves, which are termed derivate and are also known colloquially as "bores," or eagres.

Earthquakes are also a cause of tidal waves of two sorts. One is due to shocks which occur on land and cause a retreat and reflux of the sea within the usual tidal limits, but where an earthquake shakes the sea bed a dome shaped mound of water rises over the center of the disturbance and draws the surrounding water into the vortex beneath it. As this dome subsides it sends an immense rolling mass swinging across the ocean, which creates a most formidable tidal wave.

Med-rite

Cures any Headache

Med-rite

Is Pleasant to Take

Med-rite

Is Absolutely Safe

Med-rite

Gives Speedy Relief

Med-rite

Sells for 25c a box

Med-rite

Sample box sent free

THE HERALD REMEDY CO.
Chicago Montreal

the head of Amherst Island, in from the lake. The lighthouse at the gap, and the beautiful curve of the stony shore make up a fine picture. Dear old sleepy Bath. To have the boat draw up towards the Bath wharf just makes you feel that the quietness and uniqueness and antiquity of it all have been worth seeing and you are sure the world and yourself are dropping off into a lazy sleep.

The shores of Amherst Island at Stella and Emerald are of a rocky character that make them very beautiful. Down through the Three Brothers Islands you get into the Lower Gap at the foot of Amherst

Lake Ontario & Bay of Quinte Steamboat company, the North King and Caspian.

Hay Fork Rope.

MADOLE & WILSON.

Buy your sugars and sealers for canning fruits, nothing but Redpath's sugars kept in stock at GREY LION GROCERY.

Caution.

Do not make the mistake of paying more for some untried brand of Binder Twine from a travelling agent than you can buy the reliable and well known brands from your home dealer for.

MADOLE & WILSON.

A Death Defying Drop from the Clouds!

—WILL BE MADE BY—

PROFESSOR STEWART, the renowned
aeronaut in the course of the

"SWEET CAPORAL"

CIGARETTES

BALLOON ASCENSION

Taking Place in Napanee, Ontario,

Wednesday, August 3rd,

at 6.15 p.m.

THE ADMISSION IS FREE.

*Souvenirs will be distributed, gratis, by
the aeronaut when leaving the ground.*

The Price of Liberty

OR, A MIDNIGHT CALL

CHAPTER I.—Cont.

"Everything. I am trying to save you from ruin. Fortune has played you into my hands. I am perfectly aware that if you were not on the verge of social extinction you would refuse my request. It is in your hands to decide. You know that Beckstein, your creditor, is absolutely merciless. He will get his money back and more besides. This is his business. To-morrow you will be an outcast—for the time, at any rate. Your local creditors will be insolent to you; people will pity you or blame you, as their disposition lies. On the other hand, you have to say the word and you are saved. You can go and see the Brighton representatives of Beckstein's lawyers, and pay them in paper of the Bank of England."

"If I was assured of your bonafides," Steel murmured.

A queer little laugh, a laugh of triumph, came over the wires.

"I have anticipated that question. Have you Greenwich time about you?"

Steel responded that he had. It was five-and-twenty minutes past twelve. He had quite ceased to wonder at any questions put to him now. It was all so like one of his brilliant little extravaganzas.

"You can hang up your receiver for five minutes," the voice said. "Precisely at half-past twelve you go and look on your front doorstep. Then come back and tell me what you have found. You need not fear that I shall go away."

Steel hung up the receiver, feeling that he needed a little rest. His cigarette was actually scorching his thumb and forefinger, but he was heedless of the fact. He flicked up the dining-room lights again and rapidly made himself a sparklet soda, which he added to a small whiskey. He looked almost lovingly at the gleaming Cellini tankard, at the pools of light on the fair damask. Was it possible that he was not going to lose all this, after all?

The Moorish clock in the study droned the half-hour.

David gulped down his whiskey and crept shakily to the front door with a feeling on him that he was doing something stealthily. The bolts and chain rattled under his trembling fingers. Outside, the whole world seemed to be sleeping. Under the wide canopy of stars some black object picked out with shining points lay on the white marble breadth of the top step. A gun-metal cigarette set in tiny diamonds.

The novelist fastened the front door and staggered to the study. A pretty, artistic thing such as David had fully intended to purchase for himself. He had seen one exactly like it in a jeweller's window in North Street. He had pointed it out to his mother. Why, it was the very one! No doubt whatever about it. David had had the case in his hands and had reluctantly declined the purchase.

He pressed the spring, and the case lay open before him. Inside were papers, soft, crackling papers; the case was crammed with them. They were white and clean, and twenty-five of them in all. Twenty-five Bank of England notes for £10 each—£250!

David fought the dreamy feeling off and took down the telephone receiver.

"Are you there?" he whispered, as if fearful of listeners. "I—I have found your parcel."

the half shadow behind Steel the statue of the First Gentleman in Europe moved gigantic, ghost-like in the mist.

It was marvellously still there, so still that David could hear the tinkle of the pebbles on the beach. He stood back by the gate of the gardens watching the play of the leaf silhouettes on the pavement, quaint patterns of fantastic designs thrown up in high relief by the arc-light above. From the dark foggy throat of St. James's Street came the tinkle of a cycle bell. On, so still a night the noise seemed bizarre and out of place. Then the cycle loomed in sight; the rider, muffled and humped over the front wheel, might have been a man or a woman. As the cyclist flashed by something white and gleaming dropped into the road, and the single word "Come" seemed to cut like a knife through the fog. That was all; the rider had looked neither to the right nor to the left, but the word was distinctly uttered. At the same instant an arm dropped and a long finger pointed to the gleaming white square in the road. It was like an instantaneous photograph—a flash, and the figure had vanished in the fog.

"This grows interesting," Steel muttered. "Evidently my shadowy friend has dropped a book of rules in the road for me. The plot thickens."

It was only a plain white card that lay in the road. A few lines were typed on the back of it. The words might have been curt, but they were to the point:—

"Go along the sea front and turn into Brunswick Square. Walk along the right side of the square until you reach No. 218. You will read the number over the fanlight. Open the door and it will yield to you; there is no occasion to knock. The first door inside the hall leads to the dining-room. Walk into there and wait. Drop this card down the gutter just opposite you."

David read the directions once or twice carefully. He made a mental note of 218. After that he dropped the card down the drain-trap nearest at hand. A little way ahead of him he heard the cycle bell trilling as if in approval of his action. But David had made up his mind to observe every rule of the game. Besides, he might be rigidly watched.

The spirit of adventure was growing upon Steel now. He was no longer holding the solid result before his eyes. He was ready to see the thing through for its own sake. And as he hurried up North Street, along Western Road, and finally down Preston Street, he could hear the purring tinkle of the cycle bell before him. But not once did he catch sight of the shadowy rider.

All the same his heart was beating a little faster as he turned into Brunswick Square. All the houses were in pitchy darkness, as they naturally would be at one o'clock in the morning, so it was only with great difficulty that Steel could make out a number here and there. As he walked slowly and hesitatingly along the cycle bell drummed impatiently ahead of him.

"A hint to me," David muttered. "Stupid that I should have forgotten the directions to read the number over the fanlight. Also it is logical to suppose that I am going to find lights at No. 218. All right my friend; no need to swear at me

THE GRIM GAME OF WAR

BRITISH SOLDIERS LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE.

Modern Conditions of Warfare Are Very Thoroughly Represented.

The headquarters staff of every great army of the world—and, indeed, the same thing applied to the navy—are desperately keen on observing and digesting lessons, such lessons as may be taught them by modern warfare. Hence it is that whenever a great modern war breaks out—the Turko-Greek war, for instance; the Anglo-Boer war, the Chino-Japanese war, and now the titanic struggle in the Far East—the great nations are only too eager to appoint their most skilled and expert staff and intelligent officers to accompany the combatant armies and so learn all available lessons for the benefit of the armies they themselves represent.

The moment the Boer war was over the British army began to look about for typical "South African country" as near to London as they could get it. They wanted a rolling, undulating country, if possible, containing abrupt masses of stone, such as would represent the dreaded "kopjes" of the veldt, which the whole British nation will ever remember as being held by grim, old Boer marksmen armed with a German rifle, which probably represents the high water mark at present in the way of small arms.

Down at Aldershot, which is only thirty or forty miles from London, the whole training of the British army is now

ENTIRELY CHANGED.

and instead of the old textbook manoeuvres, formations and regulations the actual conditions of modern warfare are represented with a thoroughness and realism that have to be seen to be appreciated.

Strolling casually over the rolling downs, the stranger is amazed to come upon a series of couples of "Guardsmen," perhaps ten or twelve feet high, painted somewhat luridly, and cut out of sheet steel. These startling persons carry monstrous guns, also made of steel, and the couples of them are mounted upon little trolleys that run on flanged wheels and rails. Another strange sight a little further along is a series of monstrous coffin shaped sheets of steel, with advancing cavalry men painted upon them in glowing colors, and with admirable regard to perspective effect and artistic foreshortening.

"What are those cannons doing over there?" the stranger thinks to himself. "I think I'll go and look at them." He does, and to his amazement finds that what look a little way off like smart modern sixteen and twenty-four pounders, painted an elegant khaki color, are in reality only wooden dummies, artistically and casually disposed among the brush wood.

Presently the low crackle of rifle fire begins apparently from nowhere; no human enemy is to be seen, yet the unpleasant "zip, zip" of the Lee-Netford bullets makes things uncomfortable.

"Really," says the stranger, "I must make for that inviting looking house over there with the sign of the Jolly Farmer." And forthwith he wends his way through a fairly representative "Boer" country, only to find to his amazement and disgust that the Jolly Farmer is a delusion and a snare, being merely a hollow frame work target, with every kind of mechanical appliance

FOR REGISTERING HITS.

Sometimes the Jolly Farmer may be defended by a small body of real troops, so that it is marvellous that no accidents occur.

All these somewhat theatrical "properties" represent very vividly

About theHouse

TESTED RECIPES.

Quick Potato Biscuits.—Mix and sift together one cupful of flour, one cupful of corn starch, one teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Have ready four large hot boiled potatoes. Peel, and put them through a potato press, adding two cupfuls of milk and two well-beaten eggs. Stir into this the dry mixture, adding as much more sifted flour as may be necessary to make a soft dough. Turn out on the board, roll, out in small thin rounds, brush the tops with milk, and bake in a quick oven.

Cornstarch Cake.—Cream two cupfuls sugar and one teaspoonful butter; add one teaspoonful cornstarch, and the same quantity milk; mix with two teaspoonfuls flour two teaspoonfuls Price's Cream Baking Powder, and then add, following with the whites of seven eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

Almond Cake.—Beat one teaspoonful of sugar with half a teaspoonful of butter; add half a teaspoonful of milk; sift two teaspoonfuls of flour with a teaspoonful of Price's Cream Baking Powder, and add four whites of eggs, and one pound of blanched almonds chopped fine.

Grandmother's Pudding.—Crumble stale bread without crusts; tie up tightly in a pudding cloth; put into a saucepan of cold water, and boil for one hour. Serve with jam, marmalade, or sweet custard.

Hominy Pudding.—One cup of boiled hominy, one and a half pints of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three-fourths of a cup of sugar, one teaspoon of baking powder; bake in buttered pudding dish twenty minutes.

Indian Pudding.—Boil one quart of milk; set it off the stove, and stir in one cup of Indian meal; one cup of molasses and sugar (half of each), one egg, a little ginger and salt. Bake one hour.

Date Pie.—Soak the dates over night, and stew until they can be strained; mix with a quart of milk, three eggs, and add a little salt and nutmeg. Bake with an undercrust only. One pound of dates will be sufficient for three pies, and the other ingredients are given in proportion to that quantity of dates.

Rice Cream.—Make a custard of one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the yolk of one egg; then dissolve it in one-half ounce of gelatine, softened in a little cold water; stir in one tablespoonful of boiled rice, flavor with vanilla or nutmeg if preferred. Rinse a mold with cold water, pack the cream in it, and let stand until firm enough to be taken out of the mold.

Boiled Rice.—Boiled rice forms the basic principle of nearly all rice dishes. It is, therefore, well worth any cook's while to master the art of preparing it. First of all, a superior grade of rice must be selected—the Carolina is the best in the market to-day—then it must be washed in several cold waters, and carefully picked over, after which it should be plunged into unsalted boiling water, allowing four quarts of water for each pint of rice. Cover the whole closely and boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Turn into a colander, and drain well; then stand the colander over a vessel containing a small quantity of boiling water, and steam until the rice is white and dry occasionally stirring lightly with a fork. The grains should be full and soft, and each one retain its form though twice its original size.

Potato Patties.—Take as many large, well shaped potatoes as it is intended there should be patties, wash well and bake them. Take them out before they are quite done enough, so that the skin may not be injured, carefully cut off the top,

may open before him. Inside were papers, soft, crackling papers; the case was crammed with them. They were white and clean, and twenty-five of them in all. Twenty-five Bank of England notes for £10 each—£250!

David fought the dreamy feeling off and took down the telephone receiver.

"Are you there?" he whispered, as if fearful of listeners. "I—I have found your parcel."

"Containing the notes. So far so good. Yes, you are right, it is the same cigar-case you admired so much in Lockhart's the other day. Well, we have given you an instance of our bona-fides. But £250 is of no use to you at present. Beckstein's people would not accept it on account—they can make far more money by 'selling you up,' as the poetic phrase goes. It is in your hands to procure the other £750 before you sleep. You can take it as a gift, or, if you are too proud for that, you may regard it as a loan. In which case you can bestow the money on such charities as commend themselves to you. Now are you going to place yourself entirely in my hands?"

Steel hesitated no longer. Under the circumstances few men would, as he had a definite assurance that there was nothing dishonorable to be done. A little courage, a little danger, perhaps, and he could hold up his head before the world; he could return to his desk to-morrow with the passion flowers over his head and the scent groves sweet to his nostrils. And the matter could dream happily, for there would be no sadness or sorrow in the morning.

"I will do exactly what you tell me," he said.

"Spoken like a man," the voice cried. "Nobody will know you have left the house—you can be home in an hour. You will not be missed. Come, time is getting short and I have my risks as well as others. Go at once to Old Steine. Stand on the path close under the shadow of the statue of George IV. and wait there. Somebody will say 'Come,' and you will follow. Good-night."

Steel would have said more, but the tinkle of his own bell told him that the stranger had rung off. He laid his cigar-case on the writing-table, slipped his cigarette-case into his pocket, satisfied himself that he had his latch-key, and put on a dark overcoat. Overhead the dear old mater was sleeping peacefully. He closed the front door carefully behind him and strode resolutely into the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

David walked swiftly along, his mind in a perfect whirl. Now that once he had started he was eager to see the adventure through. It was strange, but stranger things had happened. More than one correspondent with queer personal experiences had taught him that. Nor was Steel in the least afraid. He was horribly frightened of disgrace or humiliation, but physical courage he had in a high degree. And was he not going to save his home and his good name?

David had not the least doubt on the latter score. Of course he would do nothing wrong, neither would he keep the money. This he preferred to regard as a loan—a loan to be paid off before long. At any rate, money or no money he would have been sorry to have abandoned the adventure now.

His spirits rose as he walked along a great weight had fallen from his shoulders. He smiled as he thought of his mother peacefully sleeping at home. What would his mother think if she knew? But, then, nobody was to know. That had been expressly settled in the bond.

Save for an occasional policeman the streets were deserted. It was a little cold and raw for the time of year, and a fog like a pink blanket was creeping in from the sea. Down in the Steine the big arc-lights gleamed here and there like nebulous blue globes; it was hardly possible to see across the road. In

great difficulty that Steel could make out a number here and there. As he walked slowly and hesitatingly along the cycle bell drummed impatiently ahead of him.

"A hint to me," David muttered. "Stupid that I should have forgotten the directions to read the number over the fanlight. Also it is logical to suppose that I am going to find lights at No. 218. All right my friend; no need to swear at me with that bell of yours."

He quickened his pace again and finally stopped before one of the big houses where lights were gleaming from the hall and dining-room windows. They were electric lights by their great power, and, save for the hall and dining-room, the rest of the house lay in utter darkness. The cycle bell let off an approving staccato from behind the blanket fog as Steel pulled up.

There was nothing abnormal about the house, nothing that struck the adventurer's eye beyond the extraordinary vividness of the crimson blind. The two side-windows of the big bay were evidently shuttered, but the large centre gleamed like a flood of scarlet overlaid with a silken sheep. Far across the pavement the ruby track struck into the heart of the fog.

"Vivid note," Steel murmured. "I shall remember that impression."

He was destined never to forget it, but it was only one note in the gamut of adventure now. With a firm step he walked up the marble flight and turned the handle. It felt dirty and rusty to the touch. Evidently the servants were neglectful, or they were employed by people who had small regard for outward appearances.

The door opened noiselessly, and Steel closed it behind him. A Moorish lantern cast a brilliant flood of light upon a crimson carpet, a chair, and an empty oak umbrella stand. Beyond this there was no atom of furniture in the hall. It was impossible to see beyond the dining-room door, for a heavy red velvet curtain was drawn across. David's first impression was the amazing stillness of the place. It gave him a queer feeling that a murder had been committed there, and that everybody had fled, leaving the corpse behind. As David coughed away the lump in his throat the cough sounded strangely hollow.

He passed into the dining-room and looked eagerly about him. The room was handsomely furnished, if a little conventional—a big mahogany table in the centre, rows of mahogany chairs upholstered in morocco, fine modern prints, most of them artists' proofs, on the walls. A big marble clock, flanked by a pair of vases, stood on the mantelshelf. There were a large number of blue vases on the sideboard. The red distemper had faded to a pale pink in places.

"Tottenham Court Road," Steel smiled to himself. "Modern, solid, expensive, but decidedly inartistic. Ginger jars, fourteen guineas a pair, worth about as many pence. Moneyed people, solid and respectable, of the middle class. What brings them playing at mystery like this?"

The room was most brilliantly lighted both from overhead and from the walls. On the shining desert of the dining-table lay a small, flat parcel addressed to David Steel, Esq. The novelist tore off the cover and disclosed a heap of crackling white papers beneath. Rapidly he fluttered the crisp sheets over—seventy Bank of England notes for £10 each.

It was the balance of the loan, the price paid for Steel's presence. All he had to do now was to place the money in his pocket and walk out of the house. A few steps and he would be free with nobody to say him nay. It was a temptation, but Steel fought it down. He slipped the precious notes into his pocket and buttoned his coat tightly over them. He had no fear for the coming day now.

"And yet," he murmured, "what of the price I shall have to pay for this?"

(To be Continued.)

gust the Jolly Farmer is a delusion and a snare, being merely a hollow frame work target, with every kind of mechanical appliance

FOR REGISTERING HITS.

Sometimes the Jolly Farmer may be defeated by a small body of real troops, so that it is marvellous that no accidents occur.

All these somewhat theatrical "properties" represent very vividly and accurately the conditions of modern warfare, and are vastly different from the old advances in thick clustered formation and the rigid and pedantic laws that prevailed in the armies of the world until only quite a few years ago. Now observe the files of soldiers advancing to attack the big cut steel "Guardsmen." They deploy in the thinnest of thin lines, throw themselves into the brushwood and open fire upon their ten-foot-high enemy, relying upon signallers to tell them the effect.

A sweeping fire is also opened upon the supposed approaching cavalry, while alleged occupants of the Jolly Farmer farmhouse are given the hottest of hot times. Meanwhile behind the infantry the field artillery opens upon the enemy's guns, so that in an hour or two these are very effectually "silenced." One has indeed seen these dummy cannons so silenced that there was nothing left of them but a few splinters of fire-wood.

In these very interesting and realistic manoeuvres there are a number of mounted officers circling around the battlefield, observing effects and giving directions and instructions. Usually with theatrical properties of this kind ball cartridges may be used and filled shell in the artillery, an immense advantage over manoeuvring with live enemies, when the gloves have to be on, so to speak, and it is practically impossible to tell the real hitting effect.

A DANGEROUS CONTRACT.

A man 6ft. high, with the side of his head wrapped in flannel, went into a dentist's consulting-room the other day and sank wearily into a chair. In response to the dentist's "What can I do for you?" the large man said:—

"I have a toothache that is breaking my heart, and I think that I ought to have a tooth drawn; but, you see, I haven't been to a dentist since I was a boy and I want to ask you a few questions before you go to work."

"I want to know whether to prop a man's jaws apart with an iron wedge, and then tell him to look pleasant, please."

"Certainly we don't."

"I want to know whether you fasten one hand in the victim's hair and brace a knee against his throat, and then draw his tooth as though you were pulling the cork from a beer-bottle with a corkscrew."

"Why, that would be murder. You feel no pain at all."

"That's what the dentist told me when I was a boy. I want to know whether you use a jemmy to draw a tooth when the pincers fail, and also whether you will replace, free of charge, any sections of the jaw that may be removed during the operation."

"We won't hurt you at all."

"Then you may go ahead; but I have a friend at the foot of the stairway. He is a larger man than I am, and he can punch a hole through a street door with his fist; and if I yell once he is coming up here eight steps at a time to knock down the ceiling with you. Do you want to go ahead?"

"I am afraid not. You had better go up the street to the veterinary surgeon."

The earrings worn by Italian organ-grinding women indicate the part of Italy the wearers come from. The longer the earrings the farther south the original homes of the women. In the far north the ornaments are quite short.

a small quantity of boiling water, and steam until the rice is white and dry occasionally stirring lightly with a fork. The grains should be full and soft, and each one retain its form though twice its original size.

Potato Patties.—Take as many large, well shaped potatoes as it is intended there should be patties, wash well and bake them. Take them out before they are quite done enough, so that the skin may not be injured, carefully cut off the top, and scoop out the inside with a spoon. Mix with the floury part two or three spoonfuls of thick cream, a little piece of butter, and a pinch of salt, together with sugar, the yolks and whites of two or three eggs, beaten and added separately. Put this mixture into the hollow potatoes, place them upright side by side in a buttered dish, and bake them in a hot oven. If liked savory instead of potatoes, patties can be made by mixing with the potato flour a little pounded veal and ham, cream, salt, lemon-peel, grated nutmeg, and washroom catsup, added in suitable proportions. Time to bake, twelve to fifteen minutes. When meat is used, cook them a little longer.

HINTS FOR WIVES.

Don't make the evening repast a confessional for household troubles. Your husband has troubles of his own. You may be one of them.

Don't be the last to acknowledge his merits. Men love flattery as women do flattery.

Don't put him on the fire escape to smoke. Suppose the draperies do get full of the fumes. Some day you may hunger for the smell of them.

Don't wear a chip on your shoulder. An ounce of forgiveness is worth a pound of pride. Give it. You can have your way when he is not looking.

Don't be ashamed to proclaim your love for him. Tell him often, and demand a response. It gives something to think about.

Don't antagonize his men friends. They may be better than they look.

Don't travel wide apart, or the chains will cut. The only way not to feel them is to keep close together.

Don't cook unless you know how. When his digestion goes, reform administration is dead.

Don't ask him for money; make him offer it. You know the way. If you do not, you should. Something in a man's constitutional make-up rebels when he is asked to part with his money. Men shirk the things that are expected of them; but they will give freely of time, money, and labor when accredited with not only the thing done, but the impulse that prompts it. Men are generous enough, but they like large portions of glory.

Be prudent and as thrifty as you can. Men are attracted by ethereal means, but held by material methods. Wise economy, however, requires great tact. There is no economy in that course which leaves your linens limp, your personality shoddy, or your home conducted on poor-house rations.

Don't listen to outside criticism, whether of friends or relatives-in-law.

Don't condemn these rules the first time they fail. They are good. The only question is, are we good enough to persevere with them until we get results?

THE FLOORS IN SUMMER.

Bare floors are preferable to carpet for the kitchen during the summer months, for they are easier to keep clean. It is a positive rest to one's eyes to see a room without the dust catchers, once considered so ornamental, with only the necessary furniture and bare floors. Keep out the flies with screens, and let the air and sunshine in. Paint or oil the floors, or if they are too rough to look well uncovered, get oil cloth or linoleum, but do not buy a woolen carpet for the dining room. A few minutes' work every few

days will suffice to keep them clean and free from dust. Neither linoleum or oilcloth should be scrubbed with a brush or mopped with hot water. Heat the water until lukewarm and dissolve enough Gold Dust in it to make a good suds. Now wash the oilcloth, changing the water frequently as it grows dark. Nothing causes it to grow dull and grimy so quickly as washing with insufficient or dirty water. Mop a small place, then rinse with clear water, and wipe dry. Proceed in this way until the floor is clean. Oiled or painted floors are treated in the same way.

TO CLEAN PAINT.

Tea leaves may be saved from the table for a few days, and when sufficient are collected steep, not boil, them for half an hour in a tin pan. Strain the tea off through a sieve and use this tea to wash all varnished paint. It removes spots and gives a fresher, newer appearance than when soap and water is used. For white paint, take up a small quantity of whiting on a damp piece of old white flannel and rub over the surface lightly and it will leave the paint remarkably fresh and new.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

Jules Verne, the great French novelist, had a peculiar hobby as a small boy. This was to construct nests at the top of high trees and spend whole days in them.

The Czar is one of the most nervous of men, and carries his horror of facing a camera to almost as great a length as Abdul Hamid, who keeps his portrait under lock and key, and will on no account allow it to be published in his dominions. Curiously enough, it is only when he is required alone that the Czar dislikes being photographed; in a group he is quite happy.

The late Sir H. M. Stanley used to relate the following story. One day while he was conversing with a friendly tribe during their travels, one of the chiefs present inquired how many wives he possessed. Upon Stanley replying that he had none, all those present, stood up like one man and unanimously exclaimed, "What a splendid liar!" They intensely admired the apparent calmness with which he had, as they thought, tried to pass off on them a ponderous traveller's tale.

Sir Henry Thompson, who was equally famous as an author, an artist, and a surgeon, was once staying at a country house with another surgeon of great fame, and somehow the talk turned on the number of letters that each received. When the post arrived only one or two letters came for Sir Henry, while his friend received an imposing batch. "Yes," said Sir Henry, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I see yours are all in black-edged envelopes!"

Elizabeth, the poet of Queen of Roumania, better known to the reading world as Carmen Sylva, has a dislike for electric lights, and opposed their use in her apartments until quite recently. Her boudoir was lighted by crystal flowers, in the heart of which gleamed pale-colored lights. The palace is filled with panel pictures and verses, all written by the Queen or painted by one of her gifted Court ladies. The dining-hall is ornamented with tall panels illustrating the principal incidents in Carmen Sylva's novels, romances, and poems. The Queen strictly forbids the wearing of black or dark dresses at her table. She prefers a uniform to conventional evening dress, and does not shrink from any fancy dress if it is gay and pretty.

Lady Lugard, whose paper on West African negroes excited so much interest at the Royal Colonial Institute, enjoys the honor of being one of the only three ladies who have

THE USE OF GOOD OFFICES

GREAT NATIONS AS PEACE MAKERS.

But Mediation Sometimes Leads to Hostilities Between Powers.

Although most nations are supposed to be perpetually engaged in making mischief between other States, they are generally sorry when it comes to a case of actual war. Our Government appears to have done its best to prevent the war between Japan and Russia, and the great friendship that has suddenly sprung up between England and France is partly due to their desire to become peacemakers as soon as the opportune moment arrives.

International law recognizes several kinds of interference in the conflicts of nations. The first stage is the offer of "good offices." The United States was anxious to use its good offices to stop the Boer War, but Lord Salisbury politely declined them.

Mediation is the second degree; but before it can come into play, both combatants must be willing to accept it. Obviously, so long as either combatant sees a reasonable prospect of victory, he does not want mediation. Only when both are exhausted, have lost many men, and are on the verge of national bankruptcy, is mediation welcomed.

There is a third form of peace-making called "intervention"—that is, by the use of force, or the threat to use it. And with regard to this a great writer on international law says that "intervention to secure peace has frequently been the cause of

THE BLOODIEST WARS.

History contains innumerable examples of the use of good offices, mediation, and intervention. But in 1823 there was a case of real good offices, when England tried to mediate between France and Spain. This was not backed by force, and so it failed.

Greece appealed to England in 1826 to obtain their reconciliation with the Ottoman Porte. England talked the matter over with Russia, and both Powers agreed to propose to the Porte certain terms of settlement if, as the official document politely says, "that Government should accept the proffered mediation." But the mediation was accompanied by such threats that the Sultan, although he gave in, must have regarded it as an example of anything but good offices.

As showing how mediation sometimes leads to hostilities we have the case of the civil war in Portugal in 1847. England and Spain tried to mediate, and induced the Queen to offer very good terms to the revolutionists. But latter rejected them, and then England and Spain, with France, helped the Queen with naval and military forces.

In 1876, when the Servians and Montenegrins rose against Turkey, England was anxious to make peace. Lord Derby therefore hinted to King Milan that if he made an application for the good offices of the Powers it would be favorably received by England. Serbia made the application, and England induced the Powers to intervene. But they were all very soon

AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

First, Turkey was asked for an armistice of not less than a month. She refused this, but agreed to suspend hostilities for a week. Serbia would not accept anything less than a month's armistice, and went on fighting. Russia then proposed that if Turkey would not agree Bulgaria and Bosnia should be occupied, and the fleets of the Powers should enter the Bosphorus. England would not agree to this.

A little later Turkey proposed a

KING EDWARD'S CIRCLE

HE DELIGHTS IN FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE.

Loyal to His Chums, But Never Allows Political Affairs to Intervene.

It is often remarked that the King has outlived almost all the intimate friends of his youth and early middle age, writes a London correspondent.

It is true that the joyous coterie identified with Marlborough House a quarter of a century ago. Lord Carrington, Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Henry Chaplin are the only names which occur in public journals.

Lord Blandford (afterwards Duke of Marlborough), Lord Aylesford ("Joe"), Lord Dupplin ("Duppy"), Lord Clonmell ("Earlie"), the Comte de Saint Priest, Count Jaracawski ("Sherry Whiskey"), Colonel Oliver Montagu, Mr. Harry Tyrwhitt Wilson, Mr. Augustus Savile, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Mr. Andrew Cockerell and others have all paid the great debt of nature.

Yet none of the men whose names are quoted reached the Psalmist's limit of life. Many of them were the juniors of their august companion.

Not one of this entourage was endowed with the wonderful constitution which has enabled the King to resist not only the demands which his exalted rank and station have continuously made upon him, but also the dangers of two serious illnesses.

To His Majesty's credit must also be placed his great activity of brain and body, an abstemiousness in the way of "strong waters" which can almost be classed as "em-tetotalism," and an ability to undergo great fatigue without any depression of spirits.

These pre-eminently healthy habits are in a great degree the reason why the King can be adduced to-day as an admirable example of the "survival of the fittest."

PLEASURE IN SOCIETY.

But while the then heir-apparent took keen pleasure in the vivacious society which naturally formed around him, he did not neglect the culture of statesmen and men of learning. Such were, of course, mostly his seniors in age, and many of them are now but landmarks of a past era, though Lord Spencer, Lord Cadogan, Lord Redesdale and Lord Rosebery are still in the full vigor of years.

The entire absence of any sort of political bias was not the least admirable quality shown by Albert Edward Prince of Wales, during his forty years of public life before his accession to the throne. He was a frequent visitor at Hatfield and Harwarden, and when Queen Victoria showed, not unreasonably perhaps, marked signs of favor towards the Tory minister, the versatility of character which marked the "Grand Old Man" appealed very strongly to the sympathies of the heir-apparent.

His relations with Lord Granville and Lord Spencer were as cordial and constant as those with Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Idlesleigh, while his unswerving regard for the Duke of Devonshire has been wholly unaffected by party vicissitudes.

But although the Prince never allowed himself to criticize publicly the action of the government of the day, he would never suffer his personal friendships to be overshadowed by any political eclipse.

When that great South African proconsul, Sir Bartle Frere, was recalled by the Radical party in 1880 the first greeting which he received on landing in England was a gracious summons to Abergeldie Castle, the Highland home of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

During the years of physical suffering and political neglect which en-

A Girl's Caprice

CHAPTER XVI.—Concl.

Meanwhile Diana and her husband, in the morning-room, are discussing the late turn of affairs with great spirit.

"It is the most fortunate thing that could have happened for Hilary, anyway," says Jim.

"Yes. I always felt—I always knew her engagement with him would come to nothing."

"So did I," with disgust. "And after all it was a most confounded will!"

"You see, Hilary is not the sort of girl to marry without love."

"I think any girl who could do it—"

"Oh, Jim, but I really think you rather advised her to do it at first."

"Not I. It was you who advised her. In my opinion the girl who could bring herself to marry a man simply for money's sake ought to get the sack—"

"My dear Jim! how dreadfully vulgar! That is what the servants say when—well—when one gives them warning—the sack, you know!"

"And the bowstring, I was about to add, when—with dignity—"I was interrupted. Really, Diana, the head of the house ought sometimes to be shown the consideration that—"

"Oh, bother!" says Diana, most irreverently. "Let us talk about Hilary. Do you know, Jim, I am even now rather sorry that she won't marry Mr. Ker."

"Of course. She would be twice as well off then as she is at present. Women are never satisfied."

"And this from you!" says Diana, tragically. "But look here, Jim. I really think only for Mrs. Dyson-Moore she might have married him."

"You think she liked him then?"

"Well, I don't know. But that woman spoiled it all, however it was. She kept him away from Hilary to-day. There is no doubt about that. And at the McIntyres' dance you must have noticed how she flirted with him."

"She'd flirt with a broomstick."

"Nobody would mind a broomstick. The thing is that Hilary objected to her flirting with Mr. Ker."

"I think the question is whether Ker objected!"

"Nonsense. I'm sure—I'm positive that Fred is all he ought to be!"

"Then the sooner we buy him a pedestal at the public expense, and place him on it, the sooner we shall be doing a public duty. All he ought to be! Diana! how many times have you told me I was nothing I ought to be! And that familiar appellation, Fred! I object to it."

"Oh, Jim, dearest, I wish you would be serious, if only for five minutes. Somehow, I had set my heart on this marriage; and now, because of this odious Mrs. Dyson-Moore, it is all over. She has made some mischief—"

"She's sure to be in it where mischief is brewing," says Clifford, with conviction. "Anyway, it is all over now, and I, for one, am perfectly certain Hilary wouldn't have looked at him. Girls are such fools!"

"Well," sighing, "perhaps so. She certainly treated him very capably."

"Don't make yourself miserable over it, Di. From all I saw I think they hated each other."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so."

"They'd have led a most awful life!"

"It would have killed darling Hilary!"

"Or Ker! Man—brute as he is—has been known to die of ill-treatment. To my thinking, they are both well out of it!"

"Yes; it would never have done."

At this moment the door is push-

the wearing of black or dark dresses at her table. She prefers a uniform to conventional evening dress, and does not shrink from any fancy dress if it is gay and pretty.

Lady Lugard, whose paper on West African negroland excited so much interest at the Royal Colonial Institute, enjoys the honor of being one of the only three ladies who have ever lectured before that body. Once and once only on her many adventurous jaunts did this daring lady's nerves give way. This was at a pause in her transit of Africa when she arrived at an "hotel" hot, dusty and worn-out, and found that she had to be the victim of a public reception. She called for hot water to make herself presentable, and after a long wait it was brought to her. She looked at it, collapsed on to the bed, and cried. It was the water in which the fish had just been boiled. It was all they had, and even at that it was only given to her as a concession to her fame and sex.

Queen Alexandra is devotedly fond of dogs, and has all sorts, sizes, and breeds. She possesses great skill in training them, and the pets which she has about her are all capable of wonderful tricks. But there was one dog upon which Her Majesty confesses that in vain she used to cast longing eyes. It was a famous performing dog named Mimos, and it was the rage as a society entertainer. Invitation cards at great London houses used to bear the strange announcement, "To meet the dog Mimos." The following story of this remarkable creature is often told by Her Majesty. Upon one occasion, when hidden to carry a handkerchief to the most beautiful lady in the room, the rascally courtier sprang up to Queen Victoria and laid it at her feet. Her Majesty laughed merrily, flicked the dog in the face with her own handkerchief, and bade him do his duty honestly. Thereupon the dog picked up his handkerchief and in great humility approached our present Queen, lay down, and placed the handkerchief before her.

STRANGE OLD SHIP.

Attempt to Identify Frigate Found at Bottom of Channel.

More interesting discoveries have been made on the ancient frigate which has been found during dredging operations off Havre jetty. The old ship is in a wonderful state of preservation, owing to having been protected from the action of the sea by the sand and shingles, in which it is buried to a depth of eighteen feet.

The divers have had to exercise great care in exploring the interior of the vessel, as the tangled mass of woodwork was likely to cut the air-tubes or make them taut.

Two old bombards or cannons with mouths, have been brought to the surface. One is still loaded, and the cannon-balls can be seen a few inches within the barrel. In the other cannon a huge conger eel has taken up its residence.

Two flint-lock muskets tightly cemented together were also found, and both of them were loaded.

A search among local records shows that during the bombardment of Havre by the Anglo-Dutch fleet in 1759 a small English vessel armed with two bombards was sunk by the fire from the French forts.

Speculation is rife as to whether the sunken vessel is the English ship of war that was sunk during that engagement, or whether it was a vessel belonging to the French fleet.

DRESSED WITH BURNT STRAW.

At a cost of twenty-five cents Japanese doctors can dress the wounds of 500 men. They use a finely-powdered charcoal obtained by the slow combustion of straw in closed furnaces. Sachets filled with it are applied to the wounds, and its anti-septic and absorbent qualities generally effect a rapid cure.

hostilities for a week. Servia would not accept anything less than a month's armistice, and went on fighting. Russia then proposed that if Turkey would not agree Bulgaria and Bosnia should be occupied, and the fleets of the Powers should enter the Bosphorus. England would not agree to this.

A little later Turkey proposed a six months' armistice. England and France agreed, but Russia and Italy thought six months too long, and Germany proposed six weeks instead. Turkey agreed to this, and then there was a conference of the Powers, which made recommendations to Turkey. Turkey would not carry them out. Servia, after making peace on her own account, started fighting again, and in April, 1877, Russia declared war. Then Turkey appealed to the Powers to mediate. England reproached Russia with breaking the Treaty of Paris, and finally the Powers avoided a general set-to only by the skin of their teeth.

IN JAPANESE SCHOOLS.

How Well the English Language is Taught.

The London Daily News prints the following letter from a seventeen-year-old pupil in a Japanese school, sent to an English correspondent. It shows how well the English is taught in Japan.

"My dear unknown friend"—
"I am very glad to have the opportunity of corresponding with one who lives in England. Still, I think it is a very good idea, and by its means I hope to make a true friend in England."

"I will tell you something about myself and our country. I am 17 years old and attending the Kakegawa Middle school, being a student in the fifth year class. Though I live in Kakegawa, my native province is Harima, not far from the famous port of Kobe. Have you a Japanese map? You will find it at once."

After describing the school organization, Taro mentions the subjects he is learning in his class. They are ethics, physics, economy, law, Japanese history and the history of the world, solid geometry, physical geometry, trigonometry, Chinese classics, rhetoric, drawing, composition and English. Seven hours a week are given to English, and Taro's beautiful copperplate writing and excellent idiomatic sentences show how well the time is used.

"Early in the morning we get up to change our clothes to jacket. And then, wearing shoes and gator, we go to school. School begins at 7 a.m., and ends at noon or 2 p.m."

We play on 'Judo' (Japanese boxing), Japanese fencing, football, boat race and lawn tennis. Some of boys are playing a baseball, but I don't like it. We have many excursions in the year, one or two speech meetings a term. Do you know about athletic sport of Judo? To speak plainly, our school boys do not play active like you. What do you like best? I am very fond of science and journey best.

In writing and painting we use a writing brush called 'Fude,' beside pen or pencil. This writing brush is our original one, so that before the Restoration of 1867 were few persons who use pen or pencil for writing. Now pen or pencil are chiefly used at school."

Then he goes on to tell how Japan is "fighting with Russia for the sake of justice." "All the world disdains her in her barbarous task."

"England is one of the countries which has the warmest sympathy for Japan. With sincere heart we give a thousand thanks to you, Englishmen. It is our earnest hope that this feeling may strengthen steadily."

Neighborly sympathy, as a rule, turns out to be about nine-tenths curiosity.

proconsul, Sir Bartle Frere, was recalled by the Radical party in 1880 the first greeting which he received on landing in England was a gracious summons to Abergeildie Castle, the Highland home of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

During the years of physical suffering and political neglect which ensued for Sir Bartle the attentions of his royal master never varied, and when the tardy honors of a public funeral at St. Paul's Cathedral were accorded him, the Prince insisted that all the noblemen and gentlemen who had been associated with his tour in India should pay the last tribute of respect.

SPIRIT OF LOYALTY.

Yet all this time relations between Marlborough House and Downing-street were of the most cordial character, and no member of the government then or at any other time could complain of any indifference or hostility from this exalted quarter.

This spirit of loyalty and staunchness which King Edward has always shown to others is not perhaps the least of the claims which he is entitled to-day to exercise on the loyalty of his subjects.

There are even those who from misfortune or other and graver causes are no longer in personal contact with the Sovereign to whom kindly messages are sent testifying that former ties if necessarily loosened are by no means broken.

The many visits which the King has paid to almost every country in Europe and the cordial welcome he has always extended to distinguished foreigners have necessitated acquaintances of various racial characteristics, and our Sovereign's consummate knowledge of European politics is due in great measure to the international friendships he has formed and kept up by interchange of hospitalities or regular correspondence.

Nor has the King confined himself to any special social tratum or profession in the foreign conversations he has enjoyed.

In France, for instance, the Duc d'Aumale, M. Gambetta, General Gallifet, the Duc de Mouchy, the Marquis de Breteuil and M. Delasse represent such varying political and social types that it is possible to suggest King Edward stands alone in being able to claim each of them as personal friends.

GENUINE WORKERS.

The same desire to learn and to use to the highest advantage the best individual qualities a man may possess has influenced the King in the intimate friendships he has sought and found among the genuine workers in every profession.

Sir Harry Keppel, Sir George Higginson, Sir William Gull, Sir Charles Hall, Sir George Lewis, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Charles Haile, Sir John Millais, never had a truer friend or a warmer advocate for their advancement than the exalted personage who interested himself in every detail of their work, and who never turned a deaf ear to any suggestion they might make for the advancement of their art or profession.

Of the divines of the church who have exercised any considerable influence on the present "Defender of the Faith" it is probable that Dean Stanley would stand foremost; but here again it is safe to assert that no sincerely religious movement or unaffectedly pious person has ever failed to find the heartiest encouragement and incentive at the hands of a ruler whose deep and sincere reverence for sacred things is a marked feature and one that cannot be too widely known.

It is impossible to place the Sovereign in the large category of those persons who can be judged by the friends who surround them, but it is certainly true that the wise deeds which have marked the present reign and the intense popularity of the monarch are due in great measure to his having gained his knowledge and experience of men at first hand.

life!"
"It would have killed darling Hilary!"
"Or Ker! Man—brute as he is—has been known to die of ill-treatment. To my thinking, they are both well out of it!"
"Yes; it would never have done."
At this moment the door is pushed slowly open, and Hilary's charming head appears. Another head is looking in over hers. It is Ker's.
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford grow paralyzed.

"Di—may we come in?" Hilary's voice is shy—her face is one soft, sweet blush. "I—we," with a charming glance behind, "want to tell you—that—"

"That we are going to be married," says Ker, in the frankest, clearest way.

"Oh," says Diana, a little faintly—then she conquers her weakness, and suddenly finds herself embracing Hilary with extreme warmth.

"I am glad," says she, giving her hands to Ker, who, however, appears dissatisfied with them, as he stoops and kisses her cheek. "And so is Jim. We always desired this delightful solution of the difficulty—and now, when there is no difficulty, it is all the more delightful. In fact, Jim and I were just now saying—"

She catches Jim's eye, and breaks down ignominiously. What had they just been saying?

"Yes, it is a great surprise. No wonder Diana is overwhelmed," says Jim. "She was about to say we were just dwelling on—the—she pauses ominously, and Diana's knees grow weak, 'on the happiness that would be yours if you made up your minds to spend your lives together.' His tone is sweetness and light itself."

"Dear old Jim!" says Hilary, affectionately. She has not seen that Diana is growing apoplectic. Presently she carries away her new possession with her for a stroll through the garden, and Diana and Jim remain once more face to face and alone.

"Who'd have thought it?" says Diana solemnly. "But, after all, I'm sure they will be happy! Hilary is such a darling, and he seems so delightful, so kind; frank, I call him!"

"Frank! Nonsense, Diana. It isn't five minutes ago since you called him Fred!"

At this they both give way to subdued but uncontrollable laughter. It was such a relief.

(The End.)

JAP DWARF TREES.

Some of the Methods by Which They are Obtained.

This curious modification of natural growth dates far back. We read that in 1826 Professor Meylan saw a box, one inch square and three inches high, in which were growing a fir, a bamboo and a tint plum tree thick with blossom.

The Swedish botanist and traveller, Carl Thunberg, in 1807, described a number of these abnormal growths, and told of the pride with which Japanese garden experts produced dwarf trees for practical purposes, as well as those weird, little midgets which excite wonder. He saw, for instance, orange trees six inches high, which bore fruit the size of a cherry, "and yet sweet and palatable."

The secret of their system is based upon such well-known principles as the retardation of the flow of sap; the selection of the smallest seeds, gathered from the smallest trees; a minimum supply of water; and the nipping out of leaders, and the checking of tap-roots and of all vigorous shoots. They take for their purpose trees which retain vitality under most adverse conditions. The Chinese are their sole rivals in this eccentric art.

Misery is about the only real enjoyment a pessimist has.

The Price of Liberty

OR, A MIDNIGHT CALL

CHAPTER I.

David Steel dropped his eyes from the mirror and shuddered as a man who sees his own soul bared for the first time. And yet the mirror was in itself a thing of artistic beauty—engraved Florentine glass in a frame of deep old Flemish oak. The novelist had purchased it in Bruges, and now it stood as a joy and a thing of beauty against the full red wall over the fireplace. And Steel had glanced at himself therein and seen murder in his eyes.

He dropped into a chair with a groan for his own helplessness. Men have done that kind of thing before when the cartridges are all gone and the bayonets are twisted and broken and the brown waves of the foe come spurring over the breastworks. And then they die doggedly with the stones in their hands, and cursing the tardy supports that brought this black shame upon them.

But Steel's was ruin of another kind. The man was a fighter to his fingertips. He had dogged determination and splendid physical courage; he had gradually thrust his way into the front rank of living novelists, though the taste of poverty was still bitter in his mouth. And how good success was now that it had come!

People envied him. Well, that was all in the sweets of the victory. They praised his blue china, they lingered before his Oriental dishes and the choice pictures on the panelled walls. The whole thing was still a constant pleasure to Steel's artistic mind. The dark walls, the old oak and silver, the red shades, and the high, artistic fittings soothed him and pleased him, and played upon his tender imagination. And behind there was a study, filled with books and engravings, and beyond that again a conservatory, filled with the choicest blossoms. Steel could work with the passion flowers above his head and the tender grace of the tropical ferns about him, and he could reach his left hand for his telephone and call Fleet Street to his ear.

It was all unique, delightful, the dream of an artistic soul realized. Three years before David Steel had worked in an attic at a bare deal table, and his mother had £3 per week to pay for everything. Usually there was balm in this recollection.

But not to-night. Heaven help him, not to-night! Little grinning demons were dancing on the oak cornices, there were mocking lights gleaming from Cellini tankards that Steel had given far too much money for. It had not seemed to matter just at the time. If all this artistic beauty had emptied Steel's purse there was a golden stream coming. What mattered it that the local tradesmen were getting a little restless? The great expense of the novelist's life was past. In two years he would be rich. And the pathos of the thing was not lessened by the fact that it was true. In two years' time Steel would be well off. He was terribly short of ready money, but he had just finished a serial story for which he was to be paid £500 within two months of the delivery of the copy; two novels of his were respectively in their fourth and fifth editions. But these novels of his he had more or less given away, and he ground his teeth as he

lend him £1,000. He flung himself down in a deep lounge chair and placed the receiver to his ear. By the deep, hoarse, clang of the wires, a long-distance message, assuredly.

"From London, evidently. Halloa, London! Are you there?"

London responded that it was. A clear, soft voice spoke at length.

"Is that you, Mr. Steel? Are you quite alone? Under the circumstances you are not busy to-night?"

Steel started. He had never heard the voice before. It was clear and soft and commanding, and yet there was just a suspicion of mocking irony in it.

"I'm not very busy to-night," Steel replied. "Who is speaking to me?"

"That for the present we need not go into," said the mocking voice. "As certain old-fashioned contemporaries of yours would say, 'We meet as strangers!' Stranger yet, you are quite alone!"

"I am quite alone. Indeed, I am the only one up in the house."

"Good. I have told the exchange people not to ring off till I have finished with you. One advantage of telephoning at this hour is that one is tolerably free from interruption. So your mother is asleep? Have you told her what is likely to happen to you before many hours have elapsed?"

Steel made no reply for a moment. He was restless and ill at ease to-night, and it seemed just possible that his imagination was playing him strange tricks. But no. The Moorish clock in its frame of celebrities droned the quarter after twelve; the scent of the Dijon roses floated in from the conservatory.

"I have told nobody as yet," Steel said, hoarsely. "Who in the name of Heaven are you?"

"That in good time. But I did not think you were a coward."

"No man has ever told me so—face to face."

"Good again. I recognise the fighting ring in your voice. If you lack certain phases of moral courage, you are a man of pluck and resource. Now, somebody who is very dear to me is at present in Brighton, not very far from your own house. She is in dire need of assistance. You also are in dire need of assistance. We can be of mutual advantage to one another."

"What do you mean by that?" Steel whispered. "I want you to help my friend, and in return I will help you. Bear in mind that I am asking you to do nothing wrong. If you will promise me to go to a certain address in Brighton to-night and see my friend, I promise that before you sleep the sum of £1,000 in Bank of England notes shall be in your possession."

No reply came from Steel. He could not have spoken at that moment for the fee-singing of Golconda. He could only hang gasping to the telephone. Many a strange and weird plot came and went in that versatile brain, but never one more wild than this. Apparently no reply was expected, for the speaker resumed:—

"I am asking you to do no wrong. You may naturally desire to know why my friend does not come to you. That must remain my secret, our secret. We are trusting you because we know you to be a gentle-

reigns within this room. Ker is looking out of the window, and Hilary is trifling with a book or two on the table. She has told herself she ought to go, but still—one or two words must be spoken. One should bid even the worst people adieu when one has spent an hour or so with them. One should never be rude.

"What a fortunate turn things have taken," says she, moving the books about a little indiscriminately.

"Very."

He comes back from the window, and faces her from the other side of the table.

"Yes. We are free." Her air is quite as cold as before, yet somehow he knows that there is a change in it, a subtle change.

"Entirely free."

"I'm so glad," says Hilary, with careful dignity. "Because, once having decided that a marriage between us would be madness, I felt that perhaps I was doing you an injustice."

"It is too good of you to trouble yourself so much about me."

"I was troubled myself, too; or, perhaps, I should not have thought so much—about you. You see, my refusal to marry you meant your losing a great deal of money."

"I am not so wedded to money as you seem to imagine."

"I did not accuse you of that. I," indignantly, "only accused you of being willing to marry me without loving me."

"And what did that mean?" He almost laughs at the absurdity of her reasoning. And in truth she has lost herself a little. She makes a petulant movement, and wisely turns the conversation.

"You are going back to India, then?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

"As soon as ever I can," icily. Then, with a sudden touch of anger: "Why do you ask me? Surely you, who have arranged my movements, are the one who must know most about them."

"I?" she looks up. "I to arrange your movements?"

"Yes, you!" He goes up to her and looks her deliberately in the face. "Will you tell me you are not sending me back to India?"

"What are you saying?" says she, with an attempt at hauteur that fails her. To her horror she knows that she is trembling. "Who am I, that I should arrange your movements?"

"That is beside the question; though," with a quick look at her, "I could answer you. Will you tell me that you did not refuse me?"

"Ah! There was nothing to refuse!"

"There was me."

"You, but not your love."

"Both! Both! I swear it. I swear it now, Hilary, with a clear conscience, when there is nothing to prevent your believing it. I love you. There is no girl on earth like you, I think. I love you—speak to me!"

But Hilary cannot speak. She makes a very brave struggle, and then, suddenly, like any silly baby, her hands go up to her eyes and, to her everlasting shame, she knows that she has burst into tears.

Dear and blessed tears. They tell him all things.

Suddenly she feels herself caught in his arms. Her cheek is pressed to his. His love, on fire by reason of these tears, has now declared itself; that love, which he had half derided, has carried him past all control. Like a tide it rushes on, sweeping away all obstacles, dashing straight to the goal of its desires.

Hilary, in the midst of this whirl, loses herself a little. Instinctively she clings to him. From the very first she had felt a certain sympathy with Ker. Now she knows she loves him.

Fanshawe's Flirtation

They all thought he would propose, and were eagerly waiting for events to shape themselves. Stephen Fanshawe certainly seemed devoted to Eldine Grey, and she to him.

"I should love to see Eldine married," Cora Dale remarked; "she deserves to be happy after her very bitter experience."

"Mr. Fanshawe is just the man who'd make her an ideal husband," Susie Cross replied. "What do you think about it, Mr. St. Eve?"

"I prefer not to think about it at all," St. Eve answered.

"How awfully depressing of you!" said Cora, fastening some roses into her belt. "You are evidently not interested in our friend's welfare."

"Jealousy," Susie said softly, kicking Cora's ankles.

Ralph looked impatient and left the two girls to themselves. He was "sick of them," sick of his stay at the Hinton's, wished he'd "never come."

Poor Ralph! He'd known Eldine a good many years—he knew all about her hopeless passion for some young foreigner who had jilted her and gone back quite placidly to his own country. He, too, had loved her—loved her still—and hated to hear her talked about in this fashion.

What did he think about Fanshawe? H'm! Not his style of chap—not nearly good enough for Eldine! What could she see in him? He would frequently separate himself from the house party and wander over the common, where he'd lie on the grass and gaze at the sky.

"I wonder if she really loves him—if so I'm sorry for it. I don't believe he means it; I shouldn't be surprised to hear that he was a married man with a family—you never hear him talk of his people in Australia. Whenever any of us tackle him to tell us what kind of life he leads out there he conveniently changes the subject—why—why?"—Ralph tore up a large clump of grass and flung it away from him.

"Come here, Brunette!" he said almost fiercely to the little black and tan dachshund that accompanied him, and which was frisking about among the gorse. "Poor Eldine, I hope she's not lost her heart again, not to him at all events—not to him. But, the dickens take it, I think these girls are right—I think, they're right!"

He got up from the grass, brushed himself with his hands, buttoned his coat, and walked sharply towards the Manor House.

When he had got half way across the common he saw two figures some distance in front of him—they were a man and a girl—she was dressed in white and held her hat in her right hand. It was Eldine and Fanshawe. He stopped for a few moments to let them get well ahead of him.

Brunette stood looking up into his face as though she knew what was passing through his mind. He stooped to pet her, she licked his hand gave a yelp of delight and ran on before him. Ralph following slowly sadly, wishing a thousand times over that he'd "never come."

Mrs. Hinton, Eldine's aunt, was at needlework in the cosy music-room. Cora Dale had been playing Chopin to her, and Susie was reading a novel in a rocking-chair. Cora closed the pian and sat on a small footstool beside Mrs. Hinton.

The Price of Liberty

OR, A MIDNIGHT CALL

CHAPTER I.

David Steel dropped his eyes from the mirror and shuddered as a man who sees his own soul bared for the first time. And yet the mirror was in itself a thing of artistic beauty—engraved Florentine glass in a frame of deep old Flemish oak. The novelist had purchased it in Bruges, and now it stood as a joy and a thing of beauty against the full red wall over the fireplace. And Steel had glanced at himself therein and seen murder in his eyes.

He dropped into a chair with a groan for his own helplessness. Men have done that kind of thing before when the cartridges are all gone and the bayonets are twisted and broken and the brown waves of the foe come snarling over the breastworks. And then they die doggedly with the stones in their hands, and cursing the tardy supports that brought this black shame upon them.

But Steel's was ruin of another kind. The man was a fighter to his fingertips. He had dogged determination and splendid physical courage; he had gradually thrust his way into the front rank of living novelists, though the taste of poverty was still bitter in his mouth. And how good success was now that it had come!

People envied him. Well, that was all in the sweets of the victory. They praised his blue china, they lingered before his Oriental dishes and the choice pictures on the panelled walls. The whole thing was still a constant pleasure to Steel's artistic mind. The dark walls, the old oak and silver, the red shades, and the high, artistic fittings soothed him and pleased him, and played upon his tender imagination. And behind there was a study, filled with books and engravings, and beyond that again a conservatory, filled with the choicest blossoms. Steel could work with the passion flowers above his head and the tender grace of the tropical ferns about him, and he could reach his left hand for his telephone and call Fleet Street to his ear.

It was all unique, delightful, the dream of an artistic soul realized. Three years before David Steel had worked in an attic at a bare deal table, and his mother had £3 per week to pay for everything. Usually there was balm in this recollection.

But not to-night, Heaven help him, not to-night! Little grinning demons were dancing on the oak cornices, there were mocking lights gleaming from Cellini tankards that Steel had given far too much money for. It had not seemed to matter just at the time. If all this artistic beauty had emptied Steel's purse there was a golden stream coming. What mattered it that the local tradesmen were getting a little restless? The great expense of the novelist's life was past. In two years he would be rich. And the pathos of the thing was not lessened by the fact that it was true. In two years' time Steel would be well off. He was terribly short of ready money, but he had just finished a serial story for which he was to be paid £500 within two months of the delivery of the copy; two novels of his were respectively in their fourth and fifth editions. But these novels of his he had more or less given away, and he ground his teeth as he

lend him £1,000. He flung himself down in a deep lounge chair and placed the receiver to his ear. By the deep, hoarse, clang of the wires, a long-distance message, assuredly.

"From London, evidently. Halloa, London! Are you there?"

London responded that it was. A clear, soft voice spoke at length.

"Is that you, Mr. Steel? Are you quite alone? Under the circumstances you are not busy to-night?"

Steel started. He had never heard the voice before. It was clear and soft and commanding, and yet there was just a suspicion of mocking irony in it.

"I'm not very busy to-night," Steel replied. "Who is speaking to me?"

"That for the present we need not go into," said the mocking voice. "As certain old-fashioned contemporaries of yours would say, 'We meet as strangers!' Stranger yet, you are quite alone!"

"I am quite alone. Indeed, I am the only one up in the house."

"Good. I have told the exchange people not to ring off till I have finished with you. One advantage of telephoning at this hour is that one is tolerably free from interruption. So your mother is asleep? Have you told her what is likely to happen to you before many hours have elapsed?"

Steel made no reply for a moment. He was restless and ill at ease to-night, and it seemed just possible that his imagination was playing him strange tricks. But no. The Moorish clock in its frame of celebrities droned the quarter after twelve; the scent of the Dijon roses floated in from the conservatory.

"I have told nobody as yet," Steel said, hoarsely. "Who in the name of Heaven are you?"

"That in good time. But I did not think you were a coward."

"No man has ever told me so—face to face."

"Good again. I recognise the fighting ring in your voice. If you lack certain phases of moral courage, you are a man of pluck and resource. Now, somebody who is very dear to me is at present in Brighton, not very far from your own house. She is in dire need of assistance. You also are in dire need of assistance. We can be of mutual advantage to one another."

"What do you mean by that?" Steel whispered. "I want you to help my friend, and in return I will help you. Bear in mind that I am asking you to do nothing wrong. If you will promise me to go to a certain address in Brighton to-night and see my friend, I promise that before you sleep the sum of £1,000 in Bank of England notes shall be in your possession."

No reply came from Steel. He could not have spoken at that moment for the fee-simple of Golconda. He could only hang gasping to the telephone. Many a strange and weird plot came and went in that versatile brain, but never one more wild than this. Apparently no reply was expected, for the speaker resumed:—

"I am asking you to do no wrong. You may naturally desire to know why my friend does not come to you. That must remain my secret, our secret. We are trusting you because we know you to be a gentle-

reigns within this room. Ker is looking out of the window, and Hilary is trifling with a book or two on the table. She has told herself she ought to go, but still—one or two words must be spoken. One should bid even the worst people adieu when one has spent an hour or so with them. One should never be rude.

"What a fortunate turn things have taken," says she, moving the books about a little indiscriminately.

"Very."

He comes back from the window, and faces her from the other side of the table.

"Yes. We are free." Her air is quite as cold as before, yet somehow he knows that there is a change in it, a subtle change.

"Entirely free."

"I'm so glad," says Hilary, with careful dignity. "Because, once having decided that a marriage between us would be madness, I felt that perhaps I was doing you an injustice."

"It is too good of you to trouble yourself so much about me."

"I was troubled myself, too; or, perhaps, I should not have thought so much—about you. You see, my refusal to marry you meant your losing a great deal of money."

"I am not so wedded to money as you seem to imagine."

"I did not accuse you of that. I, indignantly, 'only accused you of being willing to marry me without loving me.'"

"And what did that mean?" He almost laughs at the absurdity of her reasoning. And in truth she has lost herself a little. She makes a petulant movement, and wisely turns the conversation.

"You are going back to India, then?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

"As soon as ever I can," icily. Then, with a sudden touch of anger: "Why do you ask me? Surely you, who have arranged my movements, are the one who must know most about them."

"I?" she looks up. "I to arrange your movements?"

"Yes, you!" He goes up to her and looks her deliberately in the face. "Will you tell me you are not sending me back to India?"

"What are you saying?" says she, with an attempt at hauteur that fails her. To her horror she knows that she is trembling. "Who am I, that I should arrange your movements?"

"That is beside the question; though," with a quick look at her, "I could answer you. Will you tell me that you did not refuse me?"

"Ah! There was nothing to refuse!"

"There was me."

"You, but not your love."

"Both! Both! I swear it. I swear it now, Hilary, with a clear conscience, when there is nothing to prevent your believing it. I love you. There is no girl on earth like you, I think. I love you—speak to me!"

But Hilary cannot speak. She makes a very brave struggle, and then, suddenly, like any silly baby, her hands go up to her eyes and, to her everlasting shame, she knows that she has burst into tears.

Dear and blessed tears. They tell him all things.

Suddenly she feels herself caught in his arms. Her cheek is pressed to his. His love, on fire by reason of these tears, has now declared itself; that love, which he had half derided, has carried him past all control. Like a tide it rushes on, sweeping away all obstacles, dashing straight to the goal of its desires.

Hilary, in the midst of this whirl, loses herself a little. Instinctively she clings to him. From the very first she had felt a certain sympathy with Ker. Now she knows she loves him.

Fanshawe's Flirtation

They all thought he would propose, and were eagerly waiting for events to shape themselves. Stephen Fanshawe certainly seemed devoted to Eldine Grey, and she to him.

"I should love to see Eldine married," Cora Dale remarked; "she deserves to be happy after her very bitter experience."

"Mr. Fanshawe is just the man who'd make her an ideal husband," Susie Cross replied. "What do you think about it, Mr. St. Eve?"

"I prefer not to think about it at all," St. Eve answered.

"How awfully depressing of you!" said Cora, fastening some roses into her belt. "You are evidently not interested in our friend's welfare."

"Jealousy," Susie said softly, kicking Cora's ankles.

Ralph looked impatient and left the two girls to themselves. He was "sick of them," sick of his stay at the Hinton's, wished he'd "never come."

Poor Ralph! He'd known Eldine a good many years—he knew all about her hopeless passion for some young foreigner who had jilted her and gone back quite placidly to his own country. He, too, had loved her—loved her still—and hated to hear her talked about in this fashion.

What did he think about Fanshawe? H'm! Not his style of chap—not nearly good enough for Eldine! What could she see in him? He would frequently separate himself from the house party and wander over the common, where he'd lie on the grass and gaze at the sky.

"I wonder if she really loves him—if I'm sorry for it. I don't believe he means it. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that he was a married man with a family—you never hear him talk of his people in Australia. Whenever any of us tackle him to tell us what kind of life he leads out there he conveniently changes the subject—why—why?"—Ralph tore up a large clump of grass and flung it away from him.

"Come here, Brunette!" he said almost fiercely to the little black and tan dachshund that accompanied him, and which was frisking about among the gorse. "Poor Eldine, I hope she's not lost her heart again, not to him at all events—not to him. But, the dickens take it, I think these girls are right—I think, they're right!"

He got up from the grass, brushed himself with his hands, buttoned his coat, and walked sharply towards the Manor House.

When he had got half way across the common he saw two figures some distance in front of him—they were a man and a girl—she was dressed in white and held her hat in her right hand. It was Eldine and Fanshawe. He stopped for a few moments to let them get well ahead of him.

Brunette stood looking up into his face as though she knew what was passing through his mind. He stooped to pet her, she licked his hand gave a yelp of delight and ran on before him. Ralph following slowly sadly, wishing a thousand times over that he'd "never come."

Mrs. Hinton, Eldine's aunt, was at needlework in the cosy music-room. Cora Dale had been playing Chopin to her, and Susie was reading a novel in a rocking-chair. Cora closed the pian and sat on a small footstool beside Mrs. Hinton.

story for which he was to be paid £500 within two months of the delivery of the copy; two novels of his were respectively in their fourth and fifth editions. But these novels of his he had more or less given away, and he ground his teeth as he thought of it. Still, everything spelt prosperity. If he lived, David Steel was bound to become a rich man.

And yet he was ruined. Within twenty-four hours everything would pass out of his hands. To all practical purposes it had done so already. And all for the want of £1,000! Steel had earned twice that amount during the past twelve months, and the fruits of his labor were as badm to his soul about him. Within the next twelve months he could pay the debt three times over. He would cheerfully have taken the bill and doubled the amount for six months' delay.

And all this because he had become surety for an absconding brother. Steel had put his pride in his pocket and interviewed his creditor, a little, polite, mild-eyed financier, who meant to have his money to the uttermost farthing. At first he had been suave and sympathetic until he had discovered that Steel had debts elsewhere, and then—

Well, he had signed judgment, and to-morrow he could levy execution. Within a few hours the bottom would fall out of the universe so far as Steel was concerned. Within a few hours every butcher and baker and candlestick-maker would come abusively for his bill. Steel, who could have faced a regiment, recoiled fearfully from that. Within a week his oak and silver would have to be sold and the passion flower would wither on the walls.

Steel had not told anybody yet; the strong man had grappled with his trouble alone. Had he been a man of business he might have found some way out of the difficulty. Even his mother didn't know. She was asleep upstairs, perhaps dreaming of her son's greatness. What would the dear old mither say when she knew? Well, she had been a good mother to him, and it had been a labor of love to furnish the house for her as for himself. Perhaps there would be a few tears in those gentle eyes, but no more. Thank God, no reproaches there.

David lighted a cigarette and paced restlessly round the dining-room. Never had he appreciated its quiet beauty more than he did now. There were flowers, bleached flowers, on the table under the graceful electric stand that Steel had designed himself. He snapped off the light as if the sight pained him, and strode into his study. For a time he stood moodily gazing at his flowers and ferns. How every leaf there was pregnant with association. There was the Moorish clock droning the midnight hour. When Steel had brought that clock—

"Ting, ting, ting. Pring, pring, pring, pring. Ting, ting, ting, ting."

But Steel heard nothing. Everything seemed as silent as the grave. It was only by a kind of inner consciousness that he knew the hour to be midnight. Midnight meant the coming of the last day. After sunning some greasy loungee pregnant of cheap tobacco would come in and assume that he represented the sheriff, bills would be hung like banners on the outward walls, and then—

"Pring, pring, pring. Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting. Pring, pring, pring."

Bells, somewhere. Like the bells in the valley where the old vicarage used to stand. Steel vaguely wondered who now lived in the house where he was born. He was staring in the most absent way at his telephone, utterly unconscious of the shrill impatience of the little voice. He saw the quick pulsation of the striker and he came back to earth again.

Jefferies of the 'Weekly Messenger,' of course. Jefferies was fond of a late chat on the telephone. Steel wondered, grimly, if Jefferies would

replied:—

"I am asking you to do no wrong. You may naturally desire to know why my friend does not come to you. That must remain my secret; our secret. We are trusting you because we know you to be a gentleman, but we have enemies who are over on the watch. All you have to do is to go to a certain place and give a certain woman information. You are thinking that this is a strange mystery. Never was anything stranger dreamt of in your philosophy. Are you agreeable?"

The mocking tone died out of the small, clear voice until it was almost pleading.

"You have taken me at a disadvantage," Steel said. "And you know—"

(To be Continued.)

A Girl's Caprice

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, Miss Hilary, I thought ye'd mivir come! The mather is in such a state! What wid sendin' to the door for ye every minit and the ould man in the study!"

"The ould man in the study?"

"Yes, miss. Real ould! The mistress tould me to stand on the hall-door-step, an' bring ye in, whin ye came, an' Mither Ker if he was wid ye. An' sure," with a merry glance from between her roguish Irish lids, "where would he be but there?"

"But—Ker is standing a good way behind, 'why, bridget?"

"Faix, I don't know, miss. Bargin' it is the ould gentleman that's the cause of it. He's from London Town, I'm thinkin'; a sort of a grand sort of law man, an' it's something about a will, I think."

It is plain that Bridget has been applying her best ear to the keyhole of the study with great effect.

Hilary's face grows disturbed. She turns round and beckons somewhat haughtily to Ker. Her face is very white.

"It appears that there is a man here, a lawyer, acquainted with my—our—reluctantly—"aunt's will, and he wishes to see you as well as me."

"But how?" begins Ker.

She disdains reply, however, and leads him to Jim's study.

The interview is at an end. "The ould man" has gone back to London. He has brought strange news, however—strange enough to induce him, the second partner in the great firm, to come all the way to Ireland to explain it. A second will has been discovered, written by the old aunt, that entirely upsets the first terrible one, that would have destroyed or made the lives of two young people. This latter will is quite clear. Of the £18,000 a year, left by the old aunt, one half is to go to Hilary, the other half to Frederic Ker. There are no restrictions whatsoever.

Jim and Diana have gone to speed the old lawyer on his journey. They had begged him to spend a month, a night, a week, a day even, with them, so thankful were they for his intelligence, but all to no effect. Sadly they follow him to the door, sorry in that they can show no gratitude beyond words to the man who has delivered poor dear Hilary from her hateful dilemma. And she has been so good all through, poor darling, so anxious to do what was right (only because they had asked her), it was but an hour ago indeed that she had rebelled. She had found the task too hard for her. Now the task is at an end. Won't she be delighted!

Meantime they have left the study. —and Hilary and Ker face to face.

A deadly silence ensues, quiet

straight to the goal of its desires. Hilary, in the midst of this whirl, loses herself a little. Instinctively she clings to him. From the very first she had felt a certain sympathy with Ker. Now she knows she loves him.

"Now what was it all about?" asks Ker five minutes later. "I think you needn't have been so very hard on me, just because I happened to be a bit late."

"Oh, no. We won't talk about it any more," says Hilary, smiling at him it is true, but letting a little sigh escape her.

"Yes we will though. I can see by your eyes it is not all right yet."

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, Fred. I'm blushing hotly, 'didn't like to think you had found Mrs. Dyson-Moore more attractive than me."

"Mrs. Dyson-Moore! Heavens and earth! a thousand Mrs. Dyson-Moores wouldn't have kept me from you. Why, I wasn't within a mile of her all day."

"Not," faltering, "with her? Then where—?"

"I was in Cork, and that beastly train was of course slow. And—"

"Oh, Fred!" she springs to her feet. "Oh, what must you think of me?"

"I needn't tell you," laughing, "you know. I went up to Cork to get you this—" He puts his hand in his pocket. "Why?—Where? Oh, here it is!"

He pulls out a little case, opens it, and taking her hand, slips an exquisite diamond ring upon her engaged finger.

Hilary looks at him, and then, impulsively going nearer to him, lifts her head and kisses him.

"I oughtn't to take it. I oughtn't really," says she dejectedly. "I'm not worthy of it. All the time you were thinking of me, I—"

"You were thinking of me, too."

"Yes, but how?"

"Never mind, you were thinking of me. That's the great point."

"I certainly was doing that—with a vengeance! What a lovely, darling ring! Do you know, Fred, I never had a ring in all my life before."

"I'm glad of that," says Ker in a low tone. "I'm glad my first gift to you has not been forestalled."

"Your first!" she pauses, and quite a distressed change grows on her face. "Oh, not your first! Fred—my florin! That was your first! Oh! how could you throw it away like that? Do you think we shall be able to find it again?"

"If not," laughing, "I can give you another."

"Oh, no. That or no other. I'm sure I know the spot where it fell."

She stops short, and colors violently.

"You what?" He takes her hands and presses his lips to her palms. Perhaps he knows what is coming.

"I watched where it fell; I meant to go back and pick it up," says she bravely, but blushing until the tears come into her eyes.

"What? Even when you thought I was going away forever?"

"Yes."

"Not a bit of it," says Ker, closing his arms round her. "I'll tell you what you thought—what you knew—that nothing on earth would induce me to go away, so long as a shred of chance remained to me that you would still relent and marry me!"

"I didn't know that. No indeed. I felt sure you didn't care—that you would go!"

"Well, you know now?"

"Yes, and I wonder at it," says she, still in an extremely abased frame of mind. "Considering how bad I have been to you all along."

"I am a wronged man; I acknowledge that," says Ker. "As there was to be an alteration in the will, I wish all the money had been left to me."

"How greedy of you!"

"Not at all. Greediness has nothing to do with it. But such a will would have enabled me to prove to you the truth of some words I said to you to-day. Do you remember

Mrs. Hinton. Eldine's aunt, was at needlework in the cosy music-room. Cora Dale had been playing Chopin to her, and Susie was reading a novel in a rocking-chair. Cora closed the pian and sat on a small foot-stool beside Mrs. Hinton.

"I really think Eldine is going to be happy at last," she said. "I am sure Mr. Fanshawe will propose; if he hasn't done so already."

"I hope he will, Cora," Mrs. Hinton replied; "he is just the husband I could wish for her."

Susie looked up from her work. "What about Marco?" she said. "Is he a thing of the past? Has she quite forgotten him?"

"We never mention his name, Susie; that episode is over—we never speak of Marco, merely because Eldine has not forgotten him." There was a short pause, then the door opened, and Eldine and Fanshawe came in.

"We've had such a lovely walk," Eldine remarked, "and Mr. Fanshawe's made such a lovely proposal. We've been up to the Abbey ruins, we shall have a full moon to-night—he suggests we should all walk up there after dinner and see them by moonlight. You'll come, won't you, Cora? And you, too, Susie? Where's Ralph?"

"Ralph went for a walk—Brunette wanted exercise," Mrs. Hinton said. "Yes, I like your suggestion very much, Mr. Fanshawe; I'm sure the girls will be delighted, and I know I can trust you to look after them. I'd love to go, but I fear my walking days are over. My husband will join you too with pleasure, I'm sure, and so will Ralph."

At this moment Mr. Hinton came in, carrying a letter.

"You're the only favored one this afternoon, Fanshawe—I see it's from Australia; good news from home, I hope."

Fanshawe took the letter, glanced hastily at the writing, clenched his hand, and frowned slightly.

"Thanks!" he said, and walked out of the room.

"Mr. Fanshawe doesn't seem particularly pleased with his letter, Mr. Hinton," Susie remarked.

Eldine gazed out of the window. "There's Ralph," she said; "I'll go and meet him—he seems depressed about something."

"Sulky!" Susie thought, but said nothing.

Eldine went out to meet Ralph. "This is quite an unexpected pleasure," he said.

"Have you been for a long walk?" she asked.

"Only a stroll across the common."

"Are you very tired? Would you care for a turn round the garden? You're quite a stranger, Ralph; I've really seen very little of you since you've been with us."

"You never danced with me last night, Eldine."

"I—I didn't get the chance, Ralph," she replied, pulling a few sweet peas and putting them into her dress. There was a short pause, then they both walked round the garden.

"You never gave me a chance, Eldine; you danced nearly every waltz with Fanshawe—when you were not sitting out."

Eldine grew impatient. "I think

them? You asked me if I would marry you if you had not a penny in the world, and when I said 'Yes,' you wouldn't believe me."

"How could I?" reproachfully.

"But I said it."

"Yes—but in a tone."

"I meant it, however," says he earnestly. "Though I can't prove it. You have still—a penny!"

"No. No. Only a half-penny now," says she with a delightful little glance. "And you have the other half. It is like the old broken sixpence!" "Why," laughing, though a little shyly, "we must be lovers."

"For life!" says he, in a low tone. He draws her to him.

(To be Continued.)

story for which he was to be paid £500 within two months of the delivery of the copy; two novels of his were respectively in their fourth and fifth editions. But these novels of his he had more or less given away, and he ground his teeth as he thought of it. Still, everything spelt prosperity. If he lived, David Steel was bound to become a rich man.

And yet he was ruined. Within twenty-four hours everything would pass out of his hands. To all practical purposes it had done so already. And all for the want of £1,000! Steel had earned twice that amount during the past twelve months, and the fruits of his labor were as bad to his soul about him. Within the next twelve months he could pay the debt three times over. He would cheerfully have taken the bill and doubled the amount for six months' delay.

And all this because he had become surety—for an absconding brother. Steel had put his pride in his pocket and interviewed his creditor, a little, polite, mild-eyed financier, who meant to have his money to the uttermost farthing. At first he had been suave and sympathetic until he had discovered that Steel had debts elsewhere, and then—

Well, he had signed judgment, and to-morrow he could levy execution. Within a few hours the bottom would fall out of the universe so far as Steel was concerned. Within a few hours every butcher and baker and candlestick-maker would come abusively for his bill. Steel, who could have faced a regiment, recoiled fearfully from that. Within a week his oak and silver would have to be sold and the passion flower would wither on the walls.

Steel had not told anybody yet; the strong man had grappled with his trouble alone. Had he been a man of business he might have found some way out of the difficulty. Even his mother didn't know. She was asleep upstairs, perhaps dreaming of her son's greatness. What would the dear old mater say when she knew? Well, she had been a good mother to him, and it had been a labor of love to furnish the house for her as for himself. Perhaps there would be a few tears in those gentle eyes, but no more. Thank God, no reproaches there.

David lighted a cigarette and paced restlessly round the dining-room. Never had he appreciated its quiet beauty more than he did now. There were flowers, blood-red flowers, on the table under the graceful electric stand that Steel had designed himself. He snapped off the light as if the sight pained him, and strode into his study. For a time he stood moodily gazing at his flowers and ferns. How every leaf there was pregnant with association. There was the Moorish clock droning the midnight hour. When Steel had brought that clock—

"Ting, ting, ting. Pring, pring, pring, pring. Ting, ting, ting, ting."

But Steel heard nothing. Everything seemed as silent as the grave. It was only by a kind of inner consciousness that he knew the hour to be midnight. Midnight meant the coming of the last day. After sunning some greasy loungee pregnant of cheap tobacco would come in and assume that he represented the sheriff, bills would be hung like banners on the outward walls, and then—

"Pring, pring, pring. Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting. Pring, pring, pring."

Bells, somewhere. Like the bells in the valley where the old vicarage used to stand. Steel vaguely wondered who now lived in the house where he was born. He was staring in the most absent way at his telephone, utterly unconscious of the shrill impatience of the little voice. He saw the quick pulsation of the striker and he came back to earth again.

Jefferies of the 'Weekly Messenger,' of course. Jefferies was fond of a late chat on the telephone. Steel wondered, grimly, if Jefferies would

replied:—

"I am asking you to do no wrong. You may naturally desire to know why my friend does not come to you. That must remain my secret; our secret. We are trusting you because we know you to be a gentleman, but we have enemies who are over on the watch. All you have to do is to go to a certain place and give a certain woman information. You are thinking that this is a strange mystery. Never was anything stranger dreamt of in your philosophy. Are you agreeable?"

The mocking tone died out of the small, clear voice until it was almost pleading.

"You have taken me at a disadvantage," Steel said. "And you know—"

(To be Continued.)

A Girl's Caprice

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, Miss Hilary, I thought ye'd nivir come! The mawther is in sich a state! What wid sendin' to the door for ye ivery minit and the ould man in the study!"

"The ould man in the study?"

"Yes, wiss. Rael ould! The mistress tould me to stend on the hall-door-step, an' bring ye in, whin ye came, an' Mistor Ker if he was wid ye. An' sure," with a merry glance from between her roguish Irish lids, "where would he be but there?"

"But"—Ker is standing a good way behind, "why, bridget?"

"Faix, I don't know, miss. Bargin' it is the ould gentleman that's the cause of it. He's from London Town, I'm thinkin'; a sort of a grand sort of law man, an' it's something about a will, I think."

It is plain that Bridget has been applying her best ear to the keyhole of the study with great effect.

Hilary's face grows disturbed. She turns round and beckons somewhat haughtily to Ker. Her face is very white.

"It appears that there is a man here, a lawyer, acquainted with my—our"—reluctantly—"aunt's will, and he wishes to see you as well as me."

"But how?" begins Ker.

She disdainfully replies, however, and leads him to Jim's study.

The interview is at an end. "The ould man" has gone back to London. He has brought strange news, however—strange enough to induce him, the second partner in the great firm, to come all the way to Ireland to explain it. A second will has been discovered, written by the old aunt, that entirely upsets the first terrible one, that would have destroyed or made the lives of two young people. This latter will is quite clear. Of the £18,000 a year, left by the old aunt, one half is to go to Hilary, the other half to Frederic Ker. There are no restrictions whatsoever.

Jim and Diana have gone to speed the old lawyer on his journey. They had begged him to spend a month, a night, a week, a day even, with them, so thankful were they for his intelligence, but all to no effect. Sadly they follow him to the door, sorry in that they can show no gratitude beyond words to the man who has delivered poor dear Hilary from her hateful dilemma. And she has been so good all through, poor darling, so anxious to do what was right (only because they had asked her), it was but an hour ago indeed that she had rebelled. She had found the task too hard for her. Now the task is at an end. Won't she be delighted!

Meantime they have left the study. —and Hilary and Ker face to face.

A deadly silence ensues, quiet

straight to the goal of its desires. Hilary, in the midst of this whirl, loses herself a little. Instinctively she clings to him. From the very first she had felt a certain sympathy with Ker. Now she knows she loves him.

"Now what was it all about?" asks Ker five minutes later. "I think you needn't have been so very hard on me, just because I happened to be a bit late."

"Oh, no. We won't talk about it any more," says Hilary, smiling at him; it is true, but letting a little sigh escape her.

"Yes we will though. I can see by your eyes it is not all right yet."

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, Fred. I, blushing hotly, 'didn't like to think you had found Mrs. Dyson-Moore more attractive than me.'"

"Mrs. Dyson-Moore! Heavens and earth! a thousand Mrs. Dyson-Moores wouldn't have kept me from you. Why, I wasn't within a mile of her all day."

"Not," faltering, "with her? Then where—?"

"I was in Cork, and that beastly train was of course slow. And—"

"Oh, Fred!" she springs to her feet. "Oh, what must you think of me?"

"I needn't tell you," laughing, "you know. I went up to Cork to get you this—!" He puts his hand in his pocket. "Why?—Where? Oh, here it is!"

He pulls out a little case, opens it, and taking her hand, slips an exquisite diamond ring upon her engaged finger.

Hilary looks at him, and then, impulsively going nearer to him, lifts her head and kisses him.

"I oughtn't to take it. I oughtn't really," says she dejectedly. "I'm not worthy of it. All the time you were thinking of me, I—"

"You were thinking of me, too."

"Yes, but how?"

"Never mind, you were thinking of me. That's the great point."

"I certainly was doing that—with a vengeance! What a lovely, darling ring! Do you know, Fred, I never had a ring in all my life before."

"I'm glad of that," says Ker in a low tone. "I'm glad my first gift to you has not been forestalled."

"Your first!" she pauses, and quite a distressed change grows on her face. "Oh, not your first! Fred—my florin! That was your first! Oh! how could you throw it away like that? Do you think we shall be able to find it again?"

"If not," laughing, "I can give you another."

"Oh, no. That or no other. I'm sure I know the spot where it fell."

"She stops short, and colors violently."

"You what?" He takes her hands and presses his lips to her palms. Perhaps he knows what is coming.

"I watched where it fell; I meant to go back and pick it up," says she bravely, but blushing until the tears come into her eyes.

"What? Even when you thought I was going away forever?"

"Yes."

"Not a bit of it," says Ker, closing his arms round her. "I'll tell you what you thought—what you knew—that nothing on earth would induce me to go away, so long as a shred of chance remained to me that you would still relent and marry me!"

"I didn't know that. No indeed. I felt sure you didn't care—that you would go!"

"Well, you know now?"

"Yes, and I wonder at it," says she, still in an extremely abased frame of mind. "Considering how bad I have been to you all along."

"I am a wronged man; I acknowledge that," says Ker. "As there was to be an alteration in the will, I wish all the money had been left to me."

"How greedy of you!"

"Not at all. Greediness has nothing to do with it. But such a will would have enabled me to prove to you the truth of some words I said to you to-day. Do you remember

Mrs. Hinton. Eldine's aunt, was at needlework in the cosy music-room. Cora Dale had been playing Chopin to her, and Susie was reading a novel in a rocking-chair. Cora closed the piano and sat on a small footstool beside Mrs. Hinton.

"I really think Eldine is going to be happy at last," she said. "I am sure Mr. Fanshawe will propose; if he hasn't done so already."

"I hope he will, Cora," Mrs. Hinton replied; "he is just the husband I could wish for her."

Susie looked up from her work. "What about Marco?" she said. "Is he a thing of the past? Has she quite forgotten him?"

"We never mention his name, Susie; that episode is over—we never speak of Marco, merely because Eldine has not forgotten him." There was a short pause, then the door opened, and Eldine and Fanshawe came in.

"We've had such a lovely walk," Eldine remarked, "and Mr. Fanshawe's made such a lovely proposal. We've been up to the Abbey ruins, we shall have a full moon to-night—he suggests we should all walk up there after dinner and see them by moonlight. You'll come, won't you, Cora? And you, too, Susie? Where's Ralph?"

"Ralph went for a walk—Brunette wanted exercise," Mrs. Hinton said. "Yes, I like your suggestion very much, Mr. Fanshawe; I'm sure the girls will be delighted, and I know I can trust you to look after them. I'd love to go, but I fear my walking days are over. My husband will join you too with pleasure, I'm sure, and so will Ralph."

At this moment Mr. Hinton came in, carrying a letter.

"You're the only favored one this afternoon, Fanshawe—I see it's from Australia; good news from home, I hope."

Fanshawe took the letter, glanced hastily at the writing, clenched his hand, and frowned slightly. "Thanks!" he said, and walked out of the room.

"Mr. Fanshawe doesn't seem particularly pleased with his letter, Mr. Hinton," Susie remarked.

Eldine gazed out of the window. "There's Ralph," she said; "I'll go and meet him—he seems depressed about something."

"Sulky!" Susie thought, but said nothing.

Eldine went out to meet Ralph. "This is quite an unexpected pleasure," he said.

"Have you been for a long walk?" she asked.

"Only a stroll across the common."

"Are you very tired? Would you care for a turn round the garden? You're quite a stranger, Ralph; I've really seen very little of you since you've been with us."

"You never danced with me last night, Eldine."

"I—I didn't get the chance, Ralph," she replied, pulling a few sweet peas and putting them into her dress. There was a short pause, then they both walked round the garden.

"You never gave me a chance, Eldine; you danced nearly every waltz with Fanshawe—when you were not sitting out."

Eldine grew impatient. "I think

them? You asked me if I would marry you if you had not a penny in the world, and when I said 'Yes,' you wouldn't believe me."

"How could I?" reproachfully. "But I said it."

"Yes—but in a tone."

"I meant it, however," says he earnestly. "Though I can't prove it. You have still—a penny!"

"No. No. Only a half-penny now," says she with a delightful little glance. "And you have the other half. It is like the old broken sixpence!" "Why," laughing, though a little shyly, "we must be lovers."

"For life!" says he, in a low tone. He draws her to him.

(To be Continued.)

"we'd better go indoors," she said. He shrugged his shoulders and followed her silently into the house.

Mr. Fanshawe had shut himself up in his room to read his letter. His hands trembled slightly as he opened it. It ran thus:

"Dearest Stephen,—When are you coming back to me? I am ill, and so tired of being alone; surely, surely it's all over now. I own I was foolish and very unwise to be jealous of you. I ought to have known that you only loved me. I was weak to listen to the other people. Come back, dear; I want you badly. I'm so weary of my own company; I want a little love, and that to come from you.—Mary."

It was from his wife. The letter fell from his hand. "Poor little Mary," he muttered; "I'll come back—I'll leave here to-morrow."

Then he suddenly thought of Eldine. He knew that she had learnt to love him. He knew she was waiting for him to offer her marriage. No one knew he was married—the Hintons knew nothing of his private affairs; they thought him single, a stranger in England to whom they were showing a little courtesy—courtesy which soon ripened into friendship.

He felt he had gone too far. Still, after all, it was but a mild flirtation, and perhaps Eldine only treated it as such. Anyhow he would disillusion her to-night—amongst the Abbey ruins.

They had reached their destination. Fanshawe had been very silent during the walk, and Eldine noticed it. He was having a battle with his thoughts.

He felt he had not been honorable towards her. It was no use trying to look upon the matter as merely a trifling flirtation—he knew Eldine did not take it as such, he was sure she had learnt to love him, and he, too (although he tried to dismiss the fact from his mind), had the same feeling towards her. But it must end—nothing else was open to him.

The Abbey ruins stood upon the top of a hill and were bathed in the moonlight. Mr. Hinton, Ralph, and Eldine's two friends were exploring Fanshawe and Eldine stood alone inside the old ruin. The time had come.

"You are very silent to-night, Mr. Fanshawe; I hope you have had no bad news," Eldine said.

"I am sorry, Miss Gray, that—that this is our last walk."

Eldine looked up at him anxiously. "Our last walk?" she said, nervously looking up.

"Yes, I must leave you to-morrow—I am called home—to Australia—my wife is ill."

There was a long silence. Eldine was the first to speak.

"Your wife—I—I didn't know you were married," she said simply.

Just then Susie Cross came up.

"Oh, Mr. Fanshawe, Mr. Hinton sent me to say he thought we'd best be going back; it's getting late, and the mist makes it difficult to see going down the hill."

He looked at Eldine; she was leaning against the wall. He was about to address her, but he saw that she had not noticed Susie, that she was deep in thought. Suddenly she turned round and perceived her friend.

"Is Ralph below?" she asked.

"Yes, we're all there."

"Ask him to come up—tell him I want him."

Susie looked at Fanshawe, then at Eldine.

"Mr. Fanshawe, would you escort Miss Cross down the hill? Father wouldn't like her to go down by herself."

He obeyed and they left her alone. She remained leaning against the wall, staring vacantly before her. So he had only played with her? Then her thoughts suddenly flashed back to Marco. "Oh, it's all the same thing over again!" she said bitterly, and her eyes filled with

LUCK CAME UNHERALDED

SOME STRANGE STORIES OF GOOD FORTUNE.

Pots of Gold and Jewels and Long Buried Treasures Found.

A change in the fortunes of Henry Tarrick, a farmer of Lesueur county, Minn., came, according to a story from Lesueur, in a very peculiar way. Tarrick had had years of ill luck, which, it appeared, culminated a few weeks ago in the loss of his farm by foreclosure sale.

But he had bought about twenty years ago a bone handled lather brush at an auction in Chicago. It became too much worn to work well, and he gave it to his youngest child to play with.

The youngster unscrewed the end of the handle and disclosed the fact that it was hollow. Tarrick examined the interior and found a diamond wrapped up in a piece of silk. He took the stone to Lesueur, and with the proceeds of the sale he bought back his farm.

It is thought that the diamond had been concealed in the handle by smugglers years ago and by them forgotten or lost.

FOUND IN AN OLD TEAPOT.

The stories of the discovery of money between the leaves of old Bibles are many. An English newspaper tells the story of a disappointed legatee who had inherited from a deceased rich relative only an old teapot.

She was using this pot in entertaining her friends when she discovered that no tea would run from it into the cups. She made an examination and found that the spout was wedged with closely rolled bank notes.

An old safe, according to the same authority, was sold at auction a few years ago, and the dealer who bought it soon again disposed of it. Before delivering it he thought that he would search through its various drawers and compartments. He found a will dealing with property worth about \$200,000, and scrip to the value of \$50,000.

OYSTER DREDGER'S LUCK.

Capt. Hardiker of the sloop Nessie W. Drone while dredging for oysters off Kent Island, in Chesapeake Bay, brought up an iron pot. The captain cleared the mud from it, and investigating he found an old cross of antique design, elaborately carved; two finger rings of old English design; several chains, seventeen gold coins, supposed to be Spanish doubloons; thirty-eight silver coins, gold clasps of an old Bible and a number of small gold and silver trinkets.

For generations people living on Kent Island have said that the pirates of old had buried treasures along the shores of the isle, and from time to time coins of ancient date and gold and silver articles have been found. The supposition is that the skipper's find was some forgotten treasure of early buccaners.

ECHO OF THE CIVIL WAR.

While pulling down an old house in Richmond, Va., a few days ago, workmen discovered several loose gold pieces and beside them a steel jar filled with gold. This was undoubtedly some of the treasure that was buried in different parts of Richmond just before the evacuation of the city by the Confederates. In many cases the owners were unable to find their treasure, and some died without telling where it had been concealed.

DOCTOR'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The story of a young physician's good fortune comes from England. The young man soon after he had begun practice attended an eccentric old gentleman who spent nearly all of his time in the garden of his residence in one of the suburbs of London.

Seventeen ingots were found, weighing in all about 500 ounces. They were, no doubt, melted down from stolen silver articles and contained a little gold, probably from fused gold watch cases. The theory was that they had been deposited there by thieves who had not calculated that at low tide the things would be uncovered by water.

The Coroner sat upon the case, and, instead of turning them over to the inspector, seized them for the Treasury.

BURIED HIS TREASURE.

John Whitaker of 92 Chesterfield road, Montpelier, Bristol, England, is thanking his lucky stars for the recovery of a sum of money that he had buried in South Africa.

Whitaker, when in Grahamstown, had about £66, the remains of a legacy from an aunt. He was not disposed to lend the money nor to deposit it in a bank, so he buried it in Huntley street of that place. He intended to leave it there until he left town, but when he went to get it again he could not find the exact spot.

He returned to England, and being in hard straits he wrote to the Mayor of Grahamstown, asking him to have a search made for the money.

"A gang of municipal laborers," says South Africa, "went with the rough plan which Mr. Whitaker had inclosed in his letter, and the money was found about three inches below the surface, close to the ditch, between the footbridge near the police quarters and in the small clump of bushes. The parcel in which the money was wrapped had rotted away and the money had dropped to the bottom of the hole. The exact amount recovered was £63 9s 1d. This sum, less expenses, has been forwarded to Mr. Whitaker by the Mayor."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

London consumes about 14,000,000 tons of coal yearly.

Sand sprinkled in the streets of London to prevent horses slipping costs the metropolis £10,000 yearly.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has conceded his tenants on his Bucks estate a remission of 44 per cent. in their rents.

The design for the memorial to South African war correspondents has been accepted by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

The 2,000,000 volumes of printed books and manuscripts in the British Museum are stored upon forty miles of shelving and in countless presses.

To give instruction in methods of life-saving, the secretary of the Royal Humane Society has decided to visit all the locks and depots on the Thames.

The South of Staffordshire coal trade is so depressed that many of the miners and their wives are earning precarious livings by picking stones for road-making.

Salvation Army bandsmen in Great Britain and other countries considerably exceed 17,000 in number, and the value of their musical property is placed at £100,000.

The non-ringing of the bells of Dirlton-at-Lothian Parish Church led to the discovery that the beadle, John Milne, had hanged himself from a beam in the gallery.

Figures of recent sales of real estate in Lincolnshire show that in many parts of the country the value of land has decreased during the last thirty years by 50 per cent.

In distributing prizes at Clapton College, General Lord Methuen, alluding to the value of music, said his

About the ...House

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Topaz Bread—One pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of molasses, one cup of Indian meal, two cups of flour. Steam three hours and bake ten minutes. This bread is to be eaten hot.

Fruit Cookies—Three eggs, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one half cup sour milk or cream one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, clover and baking powder, one cup chopped and seeded raisins, one cup currents, one cup finely cut citron. Flour to roll soft. They should be two weeks old before using.

To Cook Green Peas—Shell them and drop into a saucepan of boiling water into which has been put a teaspoonful of sugar. Boil till tender, which will be from fifteen minutes to half an hour, or more, according to age and freshness. When done you can mash two or three easily on a plate with a fork. Drain off the water, add salt to taste, a shade of pepper, a "wee bit" of butter, and two or three tablespoonfuls of cream. Shake over the fire till the butter is melted and serve in a hot dish.

Rhubarb Marmalade—Four pounds rhubarb, four oranges, juice of all, peel of two, four pounds sugar, one lemon, two pounds raisins. Peel and cut the rhubarb into half-inch pieces. Prepare the oranges by squeezing out the juice and cooking the peel in water till tender. Drain and scrape out white skin. Extract the juice of the lemon. Put the rhubarb into a granite preserving kettle, heat it slowly to boiling, cook fifteen minutes, then add the sugar, orange juice and peel, lemon juice and raisins, and cook slowly until thick. This is delicious fresh, and a portion may be sealed for future use.

Griddle Cakes—One cup of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of Indian meal, one egg. Mix with milk to a thin batter, and after mixing add salt to taste, and two good teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Adding baking powder the last thing is against most precedent, but the cook who furnishes the recipe insists that the success of the cakes depends on this detail being observed.

Sugar Puffs—Take the whites of ten eggs, beat them till they rise to a high froth; put in a stone mortar or wooden bowl, add as much double refined sugar as will make thick, put in a little ambergris to give them a flavor, rub them round the mortar for half an hour, put in a few caraway seeds; take a sheet of wafers lay them on as broad as a sixpence, and as high as they can be laid, put them in a moderate oven half a quarter of an hour, and they will look as white as snow.

Orange Cake—Cream together one and one-half cupsful of sugar and one-half a cupful of butter. Add the well beaten yolks of four eggs and one cupful of milk. Cook together one-half of a cake of bitter chocolate shaved fine, one cupful of sugar one teaspoonful of butter and one cupful of milk. Let this chocolate mixture cool before adding it to the ingredients in the cake bowl. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cupfuls of flour and pour it in alternately with the well beaten whites of the four eggs. Bake in layers and pack together with an orange filling.

Baked Asparagus—To bake asparagus, cut the tender ends of the stalks into inch long pieces and cook them about fifteen minutes. Drain them and save the water in which they cooked for the soup kettle. Arrange the asparagus in alternate layers in a buttered baking dish with fine bread crumbs, bits of butter,

wouldn't like her to go down by herself."

He obeyed and they left her alone. She remained leaning against the wall, staring vacantly before her. So he had only played with her? Then her thoughts suddenly flashed back to Marco. "Oh, it's all the same thing over again!" she said bitterly, and her eyes filled with tears. Footsteps approached—she prepared to go when she found herself face to face with Ralph.

"You want me?" he said. Their eyes met, she saw a look on his face that she had never noticed before; it seemed as though he knew what had passed.

"Yes, Ralph, give me your hand, let us walk home together, and Ralph—if I was disagreeable to you this afternoon, forgive me." She took his extended hand gently, gave one despairing glance at the old Abbey, and then they walked slowly down the hill.

AMONG CANNIBALS.

Tribes Who Flow Fully Armed, Ready for Fight.

An interesting story is told by the British commissioners who have been engaged for the last 18 months in fixing the Anglo-German frontiers in West Africa between the town of Yola and Lake Tchad.

The region traversed is little known owing to the hostility of the tribes. The Fulani villages were found quite friendly, but beyond Lau, a large town on the Bernu, there lay a mountainous region inhabited by pagans, who in many cases were cannibals.

They were found to be most industrious people, who cultivated their fields with a good deal of method. In most cases, says Reuter, they were practically naked, but were always armed. Even when at work in the fields plowing they carried a full kit of spears, shields and poisoned arrows. The arrows are much dreaded for they are tipped with a deadly poison extracted from vegetables and from dead bodies. This is carried in small bottles, and when fresh it proves fatal in a few minutes.

These people are adepts at game stalking, and disguise themselves as birds and animals in order to approach their prey.

They are smaller than the Fulani, being often quite dwarfish, and they live in flimsy grass huts perched in inaccessible nooks among the mountains.

At Kuka, the Sheikh of British Bornu rode out to greet Col. Jackson at the head of 300 horsemen and a large number of men on foot. He was accompanied by a band and dancing girls. His people carried enormous spears, and some wore old armor, while the horses were caparisoned with housings like those of the crusaders.

The survey has proved that existing maps are to a large extent inaccurate, and has placed the boundary further to the east, thus enlarging the British sphere.

HOW DOBBIN DREAMS.

Much research and investigation warrant the assertion that man is not the only animal subject to dreams. Horses neigh and rear upon their hind feet while fast asleep; dogs bark and growl, and in many other ways exhibit all their characteristic passions. It is highly probable that at such times the remembrance of the chase or of a combat is passing through the dogs' minds. Besides the above signs of fleeting pain, anger, and excitement, these noble creatures often manifest signs of kindness, playfulness, and of almost every other passion. Ruminant animals, such as the sheep and the cow, are believed to be less affected with dreams than others. Philosophers and investigators tell us that, if we trace the dream faculty still lower in the scale of animal life, we shall probably find that the same phenomena exist almost as universally as sleep itself.

DOCTOR'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The story of a young physician's good fortune comes from England. The young man soon after he had begun practice attended an eccentric old gentleman who spent nearly all of his time in the garden of his residence in one of the suburbs of London.

After the old fellow's death the doctor secured his late residence as being well suited for a medical practitioner. Recalling the old gentleman's longing that he might not be forgotten, the doctor planted with his own hands a sapling in a corner of the garden where the late owner had often sat.

While excavating a place for the roots the doctor unearthed an iron box containing 500 sovereigns, bequeathed in writing by the dead man "To the finder."

LUCKY WORKMEN.

Record time was made in tearing up an old railroad platform at Alton, Ill. The old platform was of planks with half inch spaces between them. The gang of men tearing it up went at the task slowly. Suddenly they began to show the most feverish haste, and the planks were ripped up with greater speed than any similar work had ever before been done.

The foremen were surprised, and, investigating, made a discovery which put them to work with the men. The first laborer to tear up a plank had come upon four silver coins, and this was the cause of the hurry.

Everybody was looking for the money which during the many years of the old platform's usefulness had rolled between the cracks and got lost. The men were all well rewarded. Some of the luckier ones made as much as a week's wages, and at least half of them made more than their wages in picking up the lost money.

Another gang of lucky workmen were those who unearthed 200,000 coins in the bed of the River Dove in Staffordshire, England. These men were engaged in removing a mud bank which had formed in the centre of the river when one of them was amazed to find on raising his spade that it glistened with silver coins.

Attracted by the digger's exclamation of astonishment and delight his fellow workmen hurried up. In a moment half a dozen men were scrambling for the treasure, feverishly filling their pockets and hats and beer cans with the silver coins, which were worth more than their weight in gold, for they were of the time of the first two Edwards and had lain in the river for 500 years.

The bulk of the treasure trove was ultimately claimed by the Duchy of Lancaster, but its finders had already appropriated thousands of the precious pieces.

STRUCK OIL.

A story comes from Russia of a student, who failing to obtain a Government appointment, retired in disgust to a small holding on the west coast of the Caspian Sea, resolved to quit the world and, by cultivating fruits and vegetables, live on his land. He planted his crops and then proceeded to sink a well in his small ornamental back garden.

While digging this lucky individual was knocked down by a fountain of petroleum that burst up from the ground. Within a week he had sold his property to a syndicate for a substantial sum. When last heard of this erstwhile recluse was riding in his own carriage in Paris with a poodle dog following in another equipage.

INGOTS OF SILVER.

A London police inspector thought that he had fallen into a piece of rare good luck the other day and was just about to retire from the force to a home on the Thames. He was looking over Westminster Bridge at low tide when he saw some shining objects on the concrete foundations of the pillars. These proved to be ingots of silver.

a beam in the gallery.

Figures of recent sales of real estate in Lincolnshire show that in many parts of the country the value of land has decreased during the last thirty years by 50 per cent.

In distributing prizes at Clapton College, General Lord Methuen, alluding to the value of music, said his old violin, which he intended to stick to, was the dearest friend he had in his life.

Dr. Harris, who is eighty-two years old, has undertaken to ride a tricycle from London to Edinburgh and back, refraining from meat, tobacco and spirituous liquors during the journey.

Mr. George Duckworth, of Edenfield, Lancashire, who was a handloom weaver, and remembers clearly the riots against the introduction of the power loom, has just died at the age of 94.

When he arrived at Charing Cross Station, a Japanese member of the Salvation Army lifted his hat and bowed low to a railway porter, doubtless thinking that the man in uniform was at least a field marshal.

The silver casket containing the freedom of the city which Edinburgh presented to the late Mr. Parnell recently found its way into the hands of a pawn broker at Bournemouth, and is now for sale at Brixton Hill, Edinburgh cancelled the freedom after the Parnell divorce suit.

James Wellington, aged eighty-three, late steward to Sir Redvers Buller, was at Devon Assizes, sentenced to six months' hard labor for misappropriation of trust funds, and his son, a solicitor, for a like offence and for aiding and abetting the father, was sent to penal servitude for six years.

With the object of encouraging thrift among their employees, the directors of the North Eastern Railway Company some years ago established a savings bank, at which deposits of one shilling and upwards are received. The total amount, inclusive of interest, now standing to the credit of the depositors is no less than £777,193 11s. 11d., giving an average of nearly £80 for each depositor.

THE SHIP'S MASTER.

An Old Norwegian Pilot and Emperor William.

It is a just and wholesome rule that a captain shall command his own ship, no matter who is on board. If he has the sense and spirit to enforce his authority, there is the less chance of disaster from pompous meddlers. Here is a story of Emperor William which may or may not be true—probably is not; but it illustrates the principle just stated. The story is that when the royal yacht was entering a port, the Kaiser noticed that the boat was slowing down, in accordance with the orders of the pilot, an old Norwegian named Nordhuus, who knew the channel and its dangers. The emperor rang the bell for full speed.

Nordhuus placed himself in the way leaned over the wheel, and called down the tube to the engine-room, "Half speed! Never mind the bell!" "You countermand my orders?" cried the emperor, and gave the bell another jerk.

"Never mind the bell!" called Nordhuus through the tube.

The emperor drew himself up. "Go below," said he, "and report yourself under arrest."

"Leave the bridge!" repeated Nordhuus, grasping the wheel more firmly. "This ship is in my charge, and I'll have no interference with my orders from king or seaman."

The officers on deck hurried silently aft, in their hearts wishing luck to the pilot. Nordhuus stood at his post, unshaken by threats, deaf to commands, and carried the yacht safely into harbor.

The next day the emperor came to his senses, and decorated the pilot with the order of the Black Eagle.

orange filling.

Baked Asparagus.—To bake asparagus, cut the tender ends of the stalks into inch long pieces and cook them about fifteen minutes. Drain them and save the water in which they cooked for the soup kettle. Arrange the asparagus in alternate layers in a buttered baking-dish with fine bread crumbs, bits of butter, salt and pepper, and dice shaped pieces of hard boiled egg. Sprinkle the top of the dish with buttered crumbs and bake twenty-five minutes. Send to the table in the baking dish. Individual ramekins may be used instead of a large dish.

An Economical Dessert.—Bread puddings and prunes can be made into a very palatable dessert by the following process: Dry the bread in the oven, or toast until it is sufficiently hard enough to grate. Take raw prunes, remove pits and chop prunes. Mix in equal proportions, put in whites and yolks of eggs (allowing one for every three portions), beaten up well separately. Sugar to taste, flavor with vanilla, and mince finely the peel of half a lemon. Add this, as well as the juice of the same, and bake pudding one-half hour. Serve plain or with any pudding sauce preferred.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

With all-frozen dainties a generous allowance of sugar is necessary, as the article to be frozen loses sweetness in the freezing.

Some very admirable cooks greatly simplify cake making by putting all the ingredients, even the eggs, together and making one long and vigorous beating do the whole.

Lace curtains are greatly injured by being hung in sunny windows during the summer months, as the strong sunlight seems to rot them. Muslin, which is less expensive and more summery, may well replace them during hot weather.

In ironing handkerchiefs it is useful to remember that the middle should be ironed first; to iron the edges first causes the middle to swell out like a balloon, and makes it difficult to iron satisfactorily.

Corncrunch will remove grease most effectually. Rub a little fresh dry corncrunch into soiled place and it will at once begin the process of absorbing the grease. Brush off the first used carefully from the garment and proceed in the same way with more until the disfigurement has entirely disappeared.

Don't buy white, or gray, goatskin rugs. It is almost impossible to keep moths out of them. Once the moths are in them the rugs are a nuisance, the hairs flying everywhere. Those dyed black seem immune from moths and may be used with some sense of security that they will not become breeding places for moths.

It would seem that there is more profit in imitation than in the real thing. Six firms are engaged in making machinery to turn out bogus coffee beans made from a dough, moulded into correct shape and varnished with coffee extract. Six firms making machines for other firms to use in manufacturing these bogus berries mind you! It stands the coffee buyer in hand to examine closely the coffee is lighter in color, generally a trifle smaller, and tastes quite different from the imitation.

FORTUNE SPENT IN BUTTONS.

Two hundred thousand dollars was paid by Louis XVI. for one set of buttons for a waistcoat. This monarch had a positive passion for buttons, and in the year 1685 he spent a very large amount on this hobby. Amongst the items of his expenditure two are worthy of note: August, 1685—Two diamond buttons, 67,866 francs (\$13,500); seventy-five diamond buttons, 586,793 francs (\$115,000). It is estimated that during his lifetime he spent \$5,000,000 on buttons alone, and that at a time when the Empire of France was in a state of bankruptcy.

CUT IN 2. ONE WEEK MORE.

The Balance of Our Summer Hats Must be Cleared Out.

And they will be if price is any object.

All 25c. Hats now 15 Cents.

All 35c. Hats now 20 Cents.

All 50c. Hats now 30 Cents.

All 75c. Hats now 45 Cents.

All \$1.00 Hats now 60 Cents.

All \$1.50 Hats now 75 Cents.

All \$2.00 Hats now \$1.25.

Lots of hot weather yet. Buy them at once while you can find your size.

J. L. BOYES. DAFOE'S FLOUR.

Nonesuch, the best family flour made from local and Manitoba No. 1 hard wheat and every bag guaranteed to be first-class. Also No. 1 hard Manitoba hard wheat Patent Flour for the Bakers and choice brands of Pastry Flour and Cornmeal, manufactured by J. K. Dafoe at the Big Mill and for sale by all the principal dealers throughout the country.

FARMERS are especially invited to have their wheat exchanged for Nonesuch Flour, and satisfaction guaranteed. Bring your feed grist also and have it ground as fine as desired and with prompt despatch.

All kinds of Grain purchased at the Highest Market Price.

Also a choice stock of the celebrated

Scranton Coal!

Your patronage solicited.

J. R. DAFOE,

Coming to Napanee

DR. Elmer J. Lake, Kingston, Ont. Specialist at Pittsburgh, Pa., 1884 to 1897, will be at the

Campbell House, Napanee, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Every Other Wednesday,

(until further notice) for consultation and treatment of EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT, and SKIN BLEMISHES. HAIR MOLES, WARTS, BIRTHMARKS, etc., removed permanently.

Eyes examined and fitted with glasses by electricity and latest ophthalmic instruments used in largest hospitals in New York City.

NEXT VISIT—WEDNESDAY, AUG. 3RD.

Hoes, weeders, scythes, rakes and all kinds of forks cheap at
GREY LION HARDWARE.

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers. The only trysle motion freezers made. BOYLE & SON sell them.

We will continue giving 20% Discount on all Ladies' Button Boots and several lines of Lace Boots. This is a good chance. Don't miss it.

Our Bargain Tables

are Laden with bargains for Men, Women and Children.

Men's \$1.50 Tan Boots for **50c.**

Children's Boots and Slippers \$1.25... **75c.**

Children's Boots \$1.25 and 1.50 for... **80c.**

Ladies' Fine Kid Slippers \$1.50 for... **\$1.00**

Ladies' Fine Kid Oxfords \$1.00 and 1.25 for **75c.**

MANY OTHER BARGAINS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

Call and See for Yourself.

THE **J. J. HAINES** SHOE Napanee, Belleville, HOUSES, and Trenton. JAMES ROBLIN, Manager.

HAM AND EGGS

A few nice Smoked Hams,
And some new laid Eggs.

Try the New Coffee

Ubero Brand, best in the market.
Sold only by

JOY & PERRY.

RICHMOND ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the By-Law for the opening of the Road allowance, between lots 12 and 13 in the 1st concession of Richmond running from the Deseronto Road to the Napanee River was read for the first time on July 4th, 1904 and it will receive its second reading on August 1st, 1904, and all persons interested are requested to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

A. WINTERS,
Tp. Clerk.
Selby, July 11th, 1904. Selby, Ont.

THE HOLY SABBATH.

(The Lord's Day Alliance)

Fairest day of all the week,
When the sweetest rest we seek;
Rest from earthly toil and care,
In communion, praise and prayer;
All our burthens down we lay,
On the Holy Sabbath Day.

Glad some day of joy and peace,
When all earthly turmoil cease;
Basking in bright beams of love,
Radiant from the realms above;
Son of righteousness divine,
In our gloomy hearts doth shine.

Festive day! God's table spread,
Heavenly manna, holy bread;
When our souls refreshment find,
By God's grace so full, so kind;
And with reverence take our seat,
At our Father's banquet sweet.

Day of worship when we sing,
To the Lord Jehovah, King;
Lowly bow at Jesu's shrine,
He, the human and divine;
Magnify the Spirit's power,
Triune God, we Thee adore.

Royal Hotel Block.

F. S. Scott's shop strictly up-to-date in every respect. A call solicited.

House to Let.

A new frame house on West street, 10 rooms with bath and hot and cold water. All modern conveniences. Good well at door.

Apply to J. H. CLAPP.

28 c.

Large Excursions.

The Sunday School excursion of the Western Methodist church, Tuesday, per steamer Aletha, was highly successful, an unusually large crowd attending. The trip was to Belleville and Twelve O'clock Point. The day was pleasant and everybody enjoyed themselves. In the evening a moonlight was run down the bay, and was well patronized.

Paints, oils, and glass guaranteed best brands. MADOLE & WILSON.

Shut Down for Repairs.

The Gibbard Furniture factory is shut down for repairs. Friday afternoon about 3 o'clock some of the main supports under the east end of the factory gave way and allowed the three floors to sag between five and six inches. All the shafting in that end of the building was thrown out of gear and the factory had to close down pending repairs. The employees are now busily engaged in jacking up the floors and putting in fresh supports. It is expected the repairs will take about two weeks, after which operations will again be resumed.

Machine Oil, paris green binder twine.
BOYLE & SON,

Married in New York.

An event which will interest many in this vicinity, occurred on July 13th, in New York city, in Fifth avenue and 19th Street church, it being the marriage of Miss Luella M. Storms, graduate of the Philadelphia Episcopal Hospital in 1899, formerly of Odessa, to Edgar Murray Hogle, another Odessian, but at present on the staff of a Broadway wholesale firm in New York. The guests took dinner at the Harlem Casino, from whence they departed to enter their new household duties at 123 West 114th street in that city.

Got His Reward.

Brookville Times.

County Constable John W. Russell, of Delta, received, on June 30th from the county treasurer of these united countries

Back Again IN OUR OLD STAND.

Since the fire our store has been entirely refitted and we now have a

Model Tailoring Establishment.

We invite you to call and inspect our new store.

JAS. WALTERS,

Merchant Tailor,
Napanee.

Next Paisley's Grocery.

Coal \$6.75.

J. R. Dafoe wishes to advise his customers and the public generally that he will continue to sell for cash, his choice Anthracite coal for \$6.75, to Sept 1st. The price will then advance to \$7.00 per ton. This will afford ample time to all who desire to secure their winter's supply at the lowest price. Your patronage solicited.

33f

J. R. DAFOE

Lost Her Gold Watch.

Thursday evening of last week, Miss Cora Kimmerly lost her gold watch, valued at \$25, in the river in front of the Reindeer dock. She was watching the moonlight excursion go out and as the boat left the dock she pulled out her watch to see what time the excursion started. When returning it to her pocket, the watch fell from her grasp, and into the water. When the news got circulated many an attempt was made to recover it, even the best divers in town had a try at it. The feat was accomplished by Mr. Ralph S. Ham, who succeeded in recovering the watch after the third attempt. The water at this spot is about twelve feet deep. The young lady was overjoyed at the recovery of her watch.

CORNS HURT.

stop the hurt and cure the corn with
CORN-OFF

You use it three days, by which time all ordinary corns are ready to leave.

Some old settlers take more treatment, but there's not one but that can be cured. Corn-off is safe and painless.

15 Cents.

at The Red Cross Drug Store

T. B. WALLACE, Phm, B.

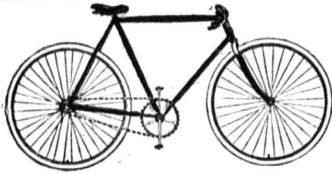
Camden East.

The Rev. C.E.S. Radcliffe begs to tender his best thanks to the members of the congregation of Camden East, Yarker and Newburgh for their liberality and kindness in assisting the Rev. W. R. Irvine B. A. of Flinton, to build a church at Harlowe Mr. Irvine reports \$87.00 received with more to follow. Mr. Radcliffe also tenders his warmest thanks to Mr. John Robinson for a splendid load of new hay, which he brought to the rectory Tuesday last.

The Church of England Sunday school Camden East, will have their annual picnic at Varty Lake, Thursday, August 4th, all being well the Newburgh Sunday school are contemplating joining with the Camden East Sunday school this year for their annual outing. Last year the picnic was voted a great success by teachers and pupils.

E. Loyt wholesale and retail 200 tons Ontario Bran at \$17 00 per ton. 100 tons

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers.
The only trysle motion freezers made.
BOYLE & SON sell them.



A Canadian Bicycle

Is the One to Buy!

The many reasons for this will be plainly evident when you get it and ride it.
Nothing complicated about it—built of the most durable materials obtainable and carefully constructed.

It's Certain to Give You Satisfaction

Manufactured by
W. J. NORMILE,
NAPANEE BICYCLE WORKS.

Also 100 Second-Hand Wheels ranging in price from \$5.00 up.

At The Plaza
BARBER SHOP and CIGAR STORE.
Your Custom Solicited.
Tel. 89. A. WILLIS.

WOOL. WOOL, WOOL.

We wish everyone, especially our OLD CUSTOMERS, who have Wool to sell, to NOTE the FACT that we are in the market

This Year,
Cash or Trade.

We are now back in our new store, Smith's Old Stand, Grange Block. Our stock will be replete in all the lines usually carried, and in addition thereto

Scotch and English Tweeds, Plain and Fancy Worsteds, Men's Furnishings, &c.

New and Up-to-Date Goods.

Lonsdale Woolen Mills.

Day of worship when we sing,
To the Lord Jehovah, King;
Lowly bow at Jesus' shrine,
He, the human and divine;
Magnify the Spirit's power,
Triune God, we Thee adore.

Holy day, serene and calm,
For earth's cares a soothing balm;
Wordly pleasures cast aside,
Hearing words that shall abide;
Holy day the Christ hath blessed.
Sanctified,—a hallowed rest.
—By Geo. W. Armstrong.
London, Ont.

Picnics

And camping buy your Christie's Biscuits, bottled and canned goods all fresh at **WALES' GREY LION GROCERY.**

Ottawa Excursion.

In another column appears the advt. of a very attractive excursion viz., that by the Steamer "Aethra" to Montreal, Ottawa and return all by daylight, shooting the rapids, navigating the Ottawa River and returning via the Picturesque Rideau—a good outing trip.

A Foot In Growth.

"I lost my foot in the war," said the tramp, "and I'm trying to raise enough money to get out to California."
"What do you want to go to California for?" asked the woman at the door.
"Oh, I've heard that there are things which grow a foot in a day out there."

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

MRS. R. E. WALES AND THE REST OF THE OF THE FAMILY

On behalf of the officers and members of L. O. L. No 358 Napanee we desire to convey to you our most sincere sympathy at the loss of our most esteemed friend and Brother P. M. McCabe. As a member of our order for many years, he endeared himself to us by his most upright manly character by his uniform kindness and gentlemanly bearing to us all, and by his faithful and consistent exposition of the principles for which we stand. We assure you that we shall long cherish the memory of his good deeds and of his faithful discharge of duty, praying that the God of all comfort may be with you all in your sorrow.

Signed on behalf of L. O. L. No. 358

JOHN JENNINGS, Secretary.
ELWELL BELL, Master.

When wanting anything in the hardware line give us a call for small profits and quick returns is our motto at **WALES' GREY LION HARDWARE.**

BELLROCK.

Rev. J. Ferguson, of Verona, preached an eloquent sermon in the Methodist church here on the 24th inst.

The Friend's have begun a series of prayer meetings in the village.

Mr. S. Anderson has gone to his home in Selby to enjoy a much needed rest for a few days.

The cheese factory is now under the care of Geo. Sanborn, Jr.

Mrs. Frank Amey is visiting her mother at Selby.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Roach are justly proud of their young son.

The many friends of Miss Goldie Sanborn were pleased to see her name in the list of successful candidates at the Entrance exams. at Sydenham.

Summer Grippe has been epidemic here for the last week.

Ira Porter is seriously ill. Dr. Lockhart, of Harrowsmith, is in attendance.

Visitors; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Ruttan at Mr. Wheeler's; Mr. Chas. Gonsu, of Murvale at Mrs. Frank Amey's.

Old cheese 2 lbs for 25c, new cheese 10c lb, Windsor salt \$1.40 barrel at **WALES' GREY LION GROCERY.**

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought
Chas. H. Pritchard

Got His Reward.

Brockville Times.

County Constable John W. Russell, of Delta, received, on June 30th from the county treasurers of these united countries the sum of \$40, being the statutory reward due Mr. Russell for the apprehension and conviction of two horse thieves, Arza Johnston and William Shaw, convicted at Napanee in February last. Napanee officials, according to information furnished to Mr. Russell, abandoned their claim to the statutory rewards. It will be remembered that they based their claim on having arrested the two prisoners after receiving a telephone message from Constable Russell, informing them of the theft and asking for the detention of the thieves until he could arrive an hour or two later. Before Mr. Russell could reach Napanee and without waiting for him to do so, the men were arrested and convicted and for that the Napanee policemen claimed the reward.

Close's Mills is closed for repairs, until Tuesday, August 9th.

WEDDING PRESENTS

In Sterling Silver and Fancy and Useful China and Silver Platedware.

Jasper Wedgwood and Limoges China just in.

You must wear lots of jewellery to a wedding so be ready by selecting something in a good Chain, Pearl Necklace, handsome Bracelet or Broach, or last but not least, a beautiful ring.

No trouble to show our Goods.

F. CHINNECK'S Jewellery Store.



CHOOSE.

The easy way to choose a suit is to come where the greatest variety of styles abound and that place is here. The more particular you are about your Clothes the more you will enjoy looking at these master pieces of the tailor's art. Every detail in cut, make and trimmings shows plainly the excellence of our

CLOTHING

Our prices will at once convince you that we are a fair house to do business with. We begin the good work at \$3.50 for a splendid Tweed Suit, and give you lots of chances for suit satisfaction before we quit at \$15.00.

We invite you to inspect our stock, how we are selling at greatly reduced prices.

C. A. GRAHAM & CO.

their annual outing. Last year the picnic was voted a great success by teachers and pupils.

E. Loyat wholesale and retail 200 tons Ontario Bran at \$17.00 per ton. 100 tons Ontario Shorts at \$21.30 per ton. 20 tons corn and oat at \$21.00 per ton, 50 tons of good flour at lowest price, whole grain ground feed of all kinds. 200 lb sack at 80c, fine salt bbl and bag, coal oil, pressed hay, groceries, lumber and shingles, edgings. Lowest price to all.

20 Cents

For 1 lb. Tin Cans

BERGER'S ENGLISH PARIS GREEN,

—at—

The Red Cross Drug Store

T. B. WALLACE, Phm. B.

After Fifteen Years.

On Sunday last, from the front of the altar, the Rev. J. T. Hogan, who has for fifteen years been the faithful priest and kindly friend to all his parishioners in the united parishes of Deseronto and Napanee, addressed a few words of farewell to the congregation of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul. The reverend speaker was much affected as he announced the severance of the ties of so many years and his hearers were equally affected. He said he knew that they would accept whatever arrangements His Grace, the Archbishop, would make with their usual docility and tractability. In his closing remarks he said: "I know that at partings like this it is customary to make presentations and some display, but, my dear people, I would ask that there be none of this, and that you let me go in peace to my new field of labor."

Father Hogan will probably be in charge for a few weeks more and then he will leave for his new parish of Perth, carrying with him a sense of the love and esteem borne to him by those who knew him best. As a proof of the good work done by Father Hogan here, it may be said that the church of St. Vincent de Paul is entirely free from debt and there is a substantial balance in the treasury.

By all who knew him both within and without his church, he was highly respected for his sterling qualities and urbane manner, and all regret the departure of one who has always proven himself an earnest zealous priest and a kindly Christian gentleman.—Deseronto Tribune.

Binder Twine.

Plymouth special Blue Ribbon, Redtop, and Gold medal. Prices right.

MADOLE & WILSON

YOUR OLD FLOOR

CAN BE MADE TO LOOK LIKE

—NEW—

We will tell you how and show you samples at

The Red Cross Drug Store.

We are
Headquarters For
Hardwood Floor Finishes,
Fillers and Varnishes.

ASK US ABOUT

The Gates' Treatment for Floors,

T. B. WALLACE.

Balloon Ascension.

Next Wednesday there will be a balloon ascension in Napanee. See ad. on another page in this issue.

A few hammocks left to be sold cheap.
BOYLE & SON.

Remember.

C. M. B. A. excursion and picnic to Massassaga Park and Belleville, Thursday, August 4th. Bring children and have a good day's outing. Sports and games for children for which prizes will be given.

Binder Twine.

Buy before it is all gone and save money 500 ft 10½c 550 feet for 11½c; 600 feet pure manilla 12½c, 650 feet silver medal 13½c. \$1.00 cheaper than all other dealers and guaranteed. Call and inspect it at.

WALES' GREY LION HARDWARE.

Woolen Mills Burned.

Word reached Napanee Friday evening that Breeze's woolen mills and saw mill at Forest Mills was totally destroyed by fire during the afternoon. No further particulars could be learned. No insurance was carried on either stock or building. Loss about five or six thousand dollars.

Back in Their Old Stand.

This week J. J. Haines, the enterprising shoe merchants of Napanee have removed to their old stand in the Grange block. This up-to-date shoe firm always carry a first-class stock, and yet they are always looking for bargains for their customers. This week they purchased the stock of the A.D. McRossie Co. for fifty cents on the dollar, and we can safely assure the public that they will have an opportunity of securing some good snaps in the boot and shoe line.

A Sad Affliction.

Sad indeed is the home of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien. The cause is the death of their youngest daughter, Eileen, which took place at eight o'clock Tuesday night, after only a few weeks' illness. The deceased was but seventeen years of age, a dear girl, whose early death is regretted by all her acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien have been sorely afflicted. This is the second daughter whose death has caused such a break in the family. In March their eldest daughter, was carried away in the very prime of her useful life. The sympathy of the whole town goes out to the afflicted parents and brother and sister.

Death of An Aged Resident.

James Fellows, one of Napanee's oldest and most respected citizens, passed peacefully away on Monday evening at the ripe age of eighty-nine years and six months. The deceased was born in Emmetstown township, Fellows post office, and spent his younger days farming, at which occupation he was quite successful amassing quite a competency. About fifteen years ago he came to Napanee to spend his declining years. He was a man of wide knowledge, upright and honest in all his dealings. In politics he was a liberal and in religion a consistent Methodist. A family of one son and three daughters are left to mourn a kind and loving father. They are: Nathan Fellows, Napanee; Mrs. J. M. Parrott, Napanee; Mrs. B. B. Guess, Harrowsmith and Mrs. McCoy, Peterboro. The funeral took place on Wednesday at two o'clock.

Lady Clerk Wanted. Apply to
E. J. POLLARD.

Shooting Accident.

Friday morning Miss Pansy Warner, the fourteen-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Warner, North Fredericksburgh, was the victim of an unfortunate shooting accident, whereby she now lies in a very precarious condition at her home. Together with a number of young people Pansy was helping pick the berry crop at Mrs. G. Fields' farm, which is situated just at the turn of the road, near Pine grove. A gun was kept in the barn for shooting birds, and Frank Wilson, a young lad in the party, thinking the gun was not loaded, pointed it at the young girl and pulled the trigger. The next instant a scream told that the gun was loaded. Part of the charge lodged in the breast, shoulder and face of the little victim. She started to run towards the house, but had only gone a short distance when she fell

MADILL BROS.

Hot Weather Sale of Wash Goods.

Commencing July 30th and continuing all the next week. **Everything Summer Must Go.** We are going to inaugurate one of the biggest **HOT WEATHER CLEARING SALES** that has ever taken place in this section of the country. All the Summer Wash Goods left in stock after the big rush of spring and summer trade, must take their departure. We have put our hand to the plow and there will be no turning back. Consequently the following lines have received their marching orders.

Ginghams,

Vestings,

Voiles,

Etamines,

Organdies,

Muslins,

Dimities,

Batistes,

Brocades,

Lawns,

Chambreys,

Linens.

Everything that comes under the head of WASH GOODS has got to step down and out during this Hot Weather Sale. No quarters will be given, summer is at its hottest and you want these Summer Goods. The different lines will be grouped at different prices, regardless of cost.

NOVELTY WASH VOILES.

In plain linen colors and linen ground effects, with silk and mercerized stripes. A beautiful sheer goods, fine even smooth finish and firmly woven. The original price of these goods were 50c, 60c, and 75c. Hot Weather Sale price

33c.

COLORED ORGANDIE MUSLINS.

To the ladies who like muslins comes this opportunity of getting the choice of many a dainty high priced muslin for less than the legitimate price of a cheap one. Nothing but the fear of carrying over these lines could compel us to make such reckless reductions. A very large range of most beautiful color effects in transparent, sheer, cool and stylish muslins. Instead of the former prices 25c, 30c, and 35c. Hot Weather Sale.....

12½c

FANCY NOVELTY WASH GOODS FOR 9c. A YARD.

This group comprises, Irish Dimities Fancy Mull Muslins, Swiss Muslins and Fancy Albrotose. All this season's prettiest shades, light, medium and dark grounds with fancy stripes and figures of many designs. Also those neat white and black effects, the black interwoven in such dainty patterns. These lines sold regularly for 12½c, 15c, and 20c. Hot Weather Sale Price

9c.

SCOTCH GINGHAMS AND CHAMBREYS 7½-2c. A YARD.

Nothing so cool or more stylish these scorching days than the woman in a Ginghams or Chambrey Suit. Looks cool and comfortable, so can you at very little cost. Lovely Scotch Ginghams and Chambreys, closely woven qualities, in dainty designs, such as checks, plaids, stripes etc., in a fine range of the prettiest and most useful shades. We guarantee these goods absolutely first in color, our regular price 10c, 12½c, and 15c. Hot Weather Sale Price.....

7½c.

THE BIG WHITE

Summer Corsets at 50c. Handsome Lithograph

was not loaded, pointed it at the young girl and pulled the trigger. The next instant a scream told that the gun was loaded. Part of the charge lodged in the breast, shoulder and face of the little victim. She started to run towards the house, but had only gone a short distance when she fell fainting to the ground. She was picked up and carried into the house, and a doctor hastily sent for who did all in his power to relieve the sufferer. Saturday she was conveyed to her home. So painful is her wounds that she has to be kept under the influence of drugs, but it is not thought that her injuries will be fatal. Her shoulder is terribly lacerated, and is most painful. It is thought that the shot which lodged in her face will not cause disfigurement and that will be welcome news to her many friends. The accident is a most distressing affair and should be a warning to both old and young to exercise the greatest care when handling firearms. Anyone doing such a foolish trick, such as young Wilson did, even if it were known that the gun was not loaded, should be given a lesson that would not be soon forgotten. The excuse generally given, "I did not know that it was loaded," is nonsensical and is no excuse whatever. Much sympathy is expressed for all concerned in the sad affair.

For canning fruits buy Redpath's sugars where only Redpath's is kept in stock at
GREY LION GROCERY.

Legal Notes.

There have been several important judgments given by His Honor Judge Madden at some of the Division Courts lately and which are of great interest to the general public, and for that reason we call attention to them.

Prominent among these is an action brought by Douglas A. Bartels vs The Corporation of the Township of Ernestown to recover damages for the amount sustained by his horse being injured upon the "York or Kingston" Road about three quarters of a mile east of the Village of Odessa. This action was tried at the Division Court at Odessa on the 7th day of July instant, Mr. Deroche, K. C. appeared for the Plaintiff and Mr. Kuttan appeared for the Defendant.

The evidence showed that the Plaintiff was, on the 12th day of March last, lawfully going to Kingston and driving a single horse and cutter and while on the road at a point about three quarters of a mile East of the Village of Odessa his horse was injured by reason of a large pichole at least seven feet wide, filled with slush, water and ice and with 15 or 20 inches of water flowing across it thereby necessarily creating steep approaches or side walls of ice and snow on each side and making it difficult and dangerous for persons to drive across it. His Honor found that the Defendant had notice of the dangerous condition of the road at this particular spot and that the Plaintiff exercised ordinary care in driving and that there was no contributory negligence on his part, and gave judgment for the Plaintiff for \$80. damages and costs.

His Honor very properly pointed out that the Machinery of the Municipal Act gives ample and extensive powers to overcome difficulties of this kind and the question of expense is no excuse and that it is incumbent upon all Municipalities to use and adopt all modern means and methods to make public highways at all times—day or night—reasonably safe for persons using ordinary care to go and come. And that it is but reasonable that the public should be protected from all danger on the highway. He also pointed out that the Municipal Act gives the Municipalities the widest possible powers and authority to provide for public tracks to overcome the pichole nuisance and to cause the snow drifts as it were to "melt away."

Another important case was tried by His Honor at Centreville, being an action brought by J. D. Wagar & Son vs Wesley A. Potter for damages sustained by purchasing a hog from Potter that was unfit for use.

His Honor held that where a farmer sells an article for food that there is an implied warranty that it is reasonably fit for use, and gives the verdict for the Plaintiff for the amount sued for.

Mr. Deroche, K. C. appeared for the Plaintiff and Mr. Herrington, K. C. appeared for Defendant.

Thursday August 1th, date of C. M. B. A. excursion and picnic, per steamer Ella Ross, to Massawaga Park and Belleville. Good day's outing, good music for dancing.

THE BIG WHITE WEAR SALE

Will be continued next week, with a further reduction in prices.

Ladies' WHITE WAISTS will be cleared out at actual cost. We want them out before the hot weather is over. 30 only of them left, in a good range of sizes.

Summer Corsets at 50c.

13 only pairs Ladies' Summer Net Corsets, in all white. Medium busts and short hip. Regular price of these Corsets were 75c to clear at.

50 Cents.

SPECIAL

lines for Saturday, Silkin for fancy work, Linen Collars and Wrist Bags. Also Peggy From Paris bags 75c. and upwards.

Handsome Lithograph Pillow Tops.

Best quality and some very choice selections. The subjects are "Bathing Girls," "American Soldier," "Floral Girl," "Canadian Beauty" etc., 25c. each.

Ladies' hse tread and silk Lace Gloves, black and white only, 15c, 20c, 25c, and 50c.

FRIDAY, REMNANT SALE DAY.

NAPANEE'S MOST MODERN STORE.

GRAND EXCURSION!

—to—
Montreal & Ottawa

"All by Daylight"

PER STEAMER "ALETHA,"

Which has been overhauled and remodelled and upper cabin comfortably refitted for this trip with easy chairs, sofas, cosy corners, etc., etc.

Going Thursday, Aug. 11th,

Returning Tues., Aug. 16th.

From Belleville and Bay of Quinte Ports via the St. Lawrence River (running the rapids,) Ottawa river and Rideau River and Canal route.

Six Days—\$14.00

Which include meals on board boat and hotel accommodation over night at Brockville, Montreal, Ottawa, (2 nights) and Smith's Falls.

Giving one day in Montreal and one day (Sunday) in Ottawa.

Tickets limited to 100 and can be reserved on receipt of \$3.00 deposit.

Boats leave Deseronto at 10 a.m. on 11th. Return tickets from Napanee to Deseronto will be furnished by undersigned.

For particulars and reservations apply to
W. J. MAGRATH, or REV. R. H. LEITCH, Belleville, Ont.

Screen doors and windows, handsome designs. **MADOLE & WILSON.**

East End Barber Shop

is the best place in town for a first-class shave or an up-to-date hair cut. We also carry a good stock of cigars and cigarettes. We aim to please our customers. Give us a call.
J. N. OSBORNE Prop.
Agent for illustrated Buffalo Times.

Strictly Pure Paris Green.
MADOLE & WILSON.

Something to Interest the Ladies.

We have received this week direct from Armour & Co. a full line of their celebrated Canned and Potted meats all of the choicest brands and much too numerous to itemise. Just the thing for picnicking and camping.

THE COXALL CO.

Fishing Tackle.

A complete stock of reels, poles, lines, spoons, minnows, landing nets and hooks, sold cheap at

GREY LION HARDWARE.

DOCTOR OF DANCING.

This Title Was Given to Beauchamps by Louis XIV.

In France during the reign of Louis XIV. dancing took a very prominent position among court festivities, and many members of the royal family took part in the complex ballets of the time. Louis himself, no mean performer, took lessons for twenty years from Beauchamps, who was called the father of all dancing masters and upon whom the king conferred the title doctor as a special mark of favor.

Beauchamps had the honor of appearing as partner with the king in the minut, a dance which was introduced in 1650 in France, and no court ball was opened in Europe for a century and a half without it.

About the year 1661 a royal academy of dancing was formed under the auspices of Beauchamps, Lulli, Molere and others, the object of which was to elevate the art and check all abuses. Of this academy Beauchamps was chief, with the title of director.—London Telegraph.

A Story of a Scholar.

Theodor Mommsen, the famous historian, had not only the appearance but the manner of a scholar. Once during the half hour drive from Berlin to Charlottenburg, the car in which the professor rode went badly off the track. The rest of the passengers alighted, the horses were removed and the stranded car was left until help could be found. Mommsen remained, reading his book. An hour passed, and the sound of levers and jacks and the plunging of horses' hoofs aroused him from his reverie. With no sign of discomposure he arose from his seat and went to the door. "Ah," said he, "we seem to have come to a standstill."

Mr. J. J. Haines, bought the McRossie Shoe stock this week at 50c on the \$ and will start one of the biggest shoe sales we have had in months, sale starts Saturday.

Baskets covered, suitable for lunches or markets, clothes baskets, hampers, at
BOYLE & SON.

Agreement.

We the undersigned merchants of the town of Napanee, representing the different branches of business, do hereby agree to close our respective places of business, every Wednesday afternoon at 12.30, during the month of July, and the 3rd and 17th of August. The said stores to remain closed from 12.30 until balance of day.

Wilson Bros.
McRossie Shoe Co.
J. J. Haines.
The Robinson Co.
Madill Bros.
The Hardy Dry Goods Co.
J. L. Boyes (store).
C. A. Graham & Co.
D. J. Hogan & Son.
M. McLeod.
Mrs. C. A. Perry.
M. J. Ross.
Foxsee & Co.
Smith & Bro.
F. Chinnick.
McIntosh Bros.
Alice Wilson.

"JUST WHAT"

That is the Question

Weddings are now the order of the day, and what to select for your gift is the question.

Now be wise and call at Smiths Jewellery Store, there you will see big value for the money you wish to spend in an up-to-date article.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS

No One Urged to Buy.

Napanee Jewellery Store,

F. W. SMITH & BRO